Collier's

TEN CENTS

NOVEMBER 4, 1944

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THE G.I. AND THE GENERAL

By Ernest Hemingway

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VINEYARDS IN GLASS: A LIFT TO LIVING

Oldest grape vine in America is the Trinity Vine at Mission San Gabriel, 11 miles from Los Angeles. Planted by Franciscan fathers sometime before 1775 it still bears fruit. In strong contrast are the modern American vineyards laid out by surveyors to handle grapes as economically as possible. Today, America, with over 600,000 acres of fine vineyards, makes more than 100 million gallons of wine each year. Ordinarily the U.S. imports less than 2% of its total consumption; in fact, has become one of the world's leading producers.

Why the "push-up" bottom? Long ago, imperfect hand-blown bottoms often prevented wine bottles from standing firmly. So glass blowers made the bottoms *convex*. Today's "push-up" bottom, for bottles of certain wines, is largely an outgrowth of this custom.

"Wine makes any meal an occasion," says Mrs. Roy Chapman Andrews, whose capable management of her explorer-husband's 150-acre Connecticut farm amazes the many friends she entertains there. "Wartime meals aren't always just what I'd like, but I find wine never fails to brighten up any meal. There's something festive about a dining-room table displaying a colorful wine in its sparkling bottle. That's why we serve wine practically every day. And though we've tasted the wines of many lands—we find that our fine American wines are without equal!"

Sand, soda ash, lime—that's all glass is. When we see how lovely glass containers look, we're apt to forget they are made of some of nature's most abundant materials. This fact, plus the incredible rapidity of today's glass-making machines makes possible glass containers at low cost.

Enjoy Fred Waring and his tuneful Pennsylvanians every Thursday evening, Blue Network 7-7:30 EWT—check your newspaper for Central, Mountain, Coast Time.

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Duraglas

Duraglas
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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YOU SEE WHAT YOU BUY!

Hurry, Son! In those books ahead
Stand Columbus, Webster, Paul Revere—
Men to set a young Imagination free,
Heroes to Shape a young man for Tomorrow.

And we see you in that Tomorrow, Son—
A man Confident and Smiling—with a
Smile that owes much to Ipana and Massage.

CHOOSE YOUR future, Son. Hitch your hopes and dreams to a star!

For today, all the riches and resources of a mighty nation are yours . . . to help you develop every talent, every ability you possess . . . to the utmost.

To help you face tomorrow confident and *smiling!*

Yes, *smiling!* Because today, the smiles of our children are guarded with care. In schools all over the country America's youngsters are learning a lesson in dental health that many parents have yet to learn—the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and attractive smiles.

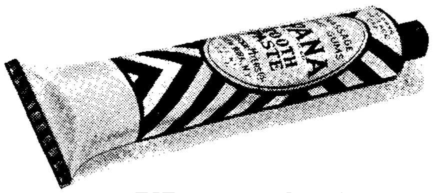
Young as they are, these children know that the soft foods of today deprive our gums of work. They know our gums tend to become soft and tender—and often signal their sensitiveness with a tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush.

"Pink Tooth Brush" is a warning!

If your tooth brush "shows pink"—*see your dentist.* He may tell you that your gums have become sensitive—deprived of exercise by today's soft foods. And like so many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid the gums. So, each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Circulation quickens in the gums, helping them to healthier firmness.

Start today with Ipana and massage—for brighter teeth, firmer gums, and a lovelier smile.



Ipana Tooth Paste

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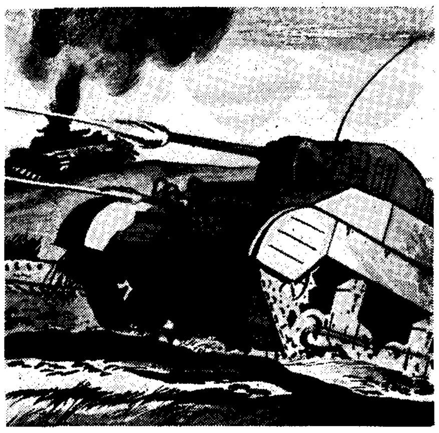

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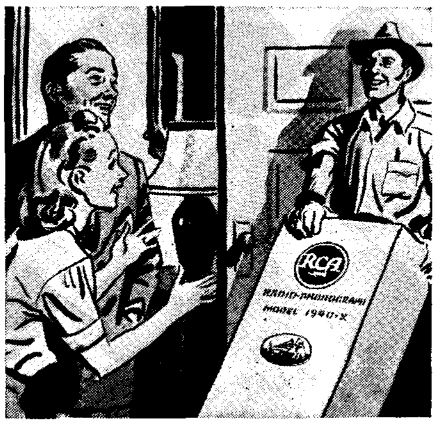

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WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN • Art Director

Any Week

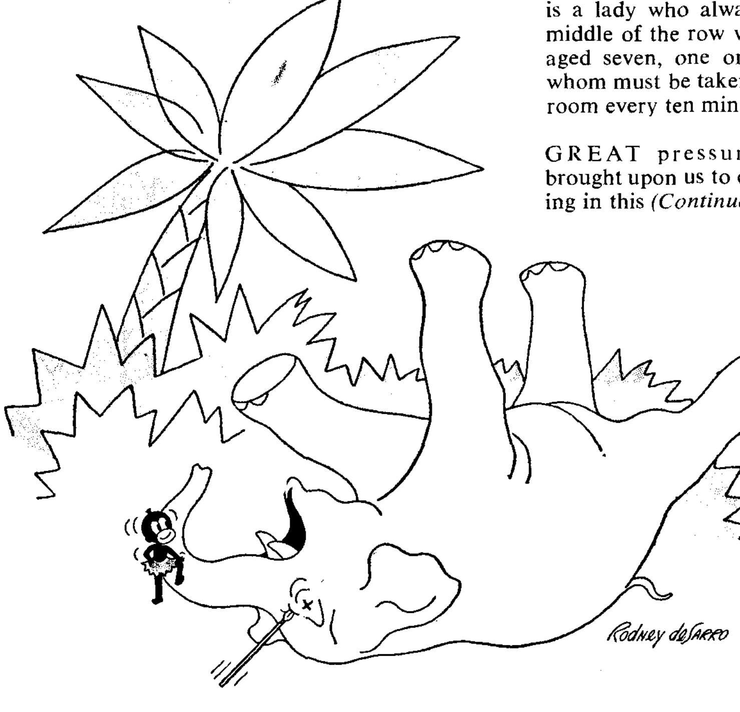
IT MUST have been while we were doing a piece of thinking that we wrote that piece about Mrs. Pierce and the bear. According to this column for September 23d, Mrs. Pierce, aged 72, nonchalantly killed a large bear with her hoe. And that's precisely what Mrs. Pierce did, too, in Oregon. The trouble is, according to Mr. O. M. Doyle of Los Angeles, California, it happened thirty years ago. Give us time. Give us time. We always find out sooner or later.

TROUBLE is that since we published that piece about Mrs. Pierce, a considerable number of readers have offered similar anecdotes. One is about a child of nine who killed a full-grown mountain lion in Wyoming. And one is about a Negro lad of twelve who, without assistance, slew an elephant with a spear. We have rejected these items. We don't believe parents should permit their children to go around killing lions and elephants. It leaves the tots with nothing to aspire to in their adult years. However, we almost fell for a story of a reader's grandma who "ran over and killed a rampaging steer while driving her car to her great-grandson's twelfth birthday party, arriving only ten minutes late."

AND Mr. Ray Owen McIllsey of Milwaukee demands that the F.B.I. investigate "who hung John L. Lewis around Governor Dewey's neck." Mrs. Ella V. Swarz of Brooklyn, New York, wants the swastika to supplant the skull and crossbones on bottles containing poison "in fairness to the skull and crossbones." In Washington, Mr. Lewis Nuskin of Louisville, Kentucky, spoke to a fellow sweeping outside the Capitol: "Inside, man, inside. That's where it's needed." And the sweeper replied, "Not me, mister, not me. I wouldn't go in there for a million dollars. I've got children."

THE only organization notifying us this week that we've been elected to membership is The Movie Morons of America. We've been advised by Mr. Kent Watson of Orange, Texas, National Organizer. All we have to do is talk loudly while seeing a picture, explaining to our neighbor what's going on, to laugh so uproariously that others near by cannot hear the continuity, to crack our chewing gum, to crackle the wrapping of our popcorn which we must chew as noisily as possible and otherwise ruin the show for those around us. Mr. Watson also says that the president of the MMOA is a lady who always sits in the middle of the row with her twins, aged seven, one or the other of whom must be taken to the ladies' room every ten minutes.

GREAT pressure has been brought upon us to do some thinking in this (*Continued on page 69*)



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NOVEMBER 4, 1944

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COVER JAMES SNYDER

4,300,000 JOBS TO DO TODAY

These are busy days for everybody in the telephone business. About 4,300,000 Toll and Long Distance messages go over the lines in the average business day. (That's in addition to more than 100,000,000 daily local conversations.)

Most of these millions of messages go through all right but sometimes the Long Distance lines to war-busy centers get crowded. Then the Long Distance operator may ask your help by saying — "Please limit your call to 5 minutes."

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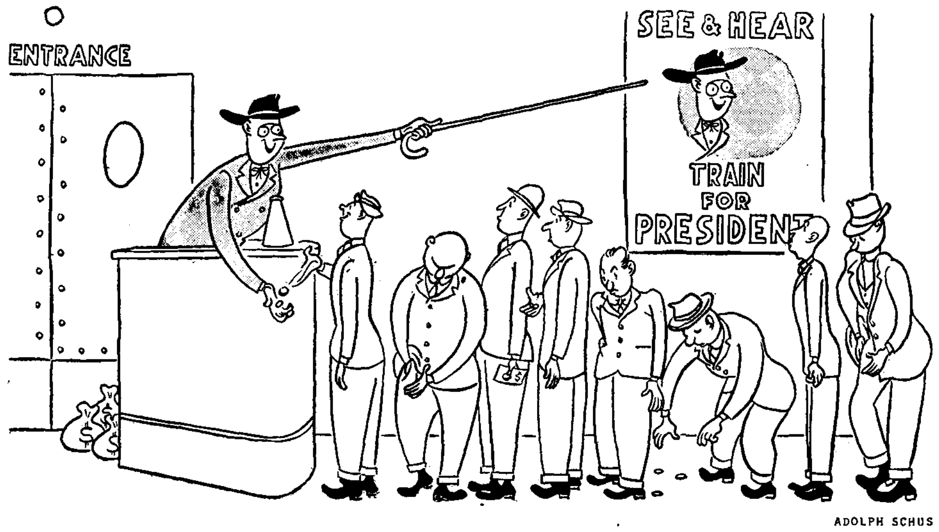

ADOLPH SCHUS

Keep up with the world

Following his announcement that he was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for President in the 1872 election, George Francis Train made over 1,000 speeches; yet his name was not mentioned at the convention. However, his disappointment was assuaged by the $90,000 that he had made by charging admission to his campaign addresses, the only time such a scheme ever succeeded in this country.

At the dog shows held annually in New York by the Westminster Kennel Club since 1907, a special award has been given to the best dog in the entire show. Of these 37 championships, nearly half were won by only three breeds, ten having been awarded to wire-haired fox terriers and four each to smooth-haired fox terriers and Airedale terriers.

Last year in Australia, an "international" football game was invented, so that the teams of that country could play the U.S. troops stationed there. Combining the advantageous rules of both nations and appropriately called Austus Football, it permits forward passing, the specialty of Americans, as well as kicking, the specialty of Australians.—*By John V. Gaffney, New York City.*

The only woman delegate to the Peace Conference in Paris in 1919 was Lady Surma Shimum. She was sent, as a representative of her brother, the patriarch and ruler of the self-governed Assyrians in Mesopotamia, to protest against the wartime persecutions of her people by the Turks who had driven them from their homes in Turkey.

Composing concert music in the United States is so unprofitable that even the most successful composers have to earn their livelihood in another occupation. A major orchestra pays only from $25 to $50 for the right to perform a symphonic work, while most choral societies, small orchestras and chamber-music groups seldom pay anything. One famous symphony, although performed many times by leading orchestras, earned only $175, or $220 less than the composer's expenses.

Probably the most incredible mistake made by the Nazis in France was the building and furnishing of a stupendous subterranean headquarters and hide-out which they never used. Constructed north of Soissons between 1940 and 1943, this secret city is fifty feet below the ground, occupies twenty-five square miles and has living accommodations for 100,000 men, including electric light, showers and bus service. To deceive Allied airmen, the fields on the surface are camouflaged with numerous farmhouses and bomb-damaged buildings—all made of cardboard.

Hitler's SS, or Black Guards, maintain three great military and espionage branches, besides the Gestapo and all other German police, with a total of about 8,000,000 members. The first consists of a military force that guards prison camps, handles mass executions and stands ready to crush revolts. The second trains men for farm, fire, political and other organizations, even the Red Cross. The third comprises a vast group of workers in stores, factories, hotels and restaurants who spy on and report any anti-Nazi talk among their friends, associates and patrons.

Since Yugoslavia became an independent country in 1918, its dominant language has been Serbo-Croatian. While it is one spoken language, it is written in two different ways, as the Serbs still use the Russian alphabet, and the Croats the Latin alphabet.

For more than two years, the British Broadcasting Corporation has ruled off the air, in deference to listener sensibility, all jazz and swing versions of themes which have been taken from the compositions of the great masters, such as Chopin, Schubert, Tchaikovsky and Wagner.—*By Geraldine McGurrin, New York City.*

The recent death of a boy resulting from a mineral deficiency shocked the nutritionists who have long claimed that scientifically prescribed diets should be strictly followed and that any craving or preference for a particular food should be completely ignored. This 3½-year-old boy had kept himself alive for two years by eating handfuls of salt, which he required because of an undiagnosed destruction of the adrenal cortex. When taken to a hospital and put on a "proper" diet, he died within a few days.

Few rings have been connected with more misfortune than the famous signet ring of Karl Naundorff, the French pretender, whose legal battle for the throne in 1833 ended in exile. Before departing, he gave the ring to his lawyer, Jules Favre, who, as French Foreign Minister in 1871, employed it to seal the disastrous armistice of the Franco-Prussian War. Favre later presented the ring to Clemenceau and he used it to seal the ill-fated Treaty of Versailles.

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by Freling Foster

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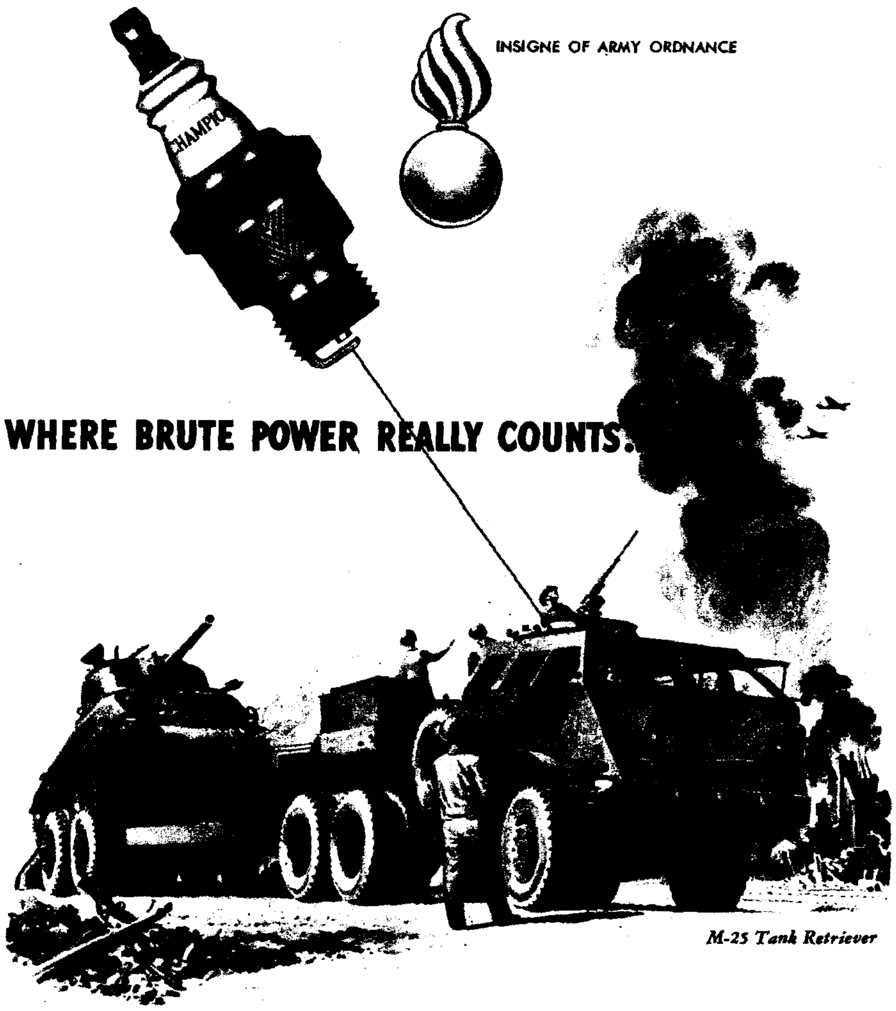

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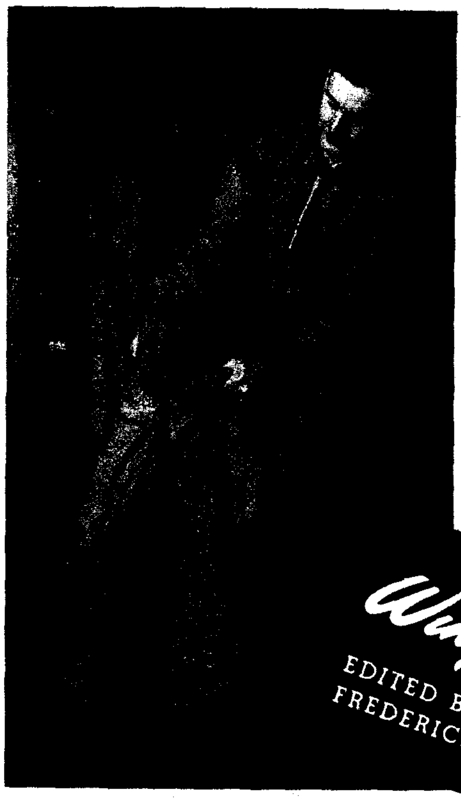
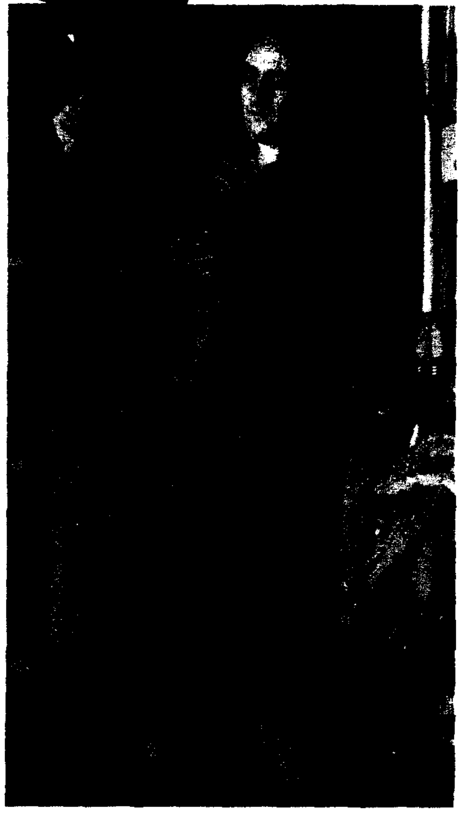


Wing Talk

EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY

LAWRENCE A. MONAHAN



Outside the cold room, where the mercury can be dropped to minus 75°, G.E. engineers model various types of heated suits. Above, R. G. Holmes draws coveralls over Type F-1, the original model. At upper right, G. C. Crowley wears the F-2, now in mass production with F-3 (right), worn by Chief Designer R. F. Sambleson

CREWS of our combat aircraft flying high in temperatures 40 degrees below and colder are toast-warm these days in their lightweight, flexible, electrically heated flying suits, shoes and gloves, for which they can thank a General Electric engineer and nine milkmen from Bridgeport, Connecticut.

You can keep warm by bundling up in heavy clothing, but the weight and bulk slow you down at a job where you have to be fast with your arms and legs. Besides, the extreme cold eventually will penetrate the heaviest fur-lined underwear, so there's a limitation to that protection. You can heat the plane but someday the heating system will get knocked out by flak, or a big hole will be shot in the fuselage, and you will be too busy to pile on clothing to fight the cold. The electrical system is not invulnerable to enemy fire, but it manages to survive air battles remarkably well, so the wired suits and accessories, lighter than an ordinary football uniform, are in style these days in the substratosphere of the enemy.

Electrically heated flying suits have been toyed with off and on ever since Major R. W. "Shorty" Schroeder pointed to their need after his world-shattering altitude record of 38,180 feet 24 years ago. Early attempts to perfect them received little support from fliers because, through faulty installation or handling, they occasionally caught fire in the air. The fliers maintained they didn't need that much heat. Anyway, there wasn't much high-altitude flying for long periods, either commercial or military, so the wired-suit industry lagged.

However, in the unhappy days of 1940, Mr. D. C. Spooner, Jr., manager of the Pioneer Products Division of G.E. in Bridgeport, fell to worrying about the frozen hands, faces and feet and cold bodies of the young men who would someday have to handle our bombers and fighters, and he went to work with Army encouragement and support. The Army today gives 51-year-old Mr. Spooner much of the credit for "achieving the impossible," as it looked to most people then.

When he started out, no one knew just where heat was required on the body, to give maximum comfort in the rarefied, subzero temperature, so Mr. Spooner had to find out himself. He and Jon Roemer, then an electric-blanket salesman, now a Marine Corps captain in the Pacific, went down to a Bridgeport ice-cream plant and obtained permission to sit in the freezing room. Then they took up residence in a frozen-fish refrigerator.

The original flying suit was ordinary knitted underwear into which Mr. Spooner had a couple of girls in his office sew the heat-carrying wires. His company built a "cold room" for him coincident with the Army Air Forces' award of an order for fifteen suits. More than 250,000 have since been produced.

One of the 300 cold-room tests he subsequently conducted called for nine men remaining at 60 degrees below zero for eight hours. Three were from the Army Air Forces Matériel Command at Wright Field, Ohio, three from the Harvard Fatigue Laboratory, and three from General Electric. Eight wore the electrically heated suits, the other donned the heavy clothing used by explorers in the Arctic regions. The cold finally penetrated his attire, and he was forced to drop out at the end of two hours. The others remained without discomfort for the full eight hours of the test, playing cards, shooting the breeze and eating.

There was no doubt now about the ability of the wired clothing to keep a person warm, so Mr. Spooner next undertook to find out just how much tough treatment the jacket, trousers, gloves and shoes would stand. This is where the nine Bridgeport milkmen entered the scientific field. They were given the complete clothing and asked to wear it,

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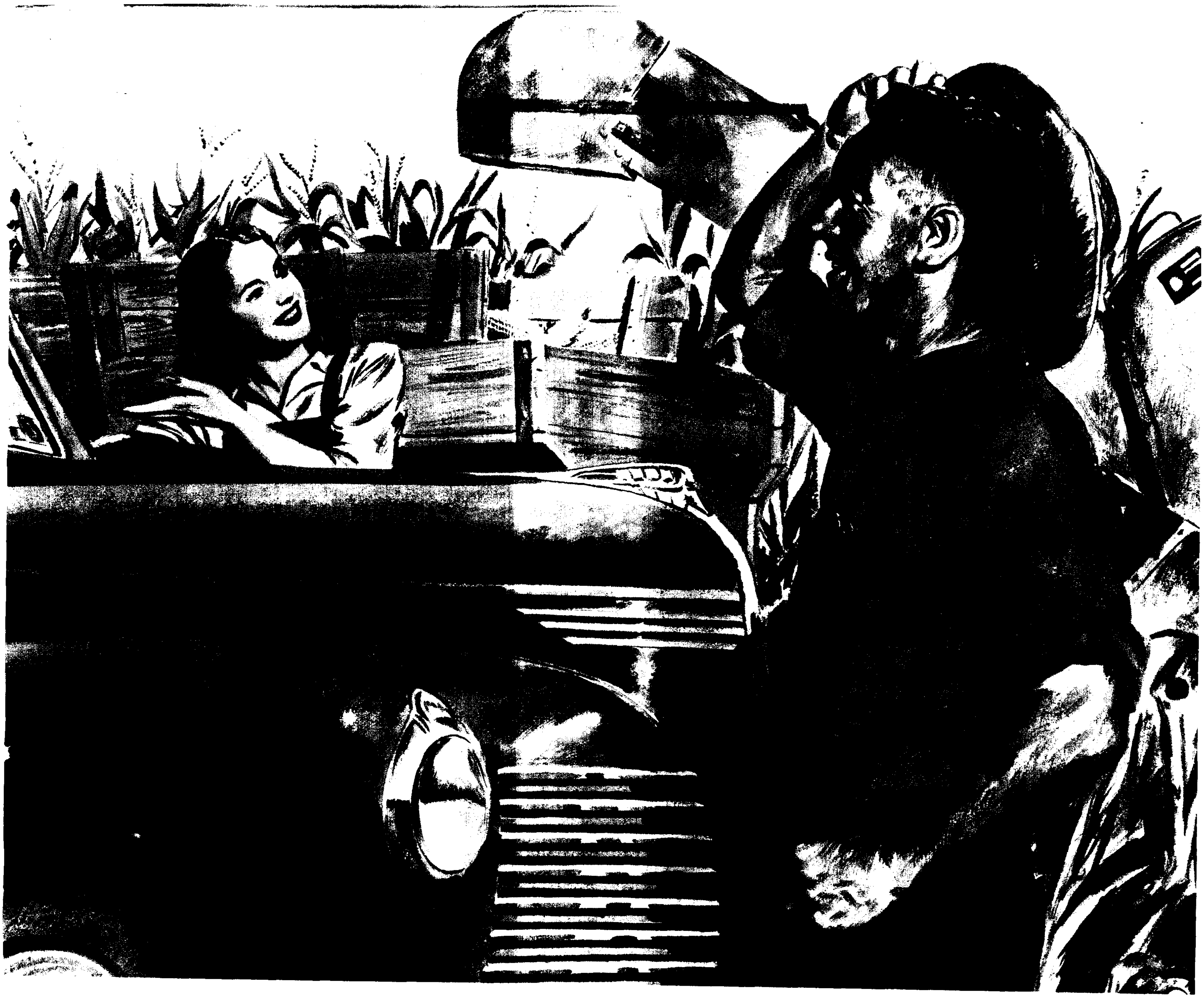

BUY WAR BONDS! . . . TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

"Now you can finish cutting corn, Pop!"

● *TRUE YESTERDAY* —

● *IN TRUST FOR TOMORROW*

"I had to chase all over town for your pitman rod, Dad, but I finally found one. Good thing the Plymouth doesn't break down. It fetches parts for you, gets stuff to market, brings goods home. Just as Bud says, it's our 'service of supply' in this war. Thank goodness, we *did* buy a Plymouth."★

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Today, all Plymouth's facilities are going into plane and tank and gun production. But Plymouths built before the war are proving their extraordinary value — reliable low-cost transportation reliably serviced by Plymouth's experienced dealer organization.

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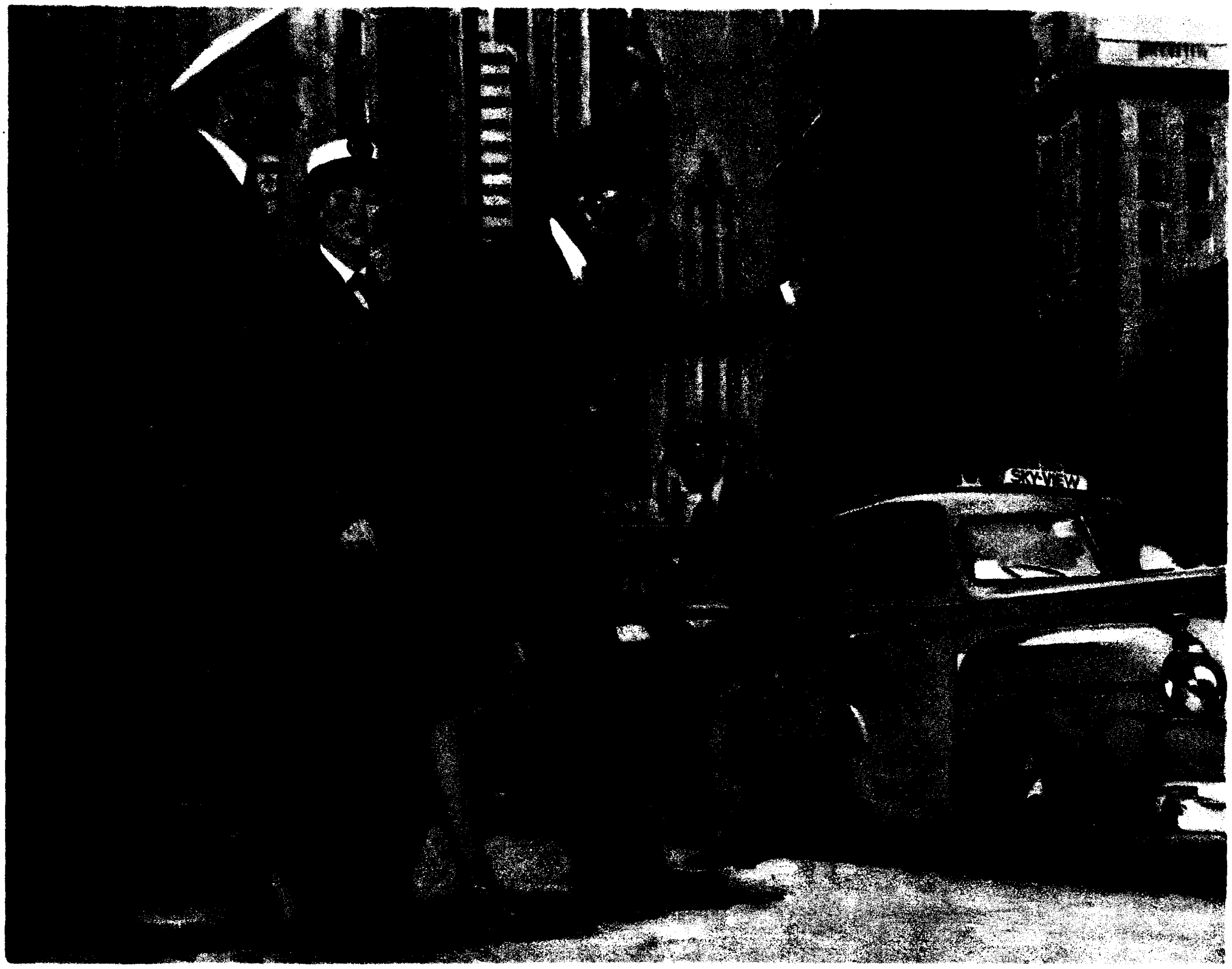
★*Based on an actual interview in the Plymouth files*



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When Synthetic Tires Came, it was only natural for these same operators to look to General for continued long-mileage leadership. Since the first General Synthetics went on the wheels in September, 1943, 4000 cabs have rolled up the astounding total of 698,400,000 tire miles.

Typical among these is the huge fleet of Terminal System, Inc., which is 100% on General Synthetics. Using General Tires exclusively since 1930, Daniel Arnstein, President, *knows* when he says: "Mileage from the original treads is highly satisfactory and because of General's stronger carcass these tires take the same number of recaps as pre-war."

No Stronger Proof of mileage can be found than this performance of General Synthetics in the most punishing passenger tire service in America.

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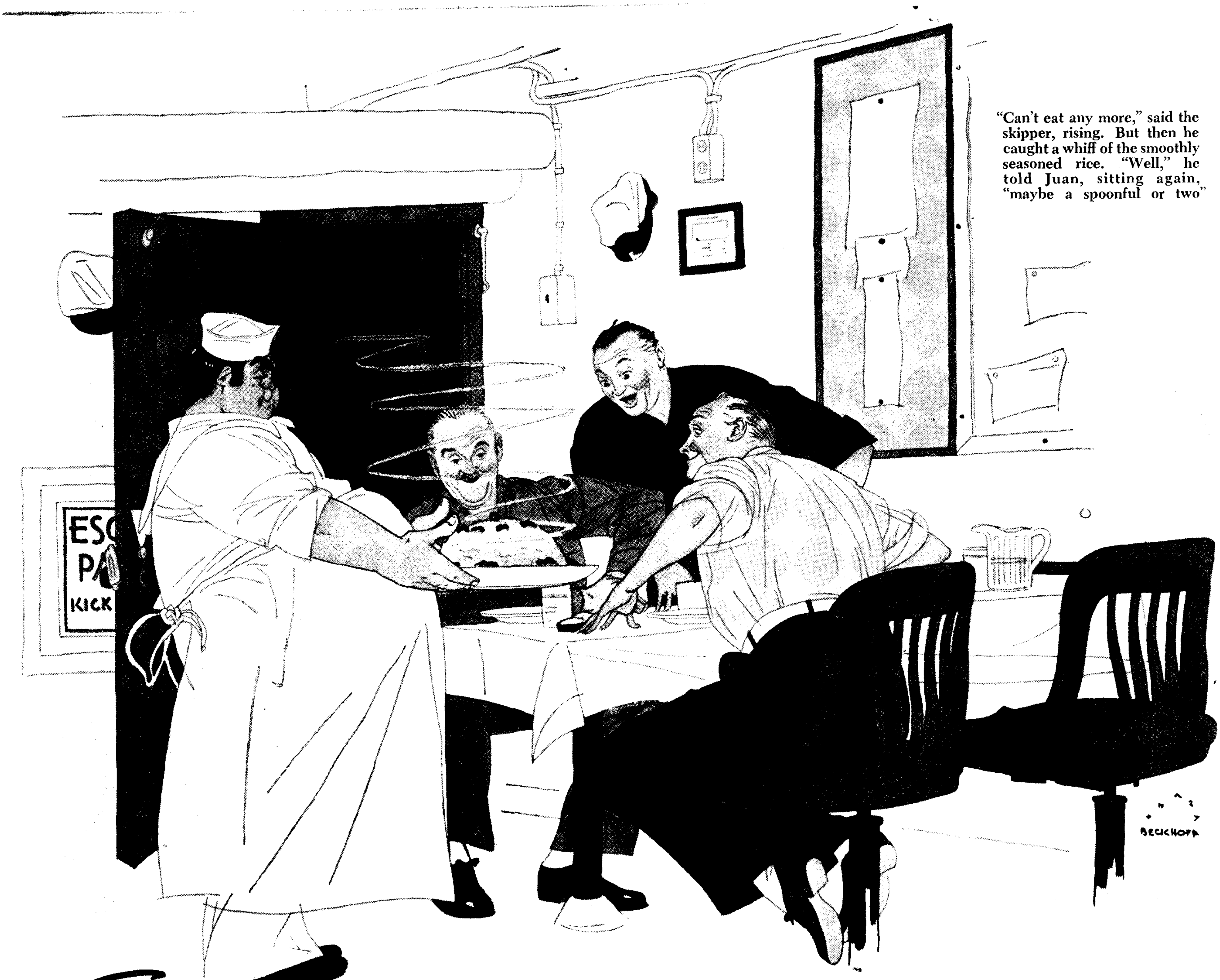


"Can't eat any more," said the skipper, rising. But then he caught a whiff of the smoothly seasoned rice. "Well," he told Juan, sitting again, "maybe a spoonful or two"

Siesta ON THE HIGH SEAS

By Edward Adolphe

Juan Bimbo was one fine cook but he liked his siesta, and a siesta aboard the Esmeralda was an unheard-of thing—till Juan proved sleeping was a revolutionary art

I WAS in the union hiring hall in San Francisco, shooting the breeze with Charlie Devins, the one who signs in seamen who are looking for a ship, when this stranger Juan came up to his desk.

Juan was a funny squirt, with a circumference about equal to his altitude; he bulged, front and back, like a sack of potatoes breaking loose in the middle. His black hair needed cutting and combing. We guessed, from the bronze of his skin and the black of his eyes and the way his pants had trouble hanging on his hips, that he came from somewhere south of the border. There wasn't much doubt of it when he spoke.

"Buenos días, señor," the little one said to Charlie. "Job on ship, no?"

Charlie looked at him for a moment. "Well," he said skeptically, "yes, I guess. Ever been to sea before?"

"But no!" Juan answered. *"Muchos diablos,* no!"

"Then how can I give you a job?"

"But the newspaper, she say men they need for work on ship. The duty to win the war, she say. So Juan, he want job on ship."

"What can you do?"

A beautiful smile spread out on Juan's face. It spread from ear to ear, and was three inches deep, so you could see the three places where teeth were missing and four golden crowns that shone in front like lighthouses. He smiled with the shrug of his shoulders and a gentle quiver of his enormous belly.

"What can Juan do?" he asked. "Ah, señor, what question you make! What cannot Juan do? Best orange picker in the valley, artist with the guitar, finest poet of three pueblos in my country, cook of exquisite foods that are like songs in the cool evening, the best—"

"Hold on," I said. "You a cook?"

We'd been having cook trouble aboard the Esmeralda for the last few trips, and I figured the skipper would be an easier chap to get along with if we could sign someone who could turn out chow to make the old man happy.

As first mate, it was not my job to recruit the crew, but a cook—well, that's something special.

"Honest," I asked, "you really a cook?"

"Señor capitán," said Juan, looking hurt. "I am—"

"I'm not the captain. Just first mate. Can you cook?"

"Y cómo!" said Juan. "With the best, the very best of cooks. *Arroz con pollo* that she melts even before you taste her. *Tamales* fit for the *presidente* himself. What more you like? *Chili con carne? Frijoles con—"*

"We need a cook on the Esmeralda," I told Charlie. "Think maybe he'd do?"

"Well, cooks are hard to get these days," Charlie said. "How many men aboard the Esmeralda?"

"Thirty-two and the skipper and me."

"He couldn't poison very many people, then," said Charlie. "Why not try him?"

"We sail tomorrow morning," I told Juan. "Be aboard tonight."

"You gotta sign up first," Charlie explained to the happy Juan. "Sign here."

Juan took the little card, studied it carefully and looked uncertain.

"Oh," Charlie said. "Can't write, huh? Then put down an X."

"Señor," said Juan slowly, patiently, "Juan, he can write. But this thing, Juan, he cannot sign her."

"Why not?"

"This space, she is too little for Juan. Juan's name is large, is great."

"What's this great name of yours, Juan?" I asked.

"My beloved and wonderful parents, they name me Juan Angel Francisco Agramonte Bimbo y Machado. You see, señores? She no fit on little, small line."

"Then," I said, "sign it Juan Bimbo."

That very night, Juan Bimbo came aboard the Esmeralda. The crew didn't see him until next morning, when Juan came topside, just as we were pulling out of the harbor in convoy. But now, as we took our position in convoy and steamed straight out into the deep, they looked him over.

He was a sailor now, and *por Dios!* he was going to dress the part. But merchant sailors don't wear sailor suits. Especially aboard ship. And anyway, no one ever made a sailor's whites sufficiently short and full in the waist to fit Juan Bimbo. The boys were very skeptical, and the skipper told me Juan absolutely didn't look like a cook, and I'd be busted to assistant fireman if Juan couldn't turn out decent chow. So no one was very happy.

When I showed up at mess just before noon, the skipper was already at the officers' table, and the chief engineer was coming in. We could tell by the smells coming from the galley that something new in seagoing fare was being prepared.

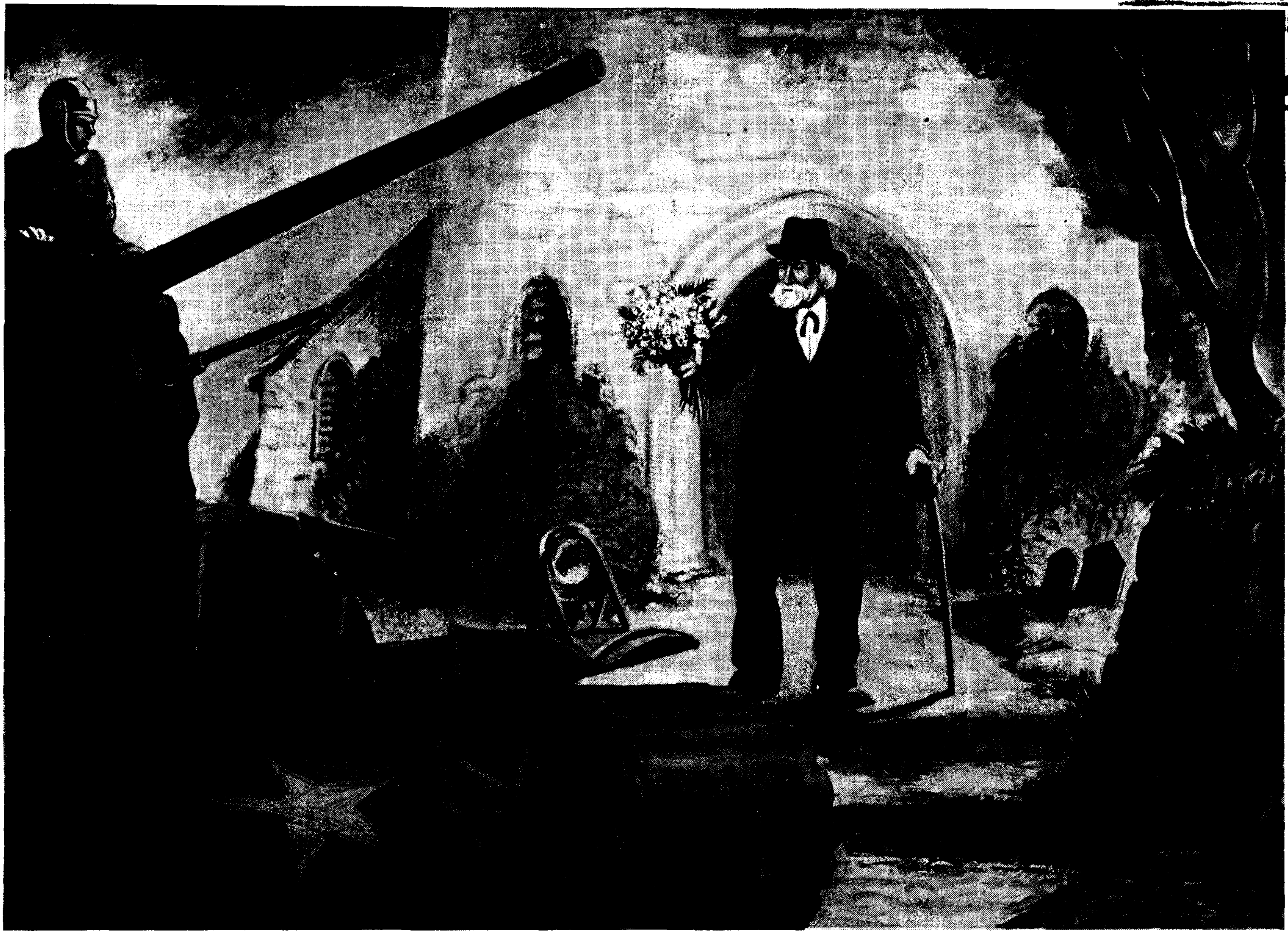
First you smelled the perfume-sweet odor of lots of garlic cooking in deep olive oil. Then there was the fragrance of a hundred herbs and the wonderful aroma of baking chicken. They all mixed into a kind of

(Continued on page 86)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Collier's

The National Weekly for November 4, 1944



"An old Frenchman in a black hat, a boiled shirt and a dusty black suit, with a bunch of flowers in his hand, saluted each tank formally"

THE G.I. AND THE GENERAL

by Ernest Hemingway

There were weary tank men and German machine guns and a guy who once sang with a good band—and there was a man who knew that "there should never be tired generals"

BY CABLE FROM FRANCE

THE wheat was ripe but there was no one there to cut it now, and tank tracks led through it to where the tanks lay pushed into the hedge that topped the ridge that looked across the wooded country to the hill we would have to take tomorrow. There was no one between us and the Germans in that wooded country and on the hill. We knew they had some infantry there and between fifteen and forty tanks. But the division had advanced so fast that the division on its left had not come up, and all this country that you looked across, seeing the friendly hills, the valleys, the farmhouses with their fields and orchards, and the gray-walled, slate-roofed buildings of the town with its sharp-pointing church tower, was all one open flank. All of it was deadly.

The division had not advanced beyond its objective. It had reached its objective, the high ground we were now on, exactly when it should have. It had been doing this for day after day after day after week after month now. No one remembered separate days any more, and history, being made each day, was never noticed but only merged into a great blur of tiredness and dust, of the smell of dead cattle, the smell of earth new-broken by TNT, the grinding sound of tanks and bulldozers, the sound of automatic-rifle and machine-gun fire, the interceptive, dry tattle of German machine-pistol fire, dry as a rattler rattling; and the quick, spurting tap of the German light machine guns—and always waiting for others to come up.

It was merged in the memory of the fight up out of the deadly, low hedgerow country onto the heights and through the forest and on down into the plain, by and through the towns, some smashed, and some intact, and on up into the rolling farm and forest country where we were now.

History now was old K-ration boxes, empty foxholes, the drying leaves on the branches that were cut for camouflage. It was burned German vehicles, burned Sherman tanks, many burned German Panthers and some burned Tigers, German dead along the roads, in the hedges and in the orchards, German equipment scattered everywhere, German horses roaming the fields, and our own wounded and our dead passing back strapped two abreast on top of the evacuation jeeps. But mostly history was getting where we were to get on time and waiting there for others to come up.

Now on this clear summer afternoon we stood looking across the country where the division would fight tomorrow. It was one of the first days of the really good weather. The sky was high and blue, and ahead and to our left, our planes were working on the German tanks. Tiny and silver in the sun, the P-47s came in high in pairs of pairs and circled before peeling off to dive-bomb. As they went down, growing big-headed and husky-looking in the snarl of the dive you saw the flash and the smoke of the bombs and heard their heavy thud. Then the P-47s climbed and circled again to come down strafing, smoke streaming gray behind them as they dived ahead of the smoke their eight big .50s made as they hammered. There was a very bright flash in the trees of the wooded patch the planes were diving on, and then black smoke arose and the planes came down strafing again and again.

"They got a Jerry tank then," one of the tank men said. "That's one of the b—s less."

"Can you see him with your glasses?" another helmeted tank man asked me.

I said, "The trees hide him from this side."

"They would," the tank man said. "If we

(Continued on page 46)

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN C. PELLEW

Children OF THE UNDERGROUND

BY ARNOLD HAVERLEE

Too young to remember truth and decency, the children of Europe have been fighting the Nazis with their version of sabotage at the risk of their lives—and of their future as orderly law-abiding citizens

TEN schoolboys are on trial in the crowded courthouse at Aalborg in Denmark, charged by the Gestapo with cutting communication wires, blowing up ammunition trucks, plotting to kill German soldiers with stolen hand grenades and in other ways committing sabotage against the German army. The German authorities are demanding the maximum punishment.

The Danish judge suggests a lighter punishment, provided they express contrition and unawareness of wrong "because of their extreme youth."

Instantly one of the boys is on his feet. "But I knew what I was doing and I do not regret. I will keep on fighting until every German is driven out of Denmark!"

He and his fellow defendants, like nearly every school child in Norway and Denmark, were members of the children's underground, a modern children's crusade that baffled the German overlords. In these once-peaceful nations they present one of the most tragic problems in Nordic history—a problem that was growing when I left Scandinavia in the spring of 1944, after studying the underground about a year and acting as correspondent for the underground press.

For centuries, Norwegian and Danish children have been trained by their parents to be truthful and to respect property, their elders and their God. Juvenile delinquency lists were small, and crime waves virtually unknown. But for four and a half years, as far back as most of these children can remember, they have lived under the hated New Order.

It is impossible to shield a child from the effects of invasion. He has wakened to the sound of shots in the night and through drawn curtains has seen his neighbors dragged into Gestapo cars. Perhaps his own father or brother has been taken, perhaps his grandfather has been stood against a wall and shot. His mother, who once taught him to tell the truth at any cost, now may be engaged in secret activities against the enemy. She warns him: "If anyone asks where I was last night, you must lie—must say I was home."

He has heard his parents rejoice over sabotage of trains, bridges and factories; he may suspect they have shared in this destruction. He has learned vandalism in a land where formerly a vacant house could stand for years without having a window wantonly broken. He has seen teachers and clergymen, former examples of rectitude, defy every rule laid down by the Gestapo. In his direct childish mind, anyone who wears a uniform represents authority, and he has grown up in hatred and contempt for all authority.

The result is a complete reversal of morals, an increasing indifference to all authority. Not only is it a problem shattering to the morale of Danish and Norwegian parents; it is one that faces the parents of France, Belgium, Yugoslavia—of every Nazi-invaded country in Europe. It is now, and will be in the postwar years one of the most tragic consequences of the New Order.

Throughout Norway and Denmark children have developed their own secret organizations in imitation of the adult underground. The schoolboys on trial were members of a group that organized shortly after the Germans invaded Denmark in 1940 and made Aalborg a center of German activity. Sabotage began almost immediately—but not the work of experienced saboteurs.

(Continued on page 88)

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SCHALL—PIX

"The children
have grown up in
hatred and con-
tempt for all au-
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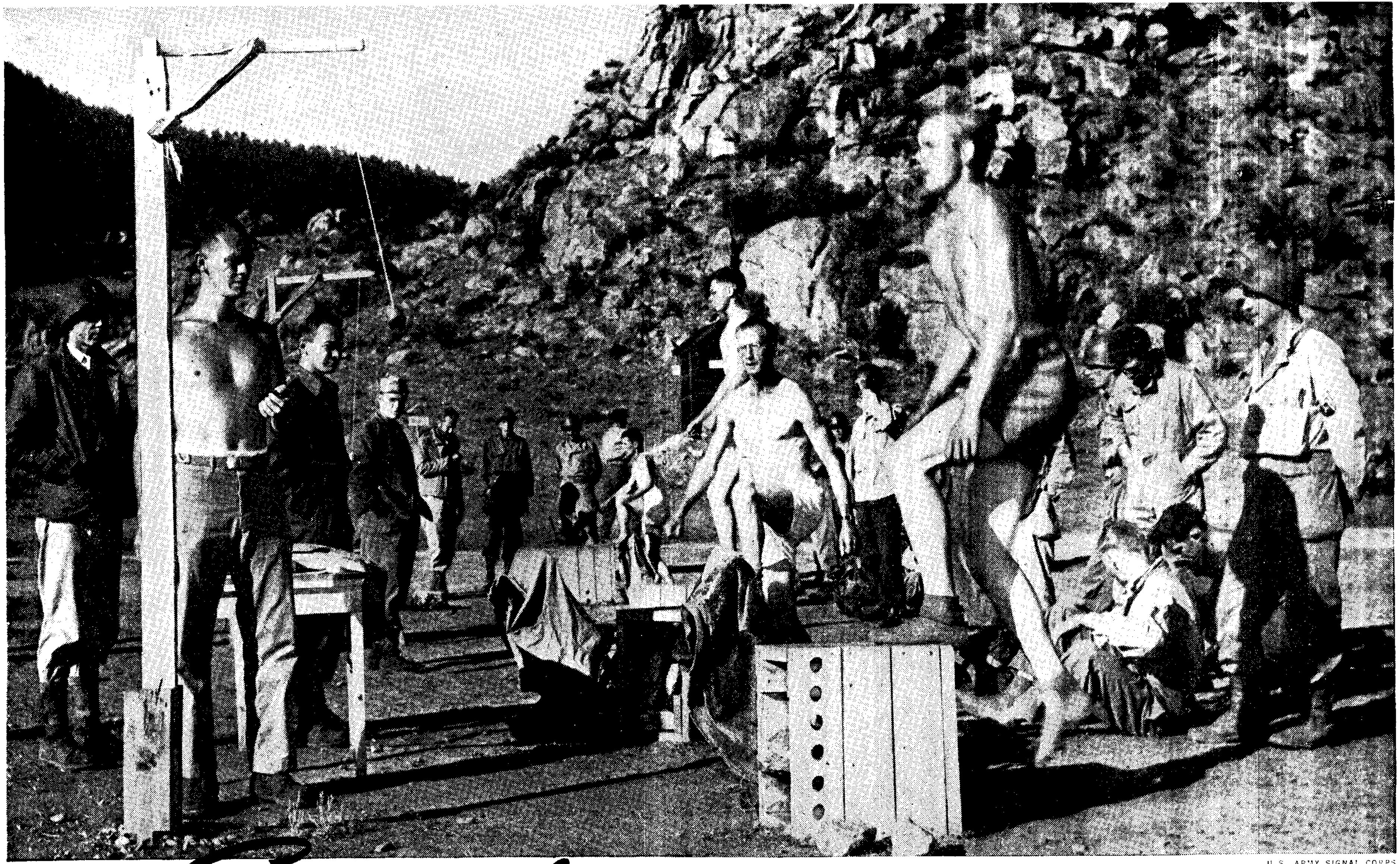
ROBERT CAPA—PIX



U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

Various types of rations were tested on soldiers undergoing intense physical workouts. This is the Harvard step test—up and down 30 times a minute for 5 minutes

Survival OF THE *FATTEST*

By Forbes Parkhill

Commando training was a picnic compared to the workout the boys got at Camp Topside. For two months they ate nothing but test rations. But from these tests will come the Army's future chow

U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

½ OZ
SS
WITH CARE

After three weeks of "K" ration, shown on the box and in Pvt. Claude Kennedy's fingers, the men lost weight but suffered no ill effects

FOR fifty-five days, the G.I.s of "A" Company had existed on emergency field rations. For fifty-five days they had been pushed almost to the limit of physical endurance. Now, footsore and dog-tired after a 100-mile mountain march under full pack, they slogged wearily back into their bivouac area, ready to sell their souls for a square meal and a good night's sleep.

But they marched right past the mess tent and on up the mountainside, and flung themselves on their faces and opened fire on their targets. The pay-off showed their marksmanship under conditions of extreme exhaustion and long-continued packaged rations was four per cent better than when they were fresh and full of pep and unlimited "B" rations. Fatigue relaxes.

As a result of the grueling 55-day experience of "A" Company and five other companies of the 201st Infantry, Uncle Sam's boys soon will be spooning from their mess kits chow not only more nourishing than the present rations, but considerably easier to take. The proof of the ration is in the eating; which is the reason behind the remarkable and unusual test of field rations recently completed by the Army.

The foxhole fighting of this war has made it necessary to use concentrated packaged rations for long periods, during which they replace the standard field rations. These concentrated—or emergency—rations, such as the Army "C" and "K" rations, were designed for use only for a short time. Reports from combat zones revealed the need to develop a packaged ration suitable for use, hot or cold, for weeks instead of days.

The Quartermaster Corps wrestled with the problem and came up with a number of changes in the packaged rations. But before Q.M. could place orders for huge quantities of the new combinations, it was necessary to test them under conditions prevailing in combat zones. You can measure caloric values in a laboratory, but the only laboratory in which you can measure a G.I.'s taste is in his mess kit.

The Quartermaster Corps got together with the Surgeon General's Office and the Army Ground Forces, and selected a site for the ration test some fifty miles west of Pikes Peak. Complete isolation was essential, for the trial could be completely wrecked if the "guinea pig" troops had access to hot-dog stands or beer joints. To test the selected types of ration, six companies of the 201st Infantry, then stationed at Camp Carson, Colorado, were chosen. Because the rations were to be tried under conditions of extreme fatigue prevailing in combat areas, all but the physically toughest were tossed out before the test began.

The boys of the 201st are pretty rugged specimens. The regiment, in Alaska since six months before Pearl Harbor, had returned from the Aleutians in the spring of 1944. Replacements filling its ranks were no rookies, but were transfers from antiaircraft and tank-destroyer outfits.

Incidentally, there was a matter of regimental pride involved. The 201st claims to be the oldest regiment in the Army—a claim disputed by a Massachusetts unit. George Washington served with the outfit in the French and Indian wars, when it was a part of the Virginia militia. Later it was a unit of the West Virginia national guard.

During the early days of the ration test, when sixteen men of one platoon collapsed at the roadside during a four-mile walk-and-run with rifle and full combat pack, a winded

(Continued on page 56)

Nest Egg

BY JEROME WEIDMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

Danny had only ten hours leave to sew up Broadway's glitter for the future. But another guy had moved in on him, and it looked as though his girl, Laurie, had moved out

I STOOD in the marble corridor for a full minute, soaking in the sound you don't hear in an Army camp in Georgia, the thousand small noises of a huge Broadway office building in action, and I grinned at the line on the door. "Daniel Hardy, Talent," it read, neatly, in black and gold, the way it had read for three years before I left, the way it had read all during the sixteen months that I'd been away. I pulled the tunic down around my hips, I set my garrison cap at a sharper angle, and I pushed in the door.

Laura Loomis was sitting at her desk, typing away busily. She looked up. The slow, sweet smile that brought her a bigger haul in clients' Christmas gifts than any other secretary on Broadway stopped short and she blinked. Then it started again, but fast this time, and warm, the special smile for Daniel Hardy, and her hands dropped from the keys.

"Hit me, somebody, quick," Laurie said in a small voice. "I'm in a trance."

"Anybody hits my Laurie, they've got a fight on their hands," I said, meeting her in the middle of the office and squeezing her hard. "This is no trance, honey. This is Danny himself, in the flesh."

"You'll get shot for this," Laurie said. "Or whatever they do to soldiers for being A.W.O.L. these days. Hello, boss. It's good to see you," she said, pushing herself away from me, "and hold you." She came back into my arms and gave me a handsome kiss. "I won't ask how you did it, Danny, but it's good."

It was better than that. It was perfect.

"Let's not waste time," I said. "I've got to catch a midnight train. How's my Laurie? Tell me everything."

"Your Laurie's fine," she said, "but a trifle annoyed. What's all this midnight-train business? You've been away sixteen months and it's almost two-thirty now. That gives you less than ten hours."

I'd done all the arithmetic, too.

"That's right," I said. "And it doesn't do any good to be annoyed. I'm at an embarkation point. Don't ask where."

"Danny," she said, too fast, and then, more slowly, "you're really going?"

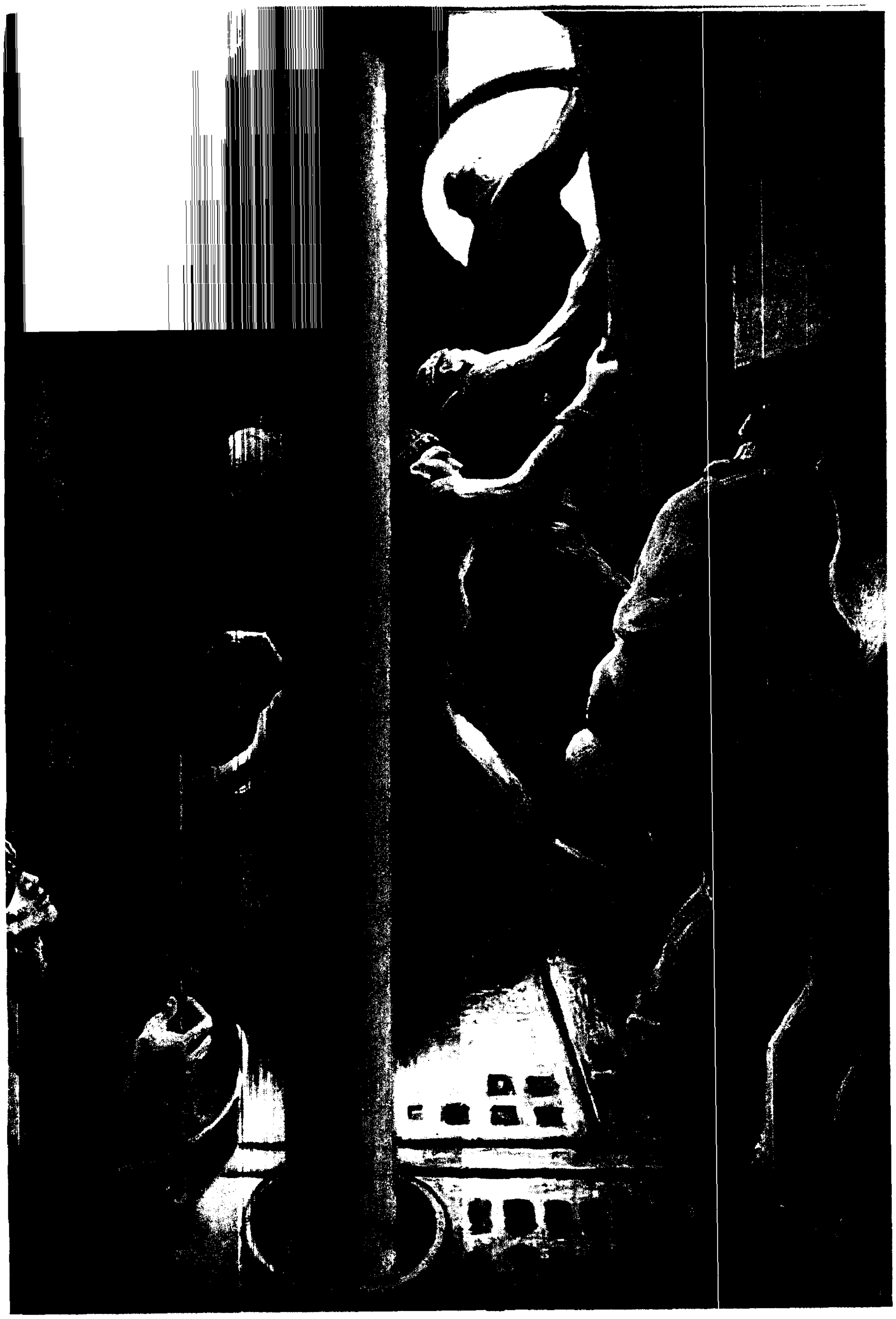
"We all got twenty-four-hour passes," I said. "After seven tomorrow morning, Laurie baby, it's no more telephone calls and no more passes and no more mail, either, for a while. I don't know when we'll be alerted or when we'll go. But we're going."

Her lips pushed out in a small circle. She made her funny little gesture, running the back of her hand across her face, as though she was brushing something away, the gesture that meant, if you knew Laurie Loomis, that she'd been hit. It was good to know that somebody felt that way about your going, but it was bad, too, because I was counting on her. There aren't many people who can keep a one-man business going for you while you're away. For my money, there was only one such person. No Laurie, no business. And if she took it that hard, there might be no Laurie. She pulled in a deep breath, smiled quickly and squeezed my arm.

"I knew they weren't spending all that good government money on you in Georgia just because you look so handsome in khaki," she said. Her voice was fine now. "But I'd sort of hoped that before you finally did go, there'd be more than ten hours. There aren't, though, so let's not waste any of them. What do you want to do with all the acres of time you've got to toss around, boss?"

(Continued on page 50)

The chatter at the tables died down when Opie went into his act. This shy man had whatever it was that the fancy phrasemakers called "the stuff"



Take 'er Down

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

ONCE upon a time when a sailor joined the submarine force, his parents wrote his name down on the flyleaf of the family Bible, dropped a few tears upon it and waited for the news that he had been gathered to his forefathers. In those days it was very, very hard to find volunteers for the service. Every inducement was made to persuade sailors to join what everyone thought to be the most dangerous branch of any service. They still tell a tale of the sailor who said he would join the submarine service if he could bring his pet along.

"Fine, my boy," the submarine skipper said. "Every boat should have a mascot. What have you—a dog?"

"Not exactly, sir," the boy blurted out. "I own a tame skunk."

The skipper rolled his head with that punch, but he was game and he needed men badly. "All right, son," he said, "you can bring him aboard."

"Well, sir, what about the smell?" the boy asked doubtfully.

"Oh, he'll have to get used to that just like the rest of us do," the skipper replied sternly.

In those days if you walked into a submarine, you could be pardoned for thinking you had accidentally gone into a slaughterhouse by mistake. The thick smell of decay was tinted with a heavier odor of crude oil, overlaid with the fragrance of bilge water and a faint aroma of boiled cabbage, all of which definitely added up to something considerably less pleasing to the senses than the fragrance of expensive perfumes.

But that was a long, long time ago. Today, veteran submarine commanders (25-year-old veterans) will tell you that theirs is the most pleasant and the safest life in any service; they will tell you that their food is as good as that served by the Chapon-Fin in Bordeaux, Antoine's in New Orleans, or the Colony in New York, and as for the air inside a submarine, they will add that it is as fresh and as pure and as free from smells as the air in your own living room. And they will finish triumphantly by reminding you that submarines have one great advantage over your living room: All submarines are air-conditioned, and a sun lamp is part of the standard equipment. In short, submariners do not feel a bit sorry for themselves; on the contrary, they think they have found something pretty soft, and the price is right, too. Submarine men get fifty per cent higher wages than other branches of the naval service.

If you sit around the New London submarine base listening to the men who have just returned from combat, you might or might not agree with their estimate as to the danger involved. Submarine men seem to be a race apart. No matter what their years, they seem mature. To begin with, they are all volunteers who have to go through particularly grueling training before they are considered fit for the service. Thirty per cent drop out because of the high standards. The New London base, the only submarine training school in the country, is under the command of Captain Charles W. Styer, former Chief of Staff to the Pacific submarine command and winner of the Legion of Merit for the job he did out there.

They say at New London that Captain Styer can take a quick look at a trainee and tell you instantly *(Continued on page 42)*

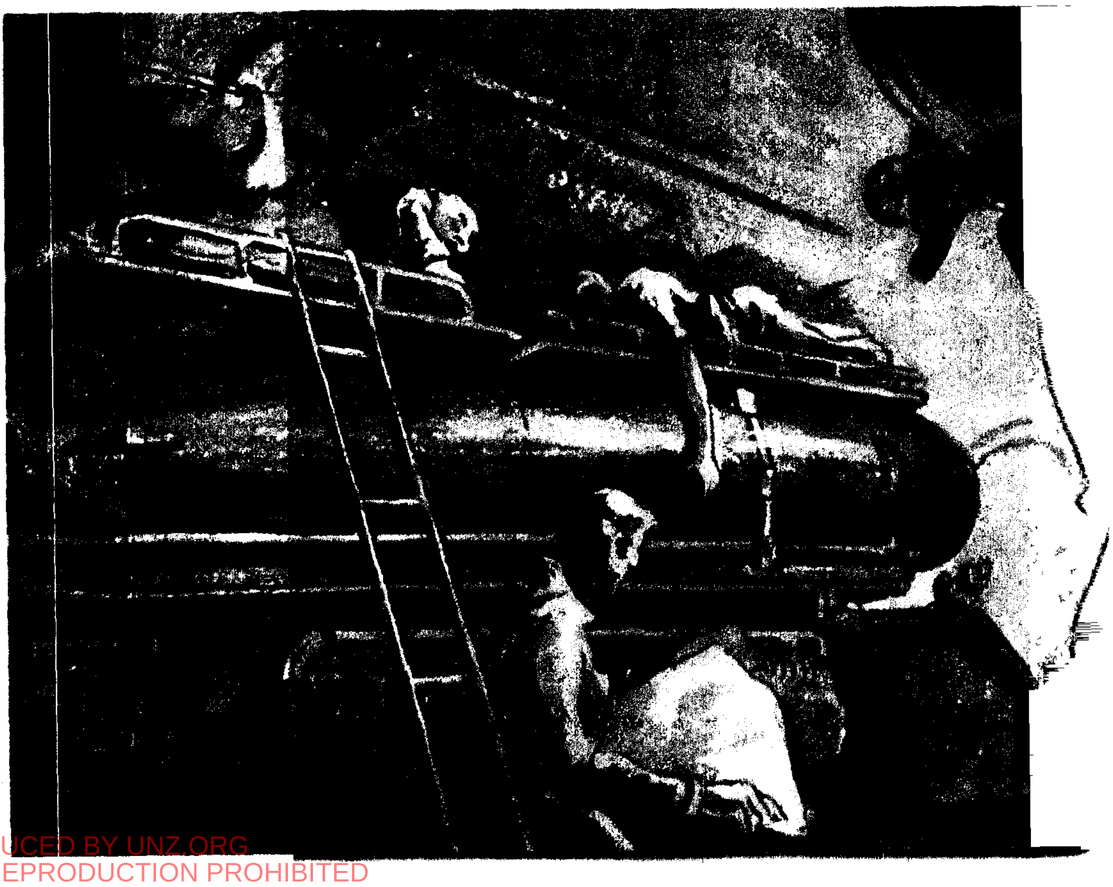
PAINTINGS FROM THE ABBOT COLLECTION

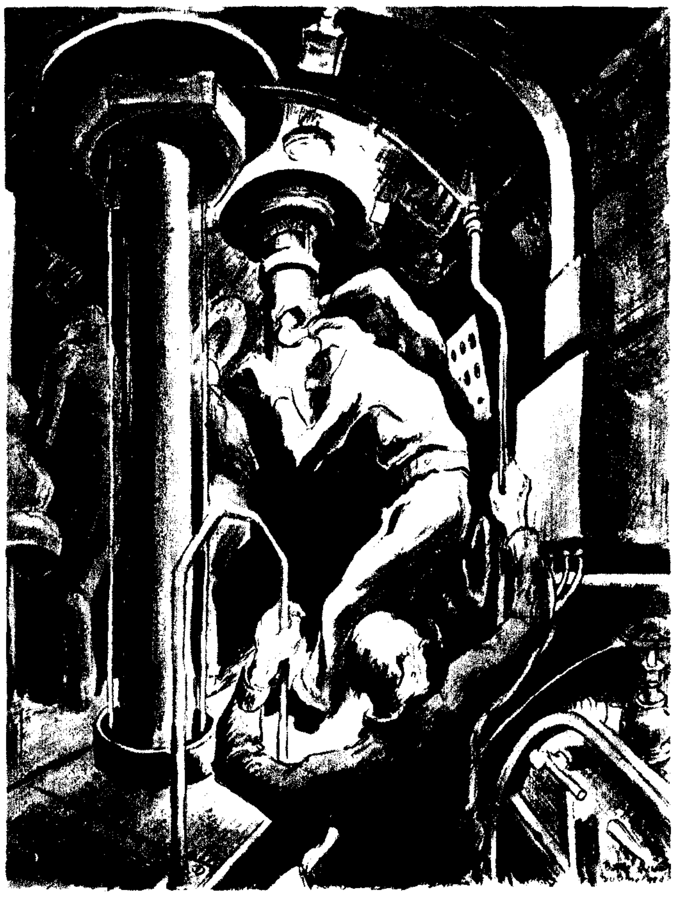
Up the Hatch **THOMAS BENTON**

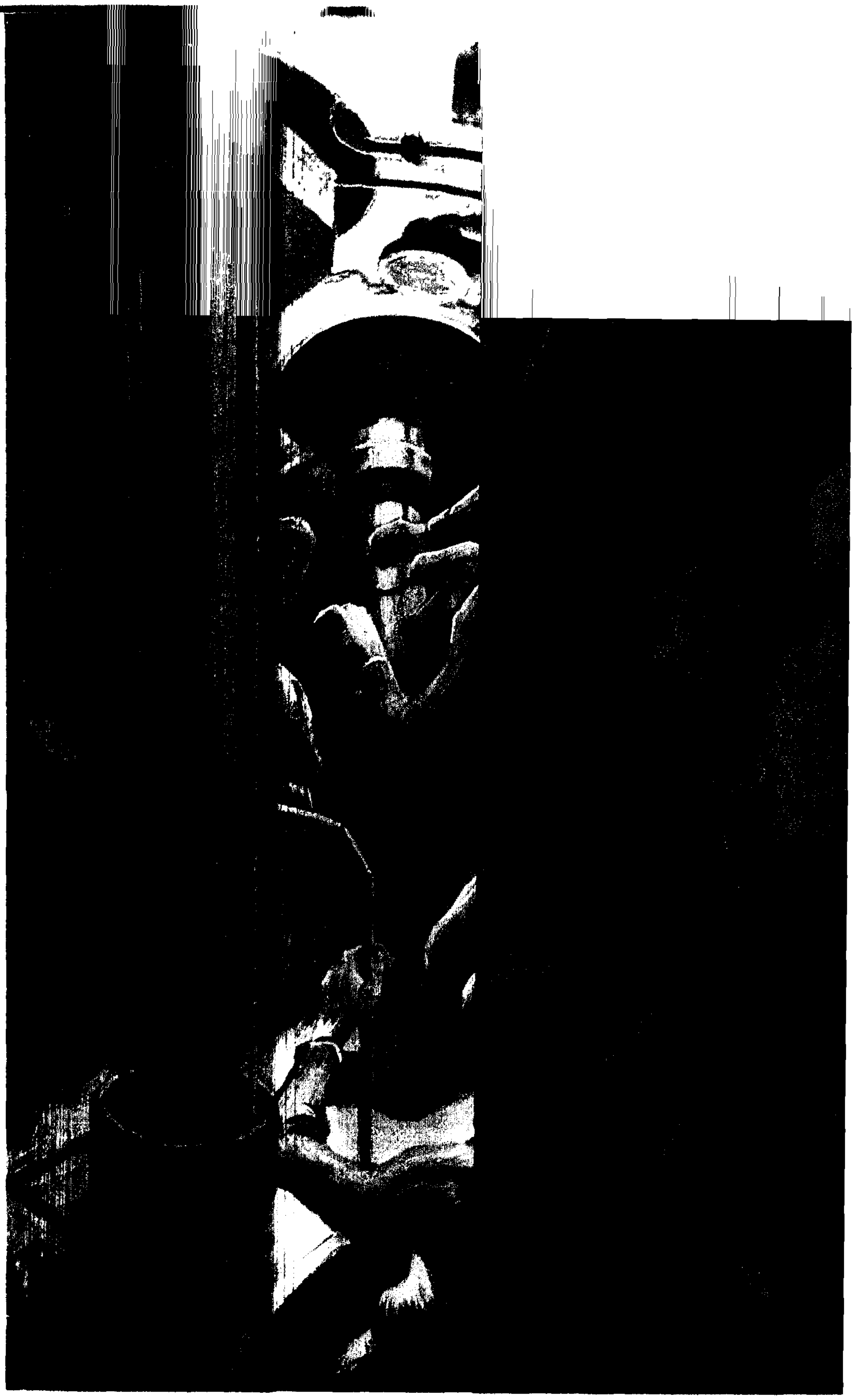
Crewmen of a U.S. submarine race up ladders to get aloft through the open hatchway of the conning tower, exhilarated by their eagerness to get a breath of fresh air after several hours of confinement below decks

Slumber Deep **THOMAS BENTON**

Completely relaxed in exhaustion, crewmen of a U.S. Navy submarine do "bunk duty" above a deadly but quiescent torpedo. A shipmate whiles away his off-duty interlude by reading. Submarine pictured here was the Dorado—since reported lost



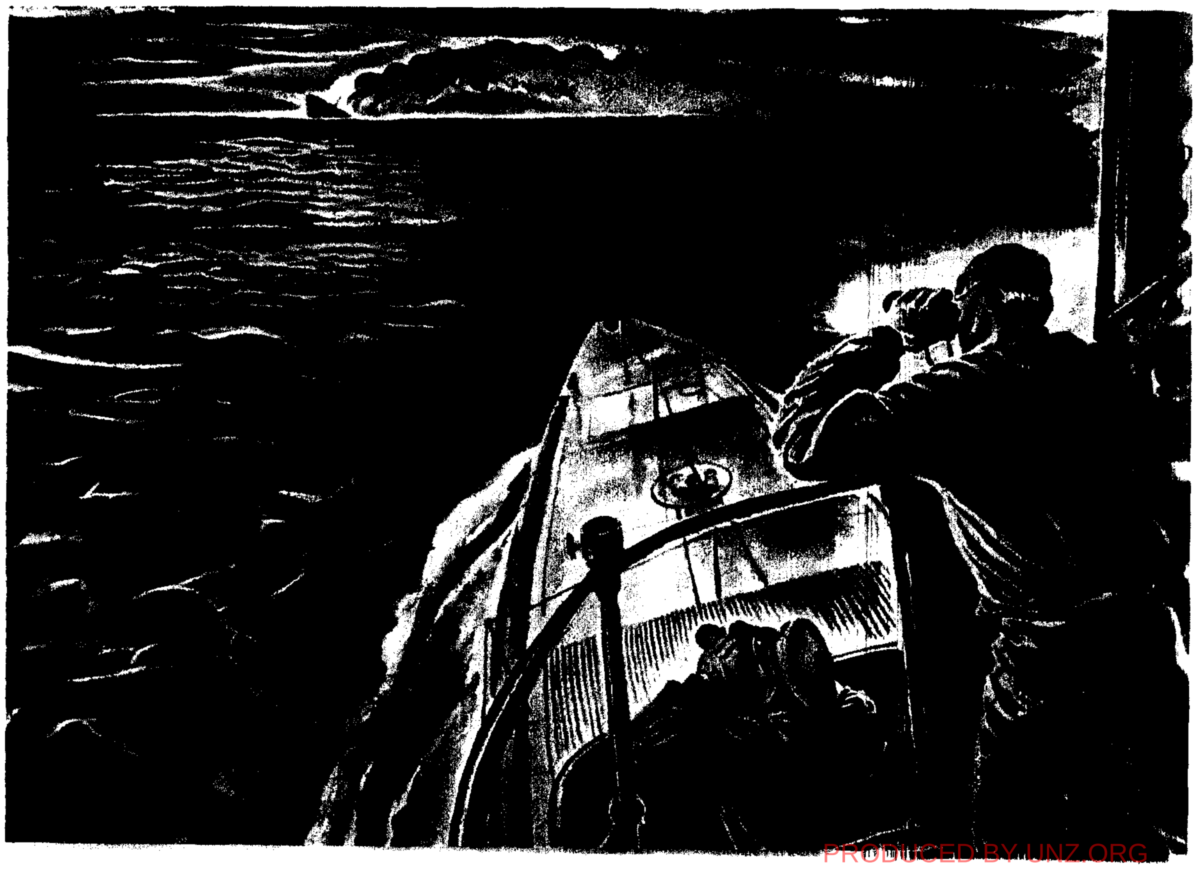




"Up Periscope"

THOMAS BENTON

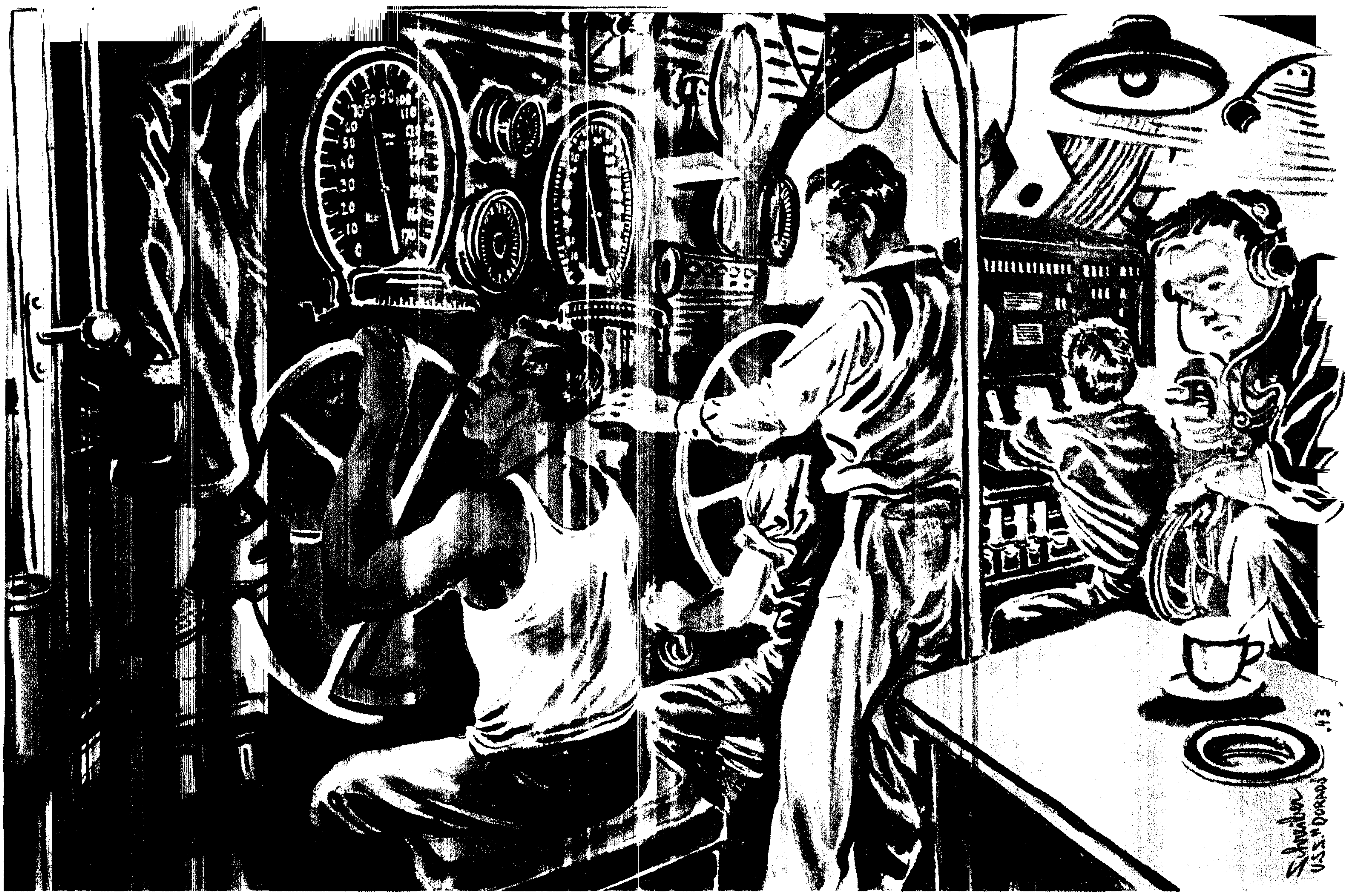
Sweater-clad U.S. Navy submarine men blend into the gloomy background of their ship, illuminated in eerie fashion by a light in the overhead, as they go about their duties far below surface while on a patrol mission. An officer keeps his eyes glued to the periscope as he scans the horizon for the outline of an enemy ship. The sketch above is a preliminary drawing for the painting shown at the right, demonstrating how the artist first caught action aboard the submarine and how his ideas were transformed into the finished version



The Kill

GEORGES SCHREIBER

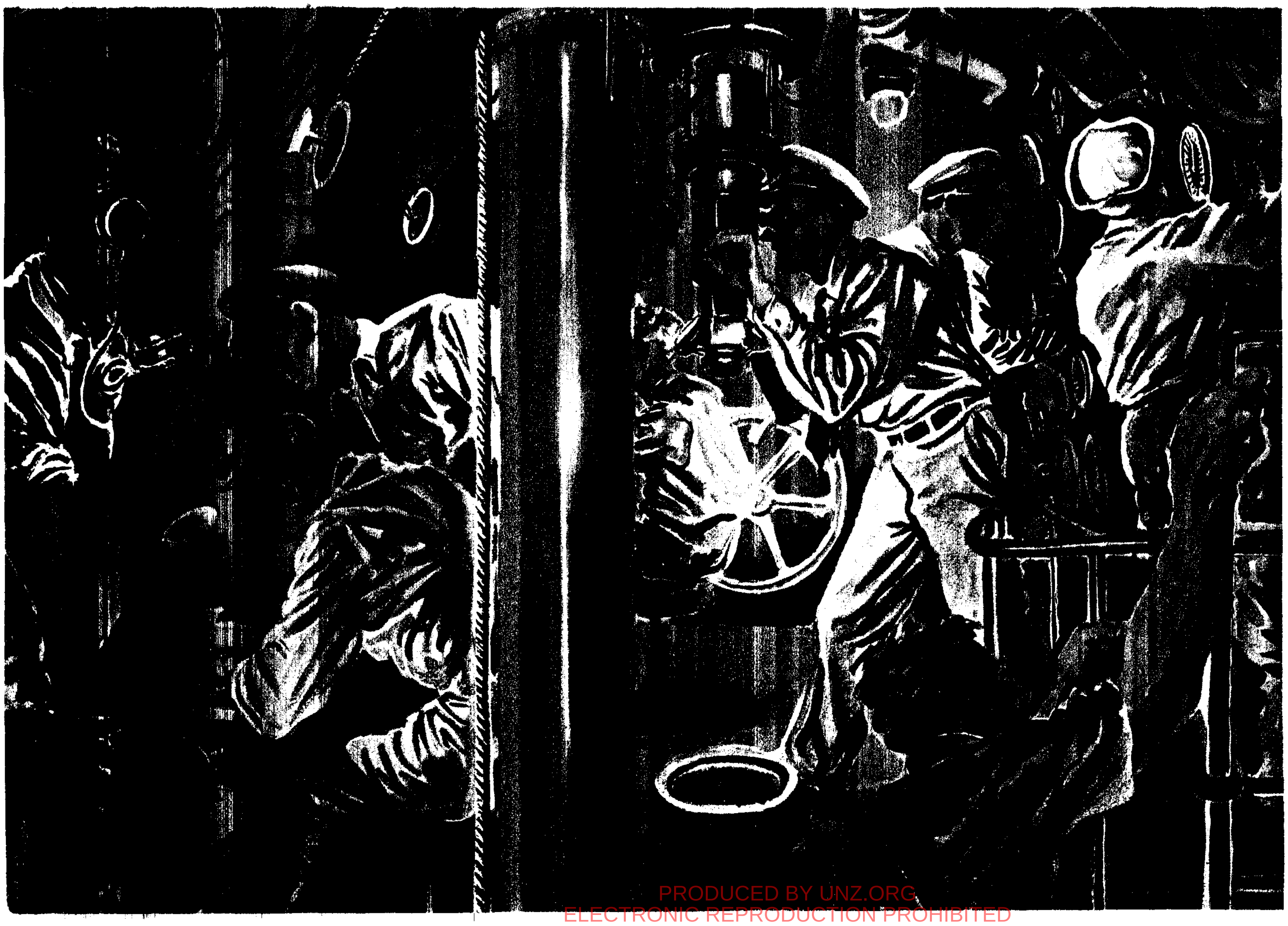
Final act in a drama at sea. The skipper of a sub and one of his lookouts watch eagerly through their glasses as the victim of their torpedoes upends and plunges toward the bottom . . . one less ship for the enemy to throw against the Allies. The fire lights a pathway for the sub as she races toward the sinking ship in the hope of picking up prisoners



"Eighty Feet Below—"

GEORGES SCHREIBER

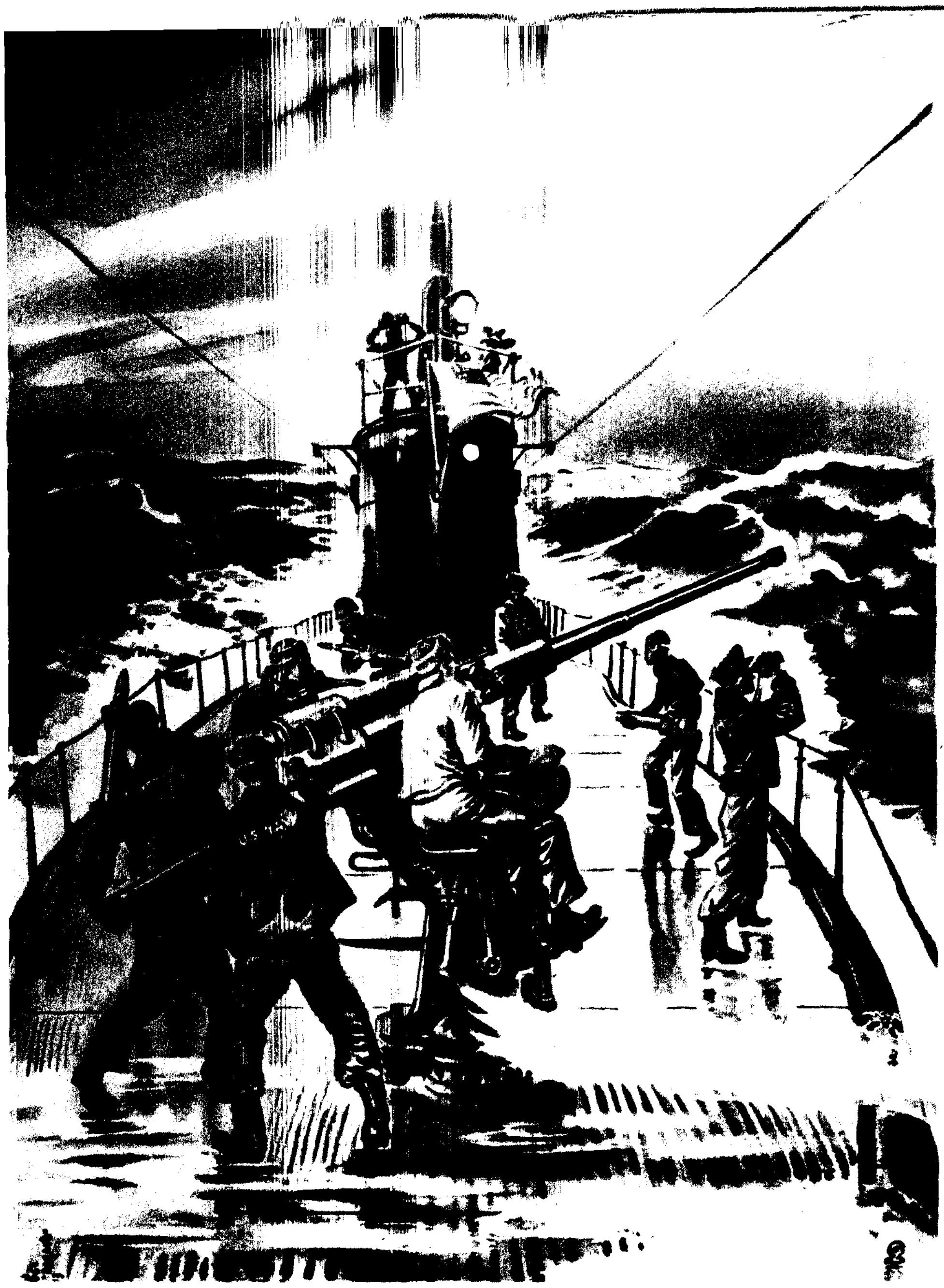
Specialists of the Silent Service—the submarine fleet of the U.S. Navy—eye their gauges and instruments as their ship slides through the water eighty feet below the surface. The control room contains the giant wheels which operate the diving planes. Here also is the "Christmas tree," where green or red lights reveal whether valves and hatches are safely rigged for diving. At the right a "talker" imparts vital information to other parts of the ship, while at the left a crewman goes up the ladder to the conning tower



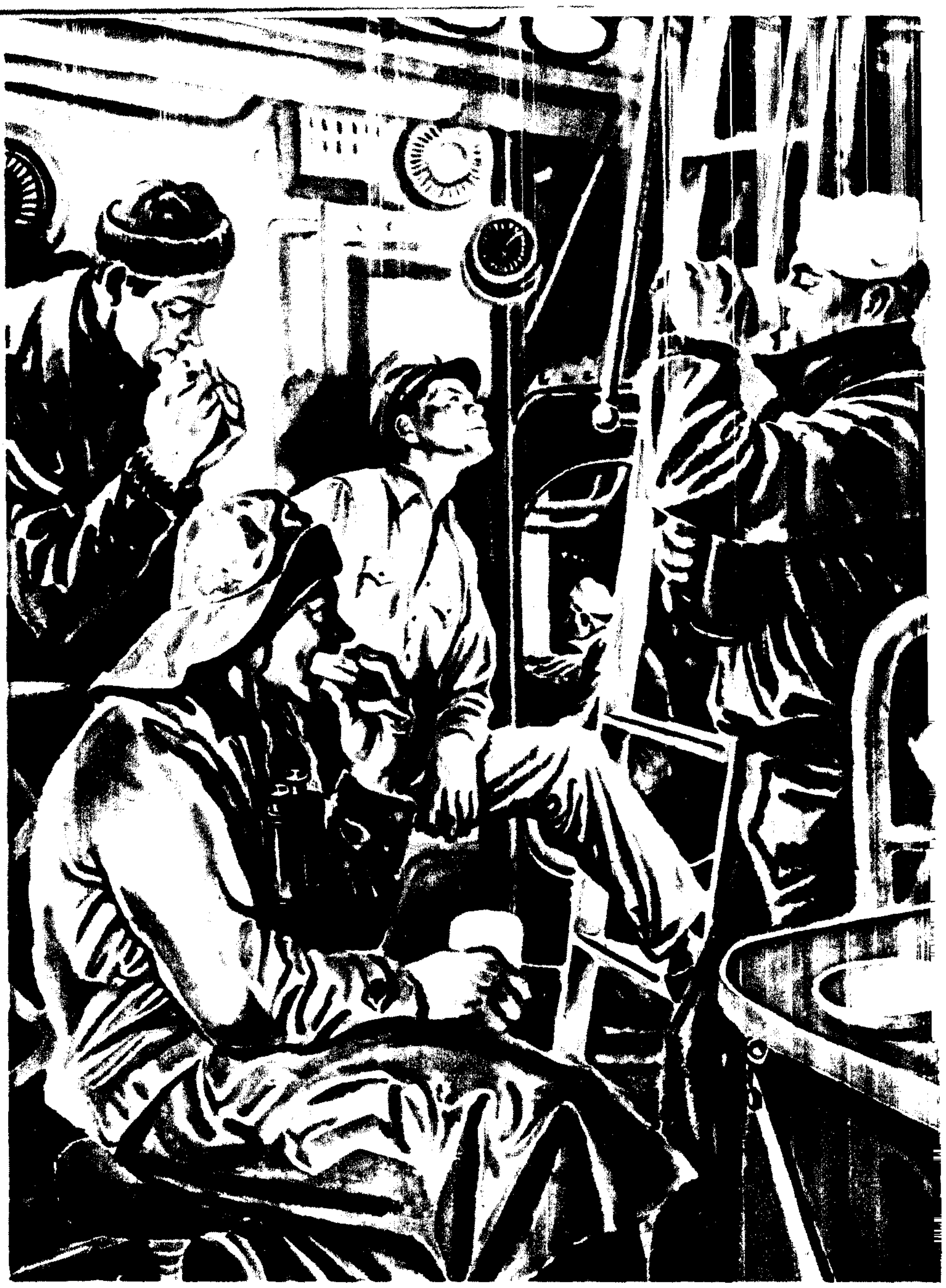
"Up Periscope"

GEORGES SCHREIBER

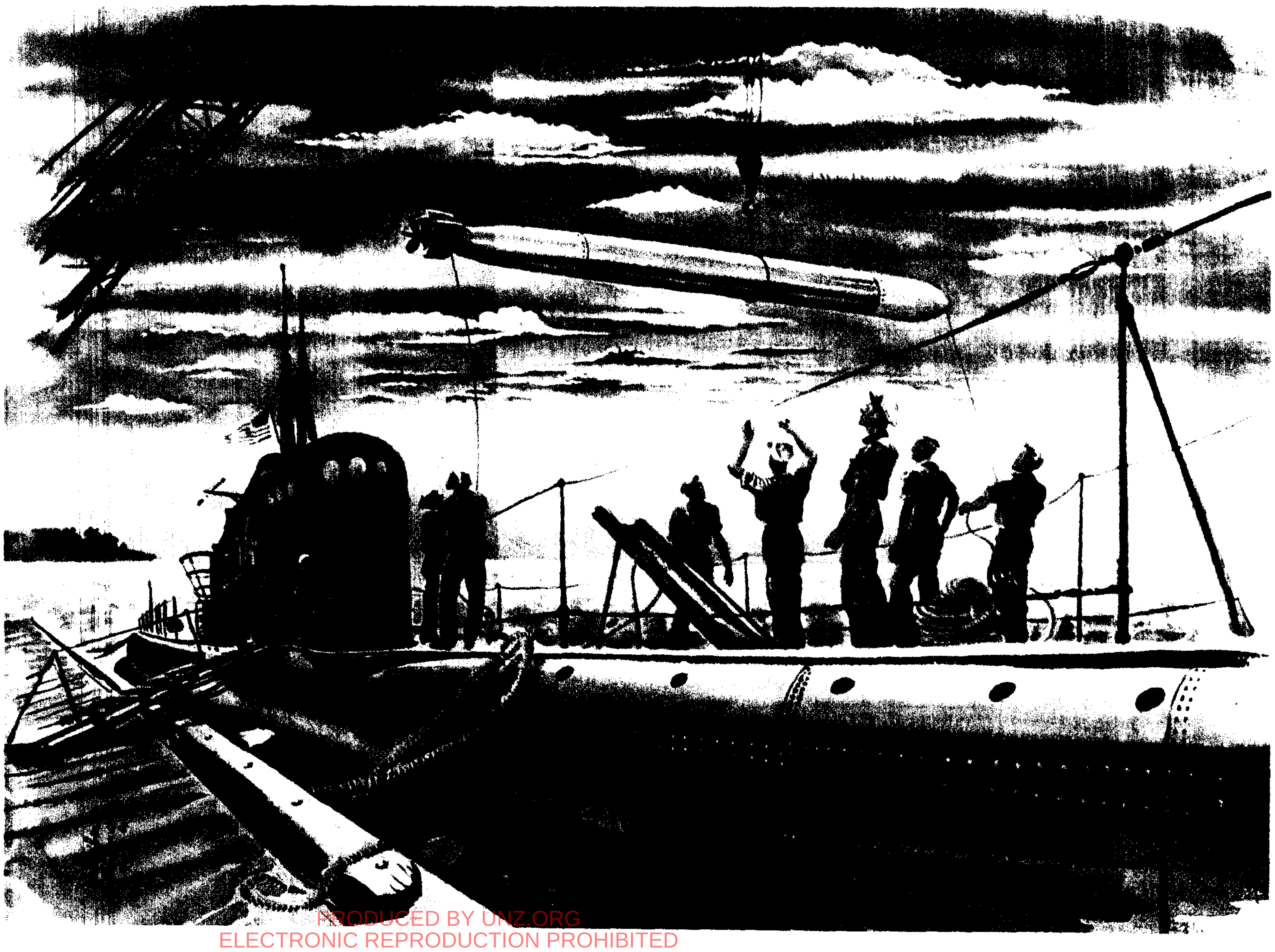
Men and machinery jam the conning tower of a submarine — tense yet cool as they await a report from the officer who is peering through the periscope. Navigators pore over charts at left, beside them a "talker" awaits a command, while at the right a crewman climbs up the ladder from the control room below



Clear for Action GEORGES SCHREIBER. Choosing to fight on the surface rather than crash-dive, a U.S. Navy submarine relies on her three-inch gun. While lookouts eye the skies for signs of enemy planes, the gun crew prepares to fire. High seas—a constant peril on the deck of a sub—add their menace



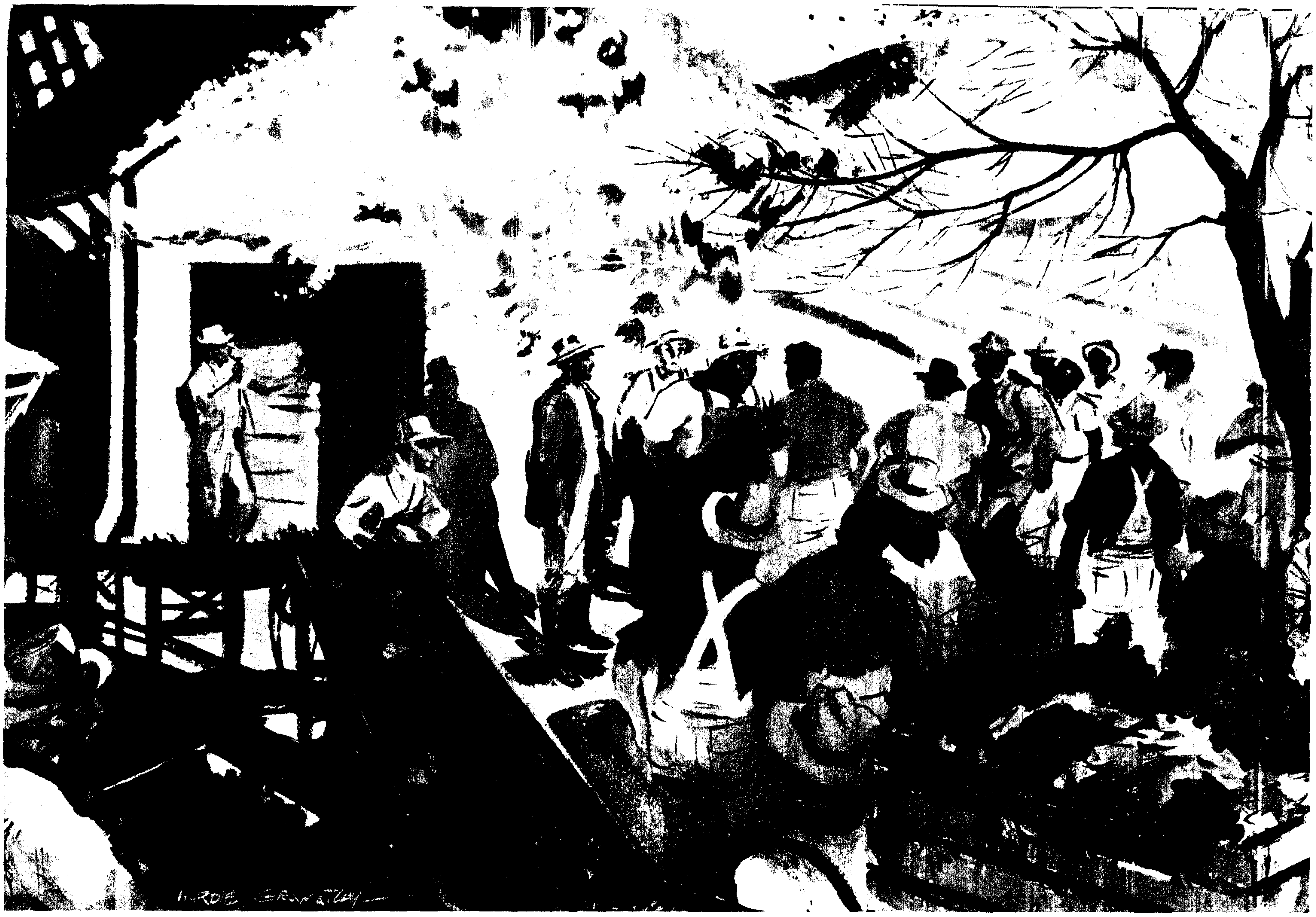
Interlude GEORGES SCHREIBER. Time to eat, drink coffee and smoke . . . but the alertness aboard a U.S. Navy submarine shows in the abstracted demeanor of these men. Relaxed and intent on their separate endeavors, they reveal inner tension as they listen for the call "general quarters!"



Loading the Fish

GEORGES SCHREIBER

Sleek and cigar-shaped like the submarine itself, marine torpedoes are loaded aboard the undersea warship in dock. The greatest care must be exercised in this operation—not only because of the danger, which is comparatively slight, but because a slip might injure one of the immensely valuable "fish," shown swinging toward the crewmen on deck



In the center of the group above the heads of the crew Phillips could see Jake's old straw hat. He didn't need to see more

LEAVE IT TO Jake

BY RICHARD STERN

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

Any man wants to feel he is needed, so Jake shut his eyes to Phillips' scorn and listened to the roar of the furnace, waiting to prove his worth

IT WAS 5:30 and a hot summer evening. Jake twisted his little truck around in something less than its own length and brought it to a halt, shuddering, behind the row of plywood sulphur houses that lined the street. It was like they had told him down to the hardware store. The dehydrating plant was running, and the familiar sounds, the familiar sights, the familiar smells were there. There was the smell of fresh grapes stacked on the platform, the smell of lye in the dipping vat, the warm caramel smell of the first cars of drying grapes in the tunnels. It was true what they had told him: Phillips had started up again. After two years.

Jake stood up, and the springs of the little truck shrieked against his weight as he stepped to the ground. He got out his coat and the brown paper sack that held his lunch, and he waddled up onto the platform like an ambling bear. By the door of the first sulphur house he paused for a moment to survey the activity at the dipper and at the conveyor, watching the crew at their work. Strangers. Awkward strangers. He noticed, too, the heavy black stains that the fire of two years ago had left against the patches of new cement on the side of the end tunnel, and he remembered how it had happened. But there was no worry in his thoughts, no shame. He could remember the smell of the burning grapes and the burning trays, the thunderous roar of the furnace flames running unchecked because he had been in the packing shed playing with Joe the cat when the blower belt broke. But that was something could happen to any man.

Ignoring the crew as they watched him, vaguely curious, he opened the sulphurhouse door and went inside to hang his coat on the nail that was driven through the wall and put his lunch sack on the topmost of the stack of sulphur bags where no ant would dare to venture. Then he came out and waddled across the platform toward the little office. It was good to be back.

Phillips was at his desk with his right leg outstretched and his face pallid from the months in the Navy hospital. Jake ducked his old head to clear the door.

"Well, here I am," he said. "You don't look none too stout, young Phil."

Phillips looked up, startled. He said, "Hello, Jake." Shifting a little to ease his stiff leg, he picked a pencil up from his desk and dropped his eyes to it quickly, like a small boy caught in a lie.

"You didn't come tell me you was startin' up the plant again," Jake said. "But I figured you was busy and all, so I come anyway to save you trouble."

Phillips frowned at the pencil. "That was considerate of you, Jake," he answered slowly; "very considerate."

JAKE had his straw hat off and his red handkerchief out, and he was mopping his face and the top of his bald head and the buffalo hump on the back of his neck.

"It's 'most time for me to be astartin' work, ain't it, young Phil?" he asked.

Phillips frowned at the pencil. He tapped it on the desk and turned it around three times in his fingers and then laid it flat on the desk top before he answered. "I've got a new crew, Jake—" he began.

"I seen 'em," Jake said. "They got both hands full of thumbs. But we'll learn 'em all right, young Phil. Like we always done." He picked a steel hook from the rack standing behind the door, a hook for pulling loaded cars of fruit to the tunnels. He twisted it aimlessly in his great hands. "Don't you worry none at all, young Phil."

Phillips began again: "I advertised in the papers, Jake. That's where I got the new crew. I'm running this year for the Army and . . . Well, you didn't come, Jake, so . . ."

Jake said, "You know I don't read none too good, young Phil." He stopped there, a thought moving ponderously across his broad face. The hook became still. "You don't want me no more," he said accusingly. "You're sore on me, young Phil, 'cause I let your tunnel burn down two year ago." He shook his great head slowly. "Twenty year, young Phil. Twenty year I been here every season. Now you're sore on me 'cause I let your tunnel burn down." His tone implied niggardliness.

"It isn't that," Phillips said. He felt on the defensive, tricked into a half lie. It really was the fire—partly, anyway. The fire had been the last straw. It was funny how two years could change a man's outlook, particularly two years like these last two. He could see Jake now as he had never seen him before.

Jake wasn't interested in work any longer.

(Continued on page 82)

Small Splash

BY BERTRAM B. FOWLER

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ALICE SCHWEIZER

Jimmy McLane's only a gangling thirteen, but a famous coach has called him "the greatest long-distance swimmer the world has ever known." In a year or two, watch the records begin to fall

THERE was plenty of good-natured ribbing that day as the top swimmers of the United States lined up for the big event of the year, the A.A.U. Senior Long-Distance Championship, at Williams Lake, Rosendale, N. Y. Most of the ribbing was directed at Harry Minto, swimming coach of the Firestone Club, of Akron, Ohio.

Looking at his entry, it wasn't difficult to appreciate the raillery. Lined up with the swimming greats of the country, the Firestone entry looked as eligible as a pigtailed, scrawny girl would be in the Atlantic City Bathing Beauty Contest.

The line-up, save for that one entry, was made up of men like Paul Maloney, the defending champion; Keo Nakama, Hawaiian-born champion, captain of the Ohio State Swimming team and holder of the world's record for the mile.

And then there was Jimmy McLane, schoolboy protégé of John W. Thomas, chairman of the board of the Firestone Company, representing the Firestone Club. Jimmy's five feet seven of bony height weighed about 116 pounds when he was soaking wet. With his long legs, big feet and pipestem arms he looked as awkward as a half-grown puppy. One look at the sheepish grin he gave the others showed his boyish awe at being in such distinguished company.

There was a deprecating laugh as the starter's gun banged. Then everyone felt a little sorry for the youngster, and more than a little indignant at Minto and whoever else was responsible for pushing a thirteen-year-old into such a spot. But as the kid hit the water he shot out in front leaving a wake like a tugboat behind him.

The Champ Couldn't Scare Him

Sympathy mounted as Nakama made his bid, knifing through the water to overhaul this young upstart. Suddenly they stopped being sorry and yelled with admiration as the boy met the bid and outsprinted Nakama to keep the lead. Of course he couldn't last, not in this company of experts, but it showed the lad had a fighting heart and wasn't going to be scared out of his race.

There were other bids. One by one the veteran swimmers challenged. And with each challenge the tugboat wake behind the boy churned into still whiter froth. Nakama challenged once more with a driving sprint. But Jimmy met him stroke for stroke until the great Nakama faded and began to drop back.

Up the quarter-mile stretch and back, the youngster held his lead. His legs churning the water in as magnificent a kick as the assembled coaches ever had seen, his skinny arms working as smoothly as an Indian's canoe paddle, he ate up the first mile. He went into the second, and the third, with the same rhythmic power drive.

As he went into the fourth, something like awe settled over the crowd. Some of the best of the nation's swimmers were weakening. Nakama was falling back. The gap between Jimmy and Paul Maloney in second place was growing wider. And there was no appreciable change in the boy's stroke, no lessening of his drive.

As they hoisted the dripping youngster out of the water after the finish, he gave the officials the same shy, boyish grin as though apologizing for messing up their nice championship race. They wrapped him in blankets, and the doctors came running as the dazed coaches looked up the course 350 yards to see Paul Maloney churning along for second place. They had to look nearly a half mile to see Nakama and wait 18 minutes for him to place third.

Almost equally amazing were the findings made by the doctors as they fussed over Jimmy. His pulse was up a little, about as much as if he had just taken a brisk walk for a mile or so. In four minutes it was back to normal. From his blankets Jimmy grinned and wanted to know how long before dinner, because he was getting kind of hungry.

The coaches who saw that event on August 6th haven't got over it yet, for they knew that they had witnessed something absolutely unique in sports history. In all the records of senior meets, never had there been anything remotely like the one Jimmy McLane had written.

Back in 1930, a big husky lad of fifteen had won the A.A.U. Junior Long-Distance title, but the competition there was in a class as far removed from this as the World Series is from the play-offs of a high-school league. Jimmy could tell you that. Just a little more than a week earlier he had collected that title himself. Swimming against the best of the young stars he had set a new American record for the event as he clipped four full minutes off the old record. Minto claims that he should have knocked another four or five off that record. But during the last half-mile of the race he had no competition, and Jimmy still needs competition to bring out his best.

The story of his development is about as amazing as is the record he has piled up in his few weeks of competitive swimming. Three years ago he attended a swimming meet with his sister. The two of them wondered if perhaps they, too, might become swimmers if they tried hard.

Two Ambitious Beginners

They took the question to Harry Minto, coach of the Firestone Club, for Minto was the best coach around—one whose job it was to encourage just such kids. He had been encouraging them for years with a record for the number of members he had placed on the All-America women's swimming teams over a period of three years.

Minto found out that the ten-year-old Jimmy McLane could just about paddle around. So he tossed him a flutter board and told the kid to kick his way around the pool. Minto then started out to learn whether Jimmy had the first requisite, the guts to take the grueling training that a good swimmer must undergo. Few of them stick it out For the first six months, Jimmy never did an arm stroke. During that period, Minto concentrated on his kick, getting it exactly as he wanted it before he allowed the boy really to swim.

Down at the Fort Lauderdale Aquatic Forum, just before the war, a group of coaches had been studying underwater pictures of swimmers with the idea of developing a new kick. They agreed that the standard, stiff-legged butterfly kick wasn't so hot They were working to put some knee action, flexibility and power into it.

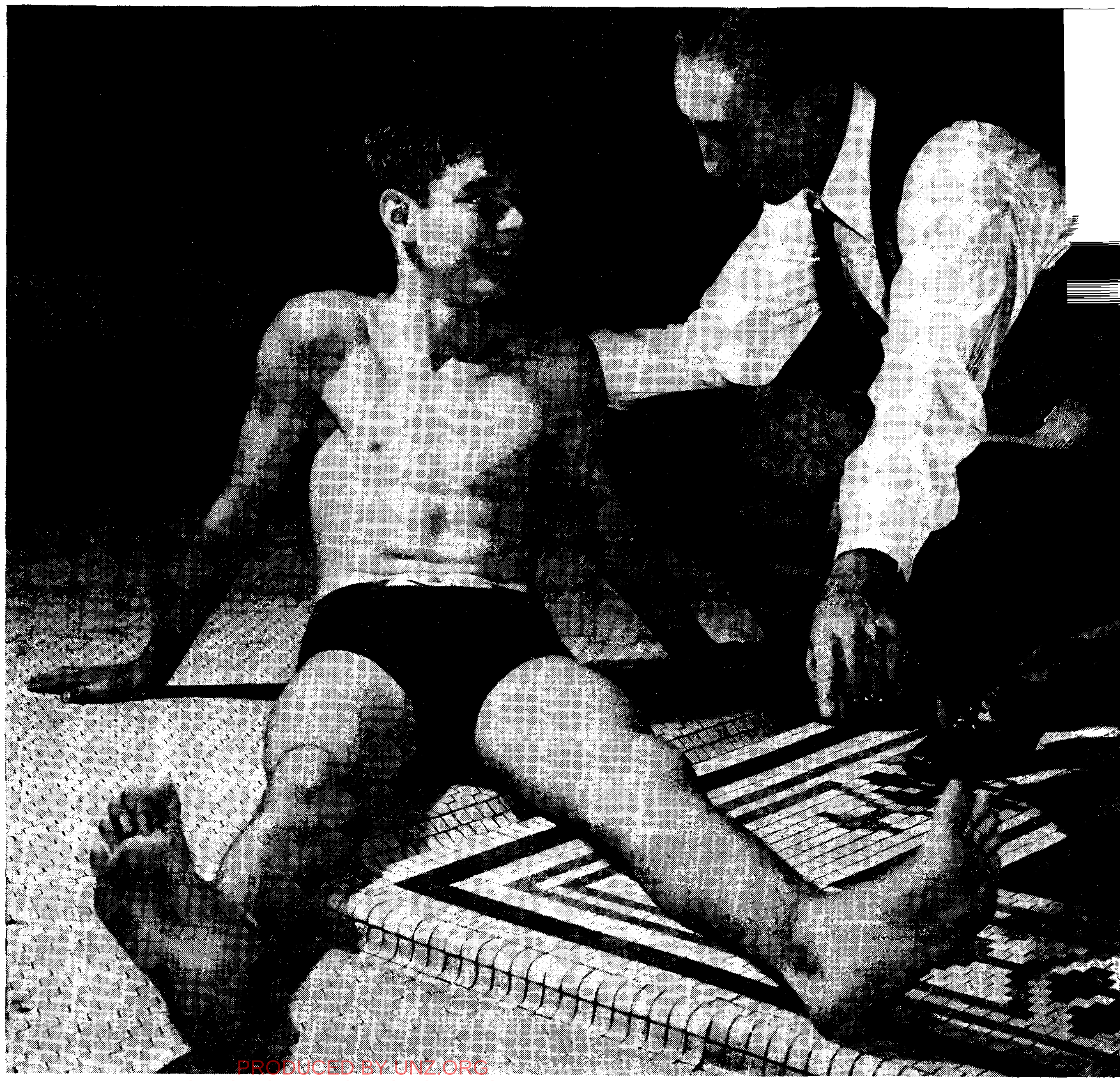
In Jimmy McLane, Minto had found the ideal material upon which to work, a youngster who had nothing to unlearn. And with Jimmy, Minto really has developed that kick into the form the coaches had envisioned.

There has been considerable talk about Jimmy's big feet; he wears size ten shoes. Maybe the big feet helped some. But it is the way he uses those feet that really pushes him through the water. From the flexed knees to the ends of his toes, his legs are as supple as an otter's tail.

Still Jimmy was far from ready after two years of coaching. Early last spring Minto began to believe that he might have a swimmer in Jimmy; that, in a year or two, he might be ready for junior competition. The first few local races Jimmy entered showed Minto that he had nothing yet to get excited about.

Then, all of a sudden, something clicked.

(Continued on page 71)



Harry Minto, coach who developed Jimmy McLane into a great swimmer, gives his pupil a little instruction on how to use his feet. And Jimmy's feet are a big subject, for he wears size ten shoes

Perilous Holiday

BY ROBERT CARSON

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE LITTLE

The Story:

PATRICK NEVIL, an American undercover man in Mexico City on vacation, is delegated by his superior, GRAEME, to keep AGGIE STUART, clever, lovely columnist from the States, out of harm's way. He discovers that she seems to be trailing "DOC" LILLEY, a gangster she had exposed in Chicago, who now runs a Mexico City night club. Trying to ferret out her plans, PAT pretends to be in love with her, but she is evasive, and he thinks she is jealous of AUDREY LATHAM, a girl who is trying to marry him. Then one evening at the night club, Doc tells PAT that GEORGE RICHARDS, a wealthy Californian whom AGGIE seems to be cultivating, will pay PAT twenty-five thousand dollars to get out of town. PAT goes to another café to report this to GRAEME, also informing him that a taxi driver named MANUEL PEREZ has been spying on him. On leaving the café, he finds a crowd bending over a dying man. It is MANUEL, stabbed in the back.

III

IN HIS room, Patrick found Mr. Graeme's home number in the telephone book and called it. He heard the bell ringing again and again after the connection was made. Finally a thick-tongued manservant answered in Spanish. The answer was no; Mr. and Mrs. Graeme hadn't returned.

Patrick hung up and started clicking his fingernails on the glass top of the night stand. He was worried, and he didn't know what to do. Going out to try to intercept Graeme was probably useless. Telephoning him at the café was a long and complicated process and undoubtedly he had left by now, anyway.

Lying on his stomach on the bed, Patrick thought hard, puzzling over the combination of people, places and time. This was tough. Nothing came out even. And he had a persistent feeling that he didn't have forever. Something had to crack pretty soon or it was no dice.

Now, there's little Aggie, the wonder child, he said to himself. She's hot, too. Suppose the big roundup is tonight, and Aggie is one of those nominated for oblivion? He wiped away a line of sweat coming on his forehead. The gay columnist might have been too gay. Perhaps she wasn't home, and this was no night for her to be out and about. Still, he had no business calling her. A lot of reasons existed for keeping his mouth shut right at the moment. Suppose she figured he was trying to check up on her, or was looking for an opportunity to case her room? He was pretty sure she was not sold on him yet. The play she'd made for him was too hard. It must be to get sympathy, or to make him open up. Well, the hell with it!

He picked up the phone and called her room. There was a long sequence of rings. His stomach began to feel frothy. At last she came on and said, "Hello . . . what is it?" He put the phone down quickly without speaking. That was one worry off his mind.

After a couple of minutes the phone rang. "Hello," Patrick said.

"What did you want?" Aggie said.

"Huh? Who is this?"

"You know who it is. Listen, I called the operator back and she told me it was you who waked me."

"I love you, baby," Patrick said. "A little while ago I dreamed about you. It was wonderful. Shall I tell you the dream?"

"Definitely not," Aggie said. "Now that you're sure I'm in the hotel, is it okay for me to go back to sleep?"

"I like to check up on my dames, that's all."

"You've checked."

"Good night, angel," Patrick said. "Sleep tight."

Aggie slammed her receiver.

Patrick got up from the bed, lighted a cigarette, and made a grimace at himself in the dresser mirror. That had been a mistake, and he couldn't afford mistakes. The telephone rang again.

"*Hola,*" Mr. Graeme said. "You have difficulties, Patrick?"

"You're home and all right?"

"Yes. Why?"

"When I left the café," Patrick said, "the guide, Manuel, was laid out on the sidewalk. Somebody got him with a knife. I thought maybe this was D-Night."

"I was not bothered."

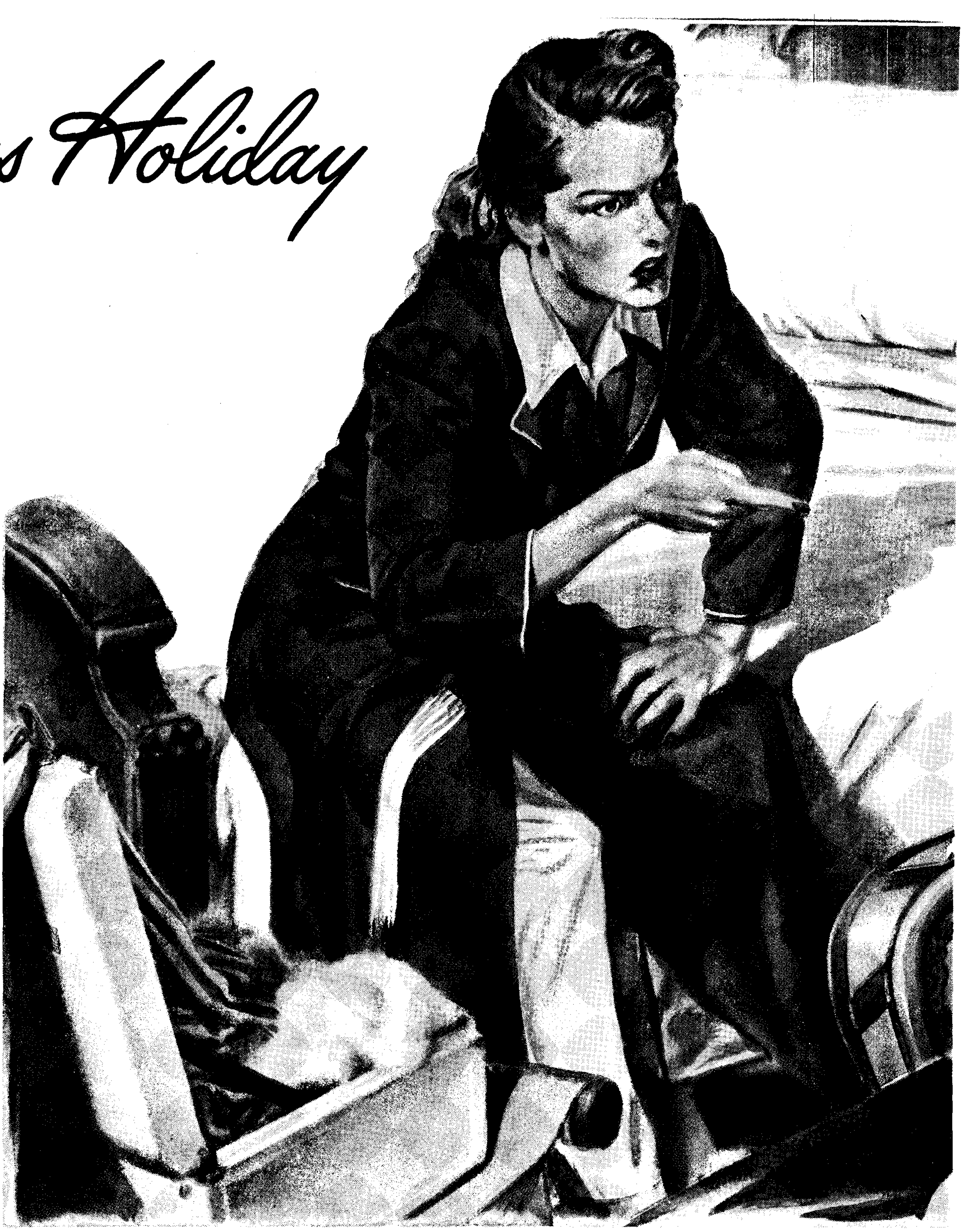
"That's what I wanted to know. Sorry to put you to this trouble."

"I'm flattered. Let's just keep working."

"Yeah," Patrick said. "Mr. Graeme, do you think I have any future in this sort of work?"

"If there is a next world, as they say," Graeme said, "I am sure you have a future. Good night, Patrick."

Before he got into bed, Patrick fished in his luggage and found an automatic pistol. He put in a clip and pulled the action back, sliding a shell into the chamber. Placing the gun on the night stand within easy reach, he went peacefully to sleep.



"If you're bright," Aggie said, "you'll beat it. I'm giving you the chance, Patrick. Go back to Los Angeles and I'll keep it quiet for you. . . . Later on, I'll see you there’

THE approaching dawn was a feeble glow above the tips of the mountains when he awakened and shifted in the bed, trying to place what was bothering him. Then he saw, though he scarcely heard. The door was opening quietly, and a man was stepping into his room. Patrick took the pistol from the night stand, releasing the safety. The man halted at the sound of the tiny click. They stared at each other through the murky half-darkness.

"I wouldn't move," Patrick said. "If you even twitch, I'll open up."

"Allow me to turn on lights," the man replied. "Then you will be reassured."

"You have a great chance of getting hurt," Patrick said, "but go ahead."

The man closed the door and snapped the light switch. Mr. Aguirre, short, well groomed, ever smiling, was revealed. He didn't seem disturbed by the fact that Patrick kept him covered.

"Accept my apologies for the unusual hour," he said. "It was necessary. Do you often sit up in bed with an automatic?"

"I like nothing better than to settle down with a good gun," Patrick replied. "Can I be of help to you, Mr. Aguirre?"

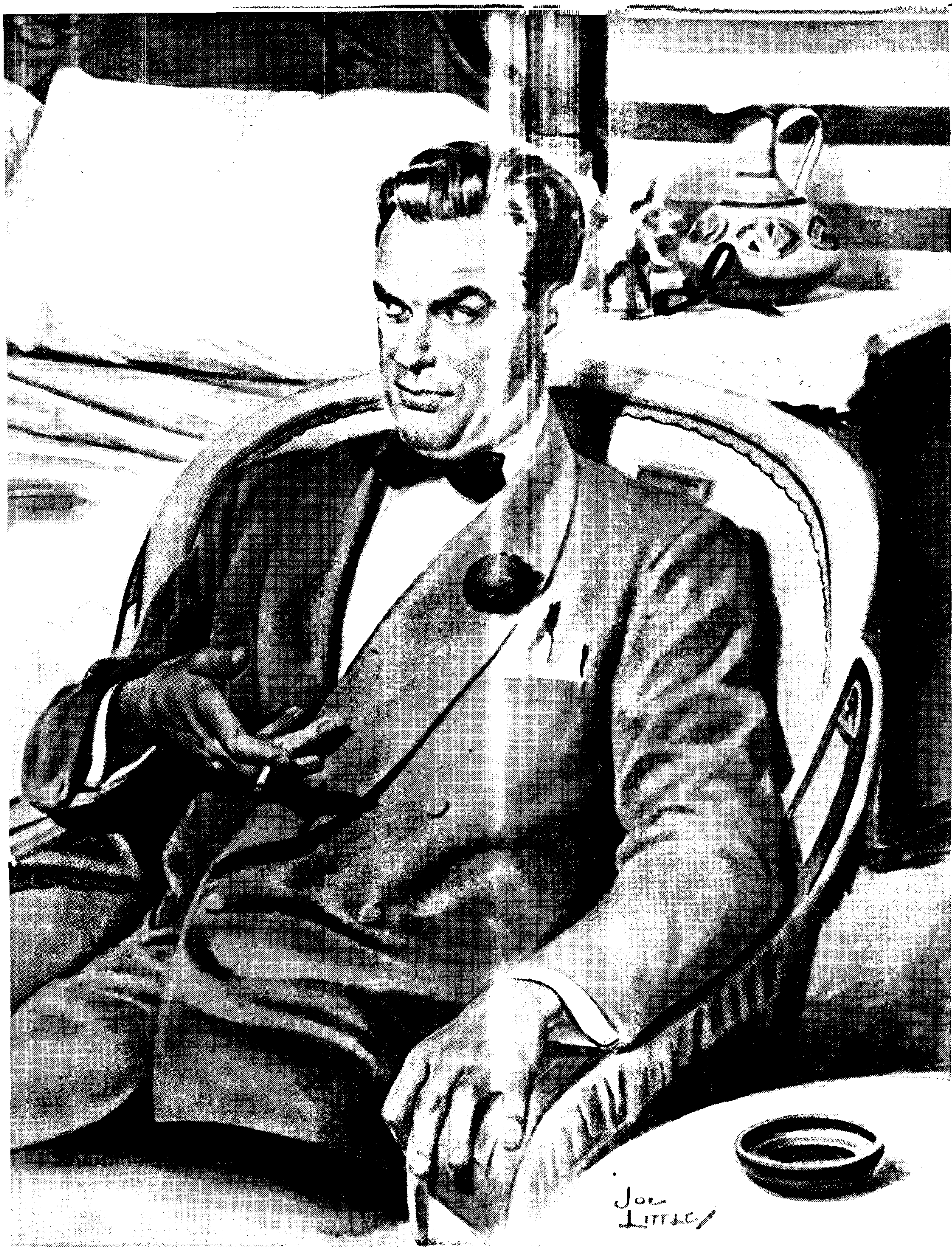
Aguirre pulled up a chair and sat down, apparently with unshakable good humor. "Frankly, Mr. Nevil, I don't know. I'd appreciate your trying."

"Okay, shoot."

"But not you, please."

"As long as your hands remain on your knees—"

"Pardon me," Aguirre interrupted. "I have



approximately ten policemen scattered throughout the hotel. Two are in the hallway, very close. Your gun is of slight value to you."

Patrick put the safety on the pistol and laid it aside. "There is a certain reassurance in your manner, Mr. Aguirre, especially when you mention policemen. Be kind enough to proceed."

"You are most considerate," Aguirre said, and smiled broadly. "I desire to know various things, which you are going to tell me."

"Suppose I don't?" Patrick said.

"In which case," Aguirre told him, "you are going to a jail, where you will stay until you do tell me. Won't a cell interfere with your plans?"

"I'm afraid it will."

Aguirre spread his hands palms up and looked genuinely happy. "Then, my dear friend, begin at once."

"Where?"

"At the beginning."

"I was born," Patrick said, "in 1911, in Santa Fe, New Mexico, which is in the United States of America. As a child I was moody, nervous and pretty stupid."

"But later you grew smart," Aguirre said. "Let us consider the smart period. I am not too demanding, Mr. Nev[illegible] You only need go back in your life seventy-two hours for me. Tell me, for instance, about your friends. About Doctor Lilley, Mr. Richards and Miss Stuart. And tell me what you have done—everything you have done—for three days and three nights."

PATRICK looked at Aguirre. Despite the pleasant cast to his features, the small man was not joking. His dark eyes were sharp and unamused, and there were lines of weariness and anger under the bulge of his smooth jaw.

"You couldn't hold me incommunicado," Patrick said. "Mr. Graeme would not like it."

"Mr. Graeme doesn't bother over men who get in trouble with foreign governments," Aguirre said, "any more than I do with my men. Besides, you are a material witness—or worse—in a murder case. I also have a feeling you wouldn't relish a great deal of attention at present."

"Why don't you see Mr. Graeme?"

"Because he has a single fault which is, nevertheless, a virtue in his particular line of business. He has nothing to say. Sometimes he is not entirely open and aboveboard with me. Sometimes I withhold information from him. Secrecy is part of our stock in trade. It has the disadvantage of causing us to work occasionally on the same job in parallel lines, but in the main it does no harm. Probably this particular matter will benefit by our separate efforts."

"I don't know what I'm after. Do you?"

"Not yet."

"Well," Patrick sighed, "here goes."

He started at the beginning, as Aguirre had requested, and told the whole story. The Mexican sat listening with his unfailing smile. The telling took longer than Patrick had anticipated; sunlight was streaming in the room when he finished. Aguirre rose and switched off the lights. He stood with his hands in his pockets, looking at Patrick.

"This is unpleasant," he remarked. "I do not enjoy the very simple matters. They always grow complicated."

"Manuel was your man, wasn't he?"

"Naturally."

"Why did you plant him with me?" Patrick asked. "Did you know something was coming up?"

"No, I was simply curious about why Mr. Graeme had brought you here. Did you know?"

Patrick shook his head.

"Manuel died without speaking," Aguirre said. He was no longer smiling. "That is unfortunate. However, we will see. . . ."

"You have no idea who killed him?"

"No."

Aguirre walked to the door, removing his hands from his pockets. He stood with his back to Patrick, head bowed. Patrick lighted a cigarette and wished he had a cup of coffee. Turning around, Aguirre smiled.

"The horses of fate gallop," he said. "They do not walk. Last night Manuel telephoned me. He said he had discovered something of great interest with relation to what Mr. Richards does with his spare time. We were to meet this morning. That is why they killed him. I wish the dead could talk."

"Do you believe there is much involved?"

"Very much."

"You've heard of the good-neighbor policy," Patrick said. "I'll put it into effect on this. If I hear of anything, I'll let you know. Where can I get hold of you?"

"I'll get hold of you," Aguirre said. "Depend upon that."

"Until later," Patrick said.

"Until later," Aguirre said, and left the room.

FOR a while Patrick stared hopelessly at the ceiling. Then he drifted off to sleep. It was after nine o'clock when he awoke again. And the extra rest hadn't given him any inspirations. He was just plain stuck.

Deciding to breakfast at the hotel, he went downstairs to the grill. At a table in the rear were Aggie and George. As he headed for them, Patrick had a sudden inspiration. Aggie had forced his hand last night, and he had only one card left to play. He stopped at the first empty table and sat down with his back to them. The waitress came, and he ordered. He was eating his toast and eggs when Aggie and George passed him on the way out.

"Say," George said, "don't you know your friends any more?"

"Hello, George," Patrick replied.

He looked at Aggie without speaking. She was wearing a dark blue suit, witn a beret, shoes and bag to match. He thought she had never appeared better in her smart, severe way, and he wondered if he wasn't making a terrible mistake in more ways than one. But it was too late to back up. Her blue eyes were widening in surprise at the change in his manner.

"What's eating you, sonny?" she said. "I'm not your friend, but you must know me."

"Of course," Patrick said, and snapped his fingers. "You're Aggie, the well-dressed girl. How's every little thing, Aggie?"

"I was fine until I saw you."

"A great way to cure that would be to go where you can't see me."

"Now you're talking sense," Aggie said. "For the first time."

"You two have been fighting again," George said. "Haven't you?"

"You're uncanny," Patrick said.

"Let's go, George," Aggie said.

"Wait a minute," George said, and caught her arm. "This is no way for either one of you to act. You're the only two people I know here. All the fun I've had is with you. If we split up, I'll be sitting alone in my room again." He turned to Aggie. "Aggie, speak to him."

"Okay," Aggie said. "So long, jerk."

"Goodby, madam," Patrick told her.

She pulled herself free of George's hand and walked away. He looked despairingly from her to Patrick, his little, pinched face appearing genuinely concerned.

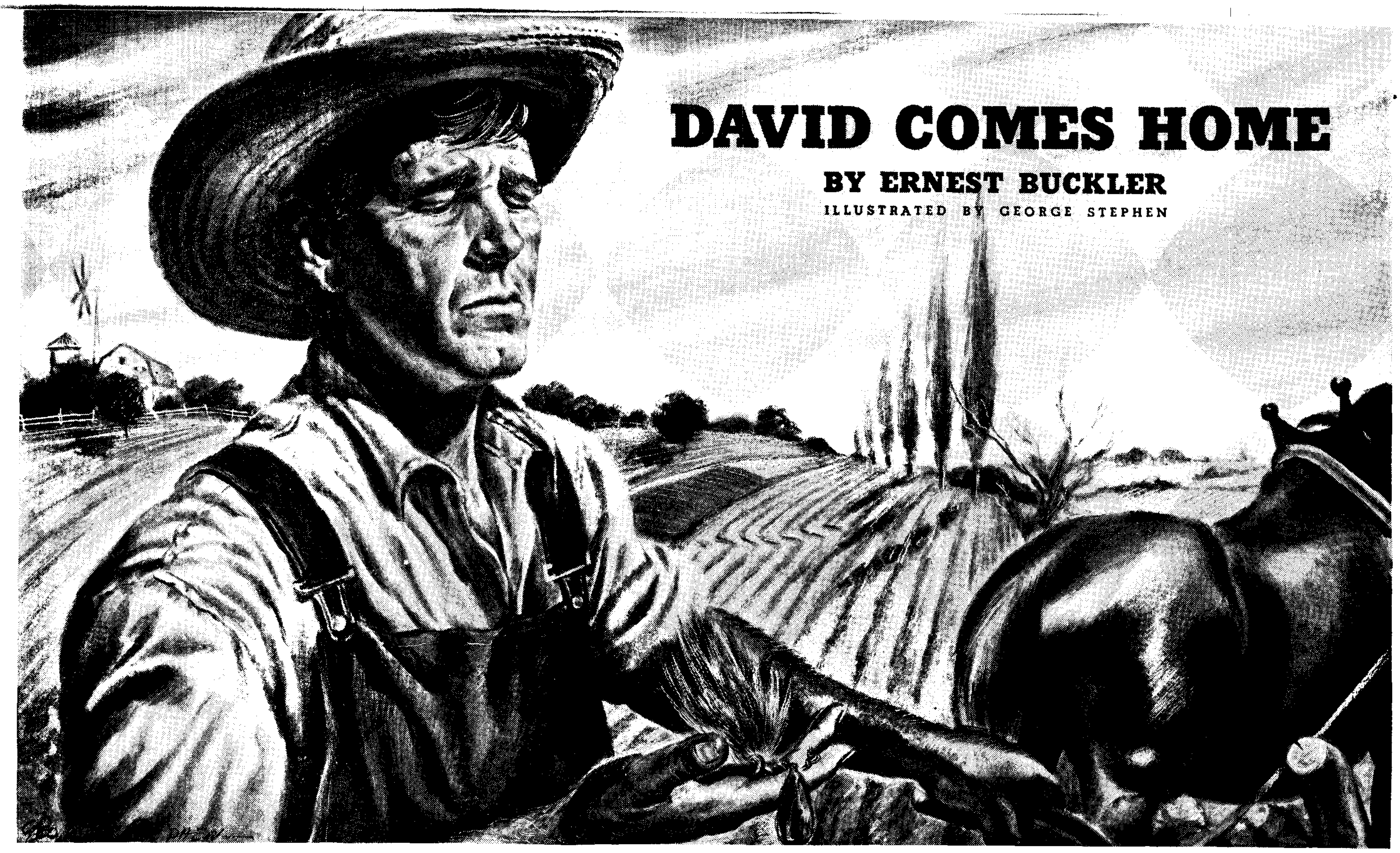
"That did it," he said. "Patrick, is that any way to treat a lady?"

"She's no lady," Patrick said, "and she's not going to be my wife. Run along, George."

George elevated his shoulders in a gesture of helplessness and followed Aggie. Patrick kept his eye on them. In the doorway Aggie paused and turned to glare at him. That was a good sign. Patrick immediately felt better.

After he had finished his breakfast, he

(Continued on page 28)



DAVID COMES HOME

BY ERNEST BUCKLER

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE STEPHEN

Joseph picked it up and looked at it. It was a spinner he had plowed up, and it had lain there, lost, for seven years

a short short story complete on this page

THERE was a stillness in Joseph's mind as he plowed the first furrows on the sidehill below the orchard; not the stillness of the weary, because it was only midafternoon and his muscles were without weight; but the stillness which comes over the mind when it has searched so long, silently, for the answer to a question not itself quite clear.

When David, his son, had been there to guide the horses, sometimes there would be no sound between them either, not even the building together of small jokes. Yet then the thoughts in his mind had seemed to make a little current moving shapelessly but as with a gentle ringing through the quiet minutes, the way the plow shelved its soft path through the long, curling sod.

At the top of the hill, Joseph paused to give the horses their wind. He could see his own house now—the neat, low clapboard house that had been his father's—with the large chimneys showing white and clean above the chestnut trees. He turned over a sod, absently, with his heavy boot.

And when he did, he noticed something fall away cleanly from its tight pocket in the earth. It was not a stone. Joseph picked it up and looked at it. It was a spinner he had plowed up, and it had lain there, lost, for seven years. He and David had searched for it but they could never find it.

He remembered so clearly the morning David had lost that spinner. It was the morning he had taken him back in the woods fishing and David had stayed all night in the camp for the first time. He could remember how David looked then, the hair heavy and moist but the face and the body almost thin. He could see the strange quickness in David's face and the eyes which always seemed to have the heat of fever in them. He knew David was excited that day, in a secret sort of way. And that night Joseph could tell that he was lying awake, quietly, in the dark.

But he was not sure whether David had been happy or just tired. He could not ask him, even then. And when David grew up, his strange quiet had still been there. Joseph had been proud of the many new things that David could read and understand easily. But he had always felt that David must leave the farm which he loved so much himself. The steps in the field, the slower steps in the field as the day tired and grew dark . . . and then the quiet kitchen walled in from the swing of the ax and the shoulder-bending and the sun-bright sweep of the scythe and the heavy plow handles and the day-movement and the man-business . . . the small, walled-in place to come to at noon when the sun was still high, and the food warmed in you like a slow wine . . . and soberly the evening when the lamp was lit, for peace . . . things like these . . . these would be small things for David's bright mind, and Joseph was not sure they were enough to hold him.

It was hard for a clumsy man to show his own son a thing like that. And yet, sometimes when they would be plowing in the field together, he had hoped that the silence between them might not be a strangeness at all; had hoped that David was quiet because he knew his father's thoughts were not word-shaped and bright like his own but of one flesh just the same. In that way the silence became a bond. But Joseph could not be sure that this was so.

If your son went away in anger, even, then no matter what happened, he would be your son still. But his son had seemingly gone away with no keepsake at all of the things they had had together. He had tried desperately, that last morning as David went off to camp, to say some simple thing that might make it plain between them, but the slow erosion of minutes had dumbed his tongue. And Joseph knew that if they had loved nothing in the same way, death would leave him no part of his son to cherish.

JOSEPH had read the first letters that David sent, hoping desperately for some sign, but there had been none. Now he would never know, for the phone call had ended that. The facts were all gathered, all there would ever be, and no matter how long he thought, the answer was in none of them.

Joseph sighed a little, quickly, and turned the horses. He set the plow in the furrow again and followed it patiently down the long face of the hill.

In the kitchen, Ellen, his wife, was sitting quiet, waiting a few minutes before she called to him. The wrappings from the package were on the table before her, and one sheet of the papers inside she held in her hands still. She was letting the tears come a little, easily, before she called Joseph.

The kitchen was small, but the soft-wood floor was scrubbed and white as cotton, and the sun seemed always to be in it. It had been the heart of the whole house. It had been Ellen's whole world—close and quiet like the presence of a friend—until that day weeks ago the phone rang and the strange voice told her in curiously flat words about David. Ever since that day, the kitchen had seemed quite strange and, when she worked there, it had seemed as if she were not home at all.

Now she placed the papers together again, tenderly, and went to call her husband.

JOSEPH could not think what Ellen could want in the middle of the afternoon. He glanced at her face as he came through the door, but there seemed to be nothing wrong.

"There were some papers," Ellen said softly, pointing to the table, "of David's. They are little things—notes he must have just put down sometime, as one would who lacks someone close to talk with."

There was a date at the top of the page: August 30, 1944. That was the very day before, Joseph thought suddenly . . . it would be the very last. And then, as he began to read, all the awkwardness seemed to leave his hands at once.

"I guess the day I remember best of all was the day I lost the spinner . . . the day Father and I went back in the woods and I stayed all night in the camp for the first time. I could not eat my breakfast for thinking about it. And when we were all ready I started off, wanting to run, wanting to leave the pasture road behind and get onto the strange, exciting log road that went where I had never been, deep and deeper into the still woods.

"The log road was so beautiful to walk along it made a song in one's feet, and there was no need to say anything, with all the bright running things happening inside. . . . There would be little patches of snow, still, under the big trees, and I could feel the cool breath of it as I walked along, but when I sat on the big rock and looked at the line so steadily in the current, it felt after a while as though I were floating along with it. The sun came out on the back of my shirt.

"And then, later, when the whole night was cool, there was the dry wood Father could always find somewhere for the fire. And with Father there, it was dark and quiet and warm in the camp, and the big trees whispered together their drowsy talk outside in the dark. It was the first night I had slept in the woods, and there had never been anything like it. . . . I guess that was the best day there ever was. I guess a guy should be satisfied to have had just one day like that.

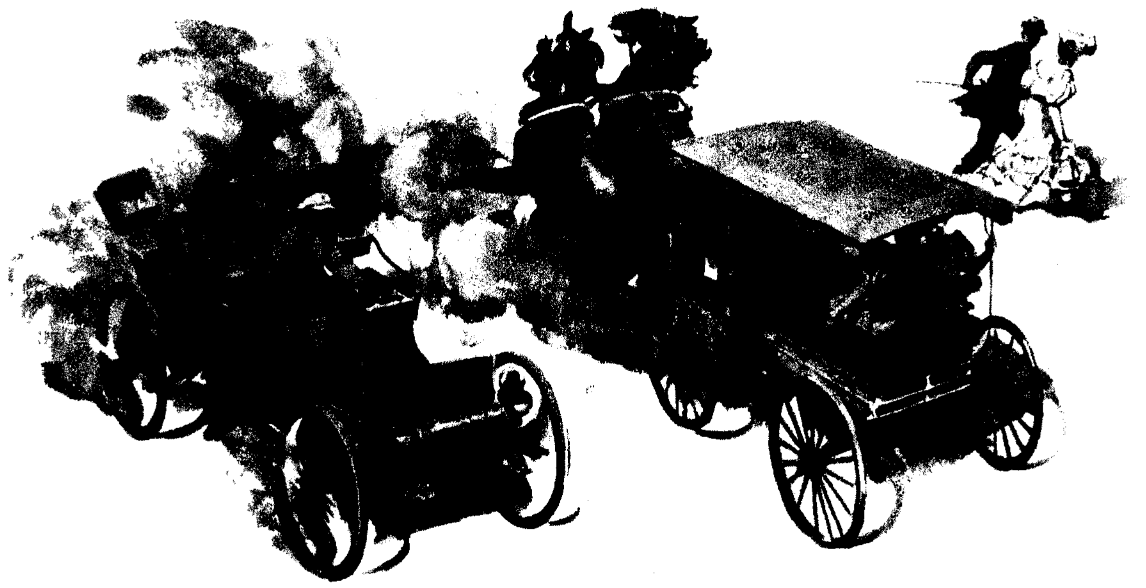
"I remember lying awake a long time that night. And I think Dad was awake, too. He didn't say anything, but I think he knew how it was. Somehow I think Dad always knew how it was . . ."

"The horses," Joseph said suddenly in a low voice. "I forgot the horses."

Ellen had seen him tie the horses before he came over to the house. But she didn't say anything.

David! David! Joseph said his son's name over and over in his mind when he was again in the fields. He said it with an exaltation, for the stillness was all gone now from his mind, and the good kind of tears were tight in his throat. It had been *David* who loved this place best of all. And if your son loved the place he went away from, then he could never leave it. If he died even for these things you both loved, then you could hear his voice in their voice still.

He took the spinner from his pocket and made a hole deep in the ground. Then he covered it over gently with earth where the plow could never reach it. That would be David's spot, always. He stood for a minute, looking across the valley from mountain to mountain, and then he turned the horses again into the furrow. The field had looked long and wide. But now it seemed an easy field to plow. It seemed as if everywhere he looked, David had come home.



OUR PIONEERING DAYS ARE NOT OVER

HORSES SHIED at the quaint contraption shown above, as it chugged its way over country roads 40 years ago. It was an early International Truck—called an "Auto-Wagon" in those distant days. It was a pioneer in the truck field.

The men who made those early Internationals were truly pioneers. The going was tough. They had to fight the prejudices of many who were geared to the horse and wagon. And they had to conquer a wilderness of unsolved mechanical and engineering problems.

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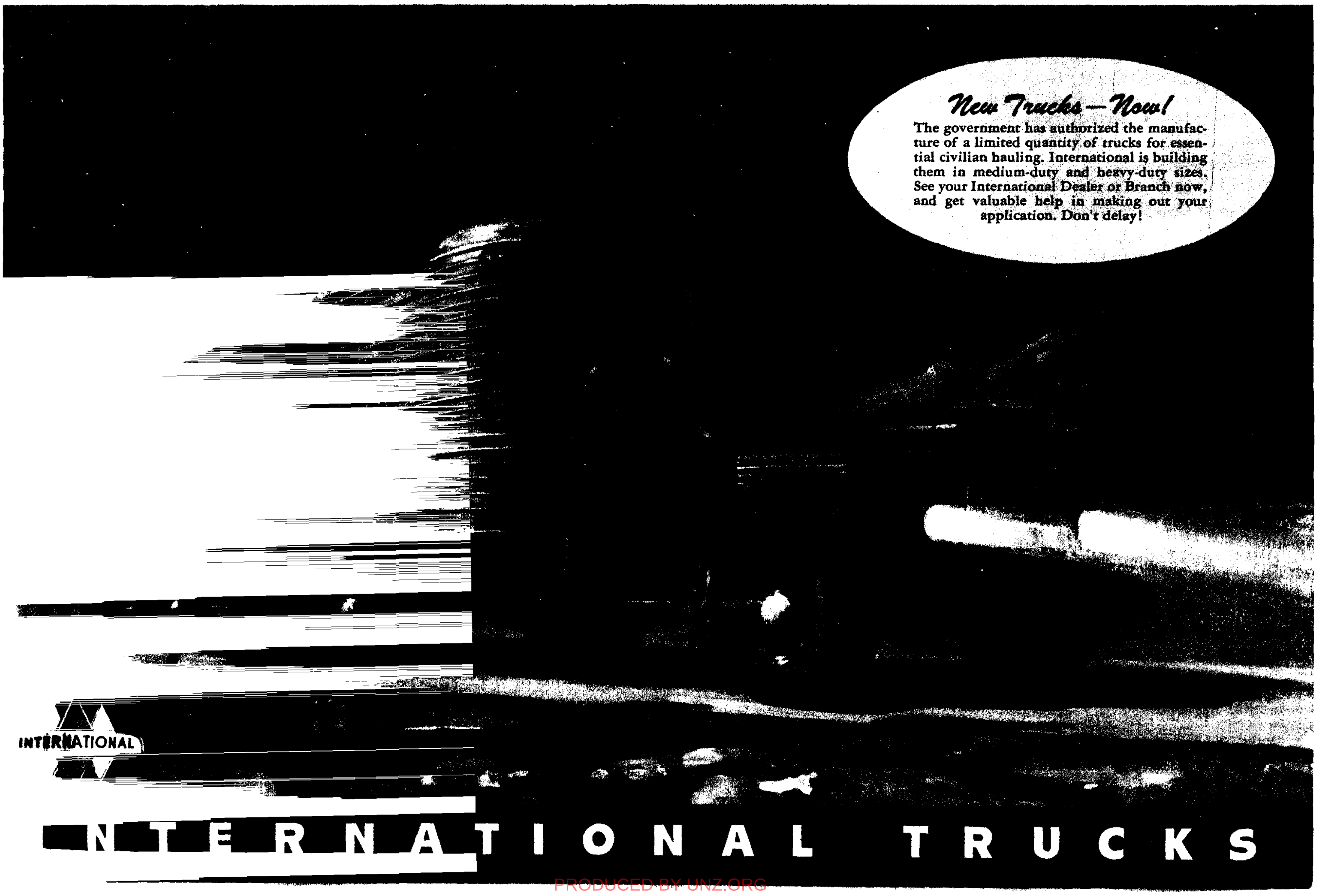

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INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

IF YOUR OWL won't Hoot

BY JULE MANNIX

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

One of pretty Billie Hamlet's jobs as co-keeper of a portable zoo is to feed the animals. Here she's inducing a pet monk to eat, not a very difficult task

What John Hamlet tries to do is to find out how animals think. For all we know to the contrary, one of the first steps is to let a hawk perch on his stomach

Uncle Sam's animal psychologist can tell you, too, why porcupines like to drink maple sirup and why your pet wolf may be a nervous wreck

BILLIE and John Hamlet live in a trailer with a king snake that bathes in the sink, an antisocial opossum, a paralyzed monkey, an Australian phalanger, a manic-depressive lizard that hunts rabbits, two bats, four hunting hawks, a pair of flying squirrels, a raven that catches mice, a few assorted owls, and several emotionally unstable wood rats. The trailer is not as crowded as it sounds because the hawks and owls sit outside on their perches during the afternoon.

John tries to find out how animals think. Animals, like men, do all sorts of unreasonable things. There is no reason why a man should collect stamps or a crow should collect shiny objects, but both of them do. John is a sort of animal psychologist. When porcupines in a district suddenly begin to drink maple sirup, or a hotel wants to know how to train a dozen owls to live in the ballroom without bothering the guests, the United States Biological Survey sends for John; and John, with his pretty wife Billie and his trailer full of pets, hurries to the scene.

John and Billie used to live in a tent to be as close as possible to the wild animals, but the mountain lion that was staying with them at the time got rheumatism from the draft, so they bought a trailer.

John is lucky to have found in Billie one of the three or four women in the world who would live in a trailer with a portable zoo. *This is how they met:*

Billie first heard of John when the Survey sent him to Maine to do something about the sirup-drinking porcupines. She was working at a local broadcasting studio and was very bored with her job. The newspapers ran a story of John's life, and Billie read how he had trapped beaver in Wyoming, hunted bear in Canada, written two songs that were being played by dance orchestras all over America, photographed mountain lions in Mexico, and won prizes for his tap dancing.

"I decided right then and there he must be the most fascinating man in the world," declares Billie.

She cut out the clipping and pasted it to her mirror, and in the evening she would lie in bed and pretend that she and John were married and traveling around together.

Then one evening while Billie was having supper with some friends in a restaurant, a young man in a lumber jacket and heavy boots hurried in for coffee and a sandwich. Billie thought he was the nicest-looking boy she had ever seen.

"Who is that?" she whispered to her escort.

"Oh, that's an old friend of mine; John Hamlet, the animal man," he told her, and nearly had a fainting girl on his hands.

A few minutes later, Billie saw the boy in the lumber jacket looking at her and shortly afterward he came over to speak to his friend. He sat down, and before an indignant headwaiter could throw him out for not being in dinner clothes, he had made a date with her. Two days later, he asked her to marry him.

"I burst into tears and said yes," Billie confessed.

The Hamlets spent the evening of their wedding day in the Barbary sheep pen of the Bronx Zoo. They had gone to New York on their honeymoon and just happened to get locked up in the zoo by mistake.

"I always wanted to see New York, and John always wanted to see the Bronx Zoo," Billie explained. "So we went there the first thing. I loved the zoo, but John was indignant because the keepers wouldn't let him take out the animals and play with them. The Barbary sheep were the friendliest of all, so John and I climbed the fence and played with them until after dark. Then we found the zoo was locked up, and we couldn't get out."

"Unless we left by the entrance near the subway, I couldn't find my way downtown again," John recalled. "You run into some strange people in New York after dark, and I was a little nervous. Fortunately, I found a tree growing close to the fence, and so we climbed that and escaped. I wish I could have taken the sheep with me."

After the honeymoon, the Hamlets returned to Maine, and Billie got her first taste of being a naturalist's wife.

John's first job was The Case of the Invulnerable Porcupines. Porcupines had been eating the bark off the maple trees and doing serious damage to the maple-sirup business. The farmers had tried putting out bark soaked in strychnine, and the porkies had not only eaten the poisoned bark with considerable relish but had broken into the boxes of strychnine and eaten that also.

Developing a Taste for Poison

Instead of dying, the poison seemed to act on them like a tonic. The next night they returned in an army and ate all the wooden sirup buckets, plus some containers of poison they had missed the previous evening. Some captive porcupines that were fed strychnine died instantly, and the puzzled farmers appealed to the Survey, which sent John.

John discovered that by eating hemlock, wild porcupines have developed systems full of tannic acid, which is an antidote to strychnine. This solved the mystery of their immunity, but did not explain how to get rid of them. Porcupines den up for the winter under rock piles in colonies of twenty or thirty, and John thought that they could be induced to stay home if a supply of their favorite food were put around their dens.

"Logically, it should have worked out all right," John explained. "But porcupines aren't very logical. They would come out in the middle of a blizzard, crawl over the heaps of food, and plod five miles through snowdrifts to the maple groves. Then they'd walk another mile or so before climbing a tree and starting to strip the bark."

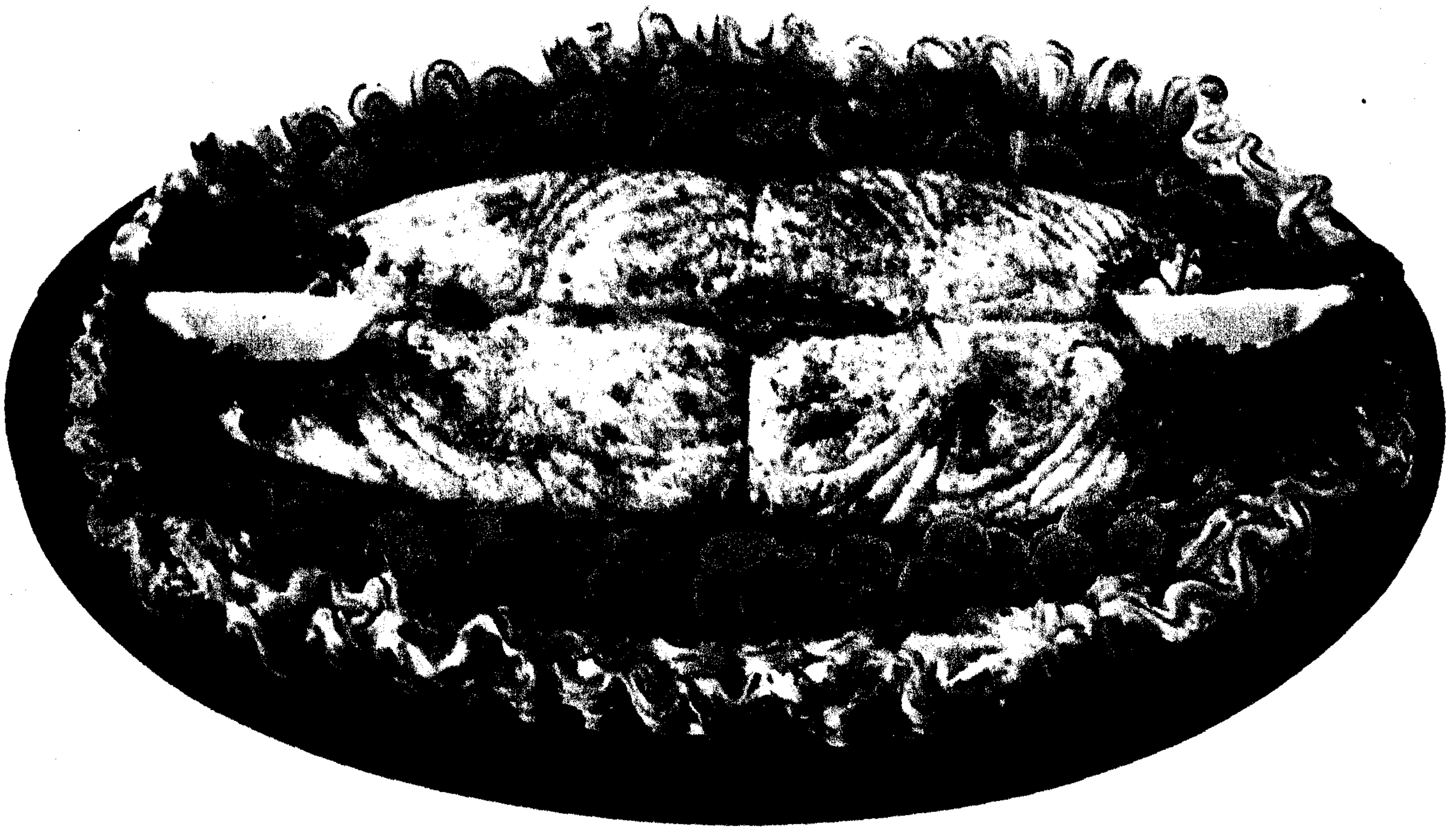
John decided to catch a number of porcupines for study. Billie helped him. The porkies were usually up trees eating bark, so John would climb up after them and poke them off with a pole, while Billie held an open garbage can underneath. As soon as the porcupine fell in, Billie promptly put on the lid.

"I had to be pretty quick on my feet because I didn't always know just where the porcupines were going to land," Billie explained. "Once I was leaning into a can to fix the hay we kept in the bottom, so the porkies wouldn't hurt themselves, and a porcupine on a branch right over me fell off unexpectedly. I was very cross with John, because I thought he had poked it, and they are awfully prickly things when they land on top of you."

The Hamlets kept a couple of dozen porcupines in their trailer so as to learn their habits.

"They did make the place crowded, because

(Continued on page 77)



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Perilous Holiday

Continued from page 23

made his way, by a circuitous route, to the photographic shop on the Avenida 16 de Septiembre. Standing for a while in front of the window, which made a fair mirror, he checked on whether or not be was being tailed. He felt sure he was not and walked inside.

Graeme was busy with a customer, so Patrick waited in the rear of the shop. Presently Graeme joined him.

"Stuart is out with George," Patrick said. "I don't know where—probably sight-seeing. She's plenty hard to handle, and I had to try a new tack with her this morning. I don't know if it'll work."

Graeme was most benevolent and composed. "What?"

"I picked a fight with her. The idea is to make up later with tears and kisses and maybe get confidential."

"I see."

"Suppose she doesn't want to play?" Patrick said. "Shall I move in on her?"

"How?"

"Officially, I mean. Sing my little song and show her my Lone Ranger badge. Ask her to vote the straight law-and-order ticket."

"I think that would be unwise," Graeme said. "You have a certain freedom of action under your present status. Besides, she is celebrated as a solo performer, and she has a score to settle with Lilley. I don't believe she'd care to share her secrets, if any, with us."

"Well, our secrets are already shared—about sunrise this morning."

"With whom?"

"A certain Mr. Aguirre," Patrick said, "entered my room with a skeleton key and put the arm on me. He intimated that he was the law in these parts, and somehow I took him at his word."

GRAEME laughed. "You made the right move."

"I concealed practically nothing from him. It was one of those 'or else' things."

"What does he know?"

"He didn't say."

"Well," Graeme said, "probably he isn't any better informed than we are. That was his man who was killed last night, wasn't it?"

"Yes; he said he put him on me out of curiosity, and not with any knowledge of coming events."

"I'm reasonably sure that's the truth. Mr. Aguirre has been interested in Doctor Lilley, but without anything definite."

"He told me Manuel had made an important discovery about George Richards," Patrick said, "which he was to hear this morning. Evidently the discovery was the reason Manuel got bumped off."

Graeme nodded. "Of course. The Los Angeles people are checking, and we should have a report by evening. Their findings may give us a hint."

"Suppose they don't?" Patrick shuffled his feet irritably. "We've got to make a move. Where? How?"

"Don't be impatient. Continue with Miss Stuart and Mr. Richards. Things will happen."

"Aguirre said he thought it was very big. I think we have a time limit. It's just a hunch, but I'm sure I'm right."

"No doubt," Graeme agreed. "Still, if they can afford to wait, so can we. No move is better than a false one."

"Yeah," Patrick said. "Mr. Graeme, I can't stand another vacation awfully soon. Promise you'll keep me working for a while after this."

"My dear boy," Graeme said, "you brought it all on yourself. You insist on cultivating pretty women, who are the source of men's trouble."

"So help me," Patrick said, "I'm through with dames."

"No, no," Graeme said, and beamed in his fatherly manner. "Go and sin some more. Sow your wild oats. It's fruitful ground you're cultivating—for me."

Having nothing in particular to do, Patrick strolled around when he left Graeme, thinking about Aggie and wondering if he had acted sensibly in quarreling with her. Maybe he had gone too far, and was dropped right now, with no way of crawling into her good graces again. If so, he was cooked. She was his one real hold on the problem.

Eventually he stopped in the park of the Juarez Memorial, sat on a bench, and had his shoes shined. He smoked a cigarette and pondered gloomily. Once he thought of Audrey, and wondered how she and her mother were making out in Taxco. There was a nice, simple, beautiful girl with only marriage on her mind. You knew where you were with Audrey. He sighed and went back to kicking Aggie around.

HE GOT back to the hotel about noon. The desk clerk told him both Miss Stuart and Mr. Richards were out. He went up to his room with worsening spirits. Loosening his collar and tie and removing his shoes, he sprawled on the bed for a siesta, putting the automatic on the night stand beside him. Life, he thought, was very hard in Mexico City.

He was just slipping into an agreeable doze when the telephone rang. Patrick grabbed for his gun, then realized disgustedly what it was that had roused him. He picked up the phone and said flatly, "Psychopathic ward, inmate speaking."

"Hello, inmate," Aggie said. "What are you doing?"

Patrick smiled brightly at the ceiling. Who said life was hard in Mexico City? Life could be very full and rich in Mexico City. "Nothing special," he said. "There are a couple of dames here in bathing suits, and I'm playing a guitar. We've scattered sand all over and filled the bathtub. We call it Acapulco."

"Down here we call it love."

"Down where?"

"In the bar," Aggie said. "I hate to drink alone. Throw something loose over your shorts and join me."

"I don't know about that," Patrick said. "I'm mad at you."

"I'm mad at you, but we can have a drink, can't we?"

"Urge me."

"Pretty please."

"Go on."

"With brown sugar on it," Aggie said. "I long for you, bud. Hold me once more in your arms and tell me you'll pay the check."

"No, I won't," Patrick said. "You're a nasty, mean girl."

"Patrick," Aggie said, "you mustn't get Mother upset again. Come on down here or I'll tear your head off and dribble it along the halls like a basketball."

"That's the sweet kid I've grown to love and disrespect," Patrick said. "I'll be right down."

He put on his shoes and washed his face and hands and knotted his tie.

She was sitting at a small table near the doorway of the bar, a cocktail in front of her and a newspaper in her hand. Patrick slid down on the seat beside her. A waiter came up, and he ordered a drink. The place was filled with well-dressed men and women. A string trio was playing softly.

"What is there about you that attracts me?" Aggie said, laying the paper down. "You're good looking, but you are ignorant, lazy, worthless and a pushover for blondes. Why should I start this rat race all over again, especially when I have to make the first gesture of conciliation?"

Patrick sipped his drink in mock toast. "To us and the blondes!"

"By the way, whatever happened to Audrey?"

"She's gone off to try to forget."

"She's dumb enough even for that."

"Careful," Patrick said. "You are speaking of one of the many women I love."

"I believe you," Aggie replied grimly. "You have the mind of a whirling dervish and a heart equipped with a supercharger. Perhaps that's the secret of your charm, Patrick. You make women, out of sheer desperation, want to get serious with you. They like things orderly and set, and you're completely confused. You've never made up your mind in your life."

"I need a strong woman of your type to guide me."

Aggie's voice softened. "Are you over being mad at me?"

"I wasn't mad; just terribly hurt."

"I don't think you were even mad at me," Aggie said. "You couldn't be that serious."

"Mustn't holler, angel," Patrick said. "If we're going to quarrel, I'll have to get up and leave. May I take my drink with me?"

AGGIE had to laugh. "Audrey hit it right on the head, Patrick. You're a cute boy. Just a wonderful kid. The funny part is, I missed you this morning. The trip wasn't the same without you. One of the principal attractions of Mexico is Nevil's personally conducted tours for lonely hearts."

"Where'd you go?"

"Oh, to Chapultepec Castle and the park and the zoo and out to the race track and around. We couldn't find Manuel. Did you have him?"

"No. Maybe he's laying off."

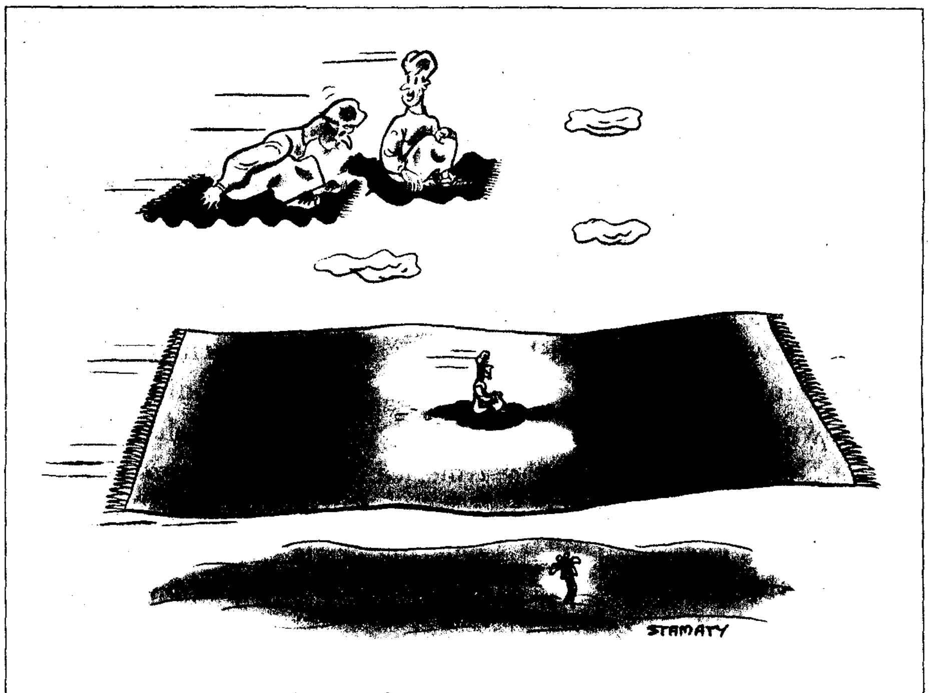
"I suppose so," Aggie said. "He has some money ahead now."

"How did you shake George?" Patrick said.

"I didn't. He got a toothache and went to see a dentist. He's joining us for lunch."

"Ouch!"

"We're lunching with him at El Vaquero I gave him my solemn promise that I'd make



"I understand that he already has a larger one on his drawing board"

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People *do* have confidence in the man with the clean chin. That's why *you* should avoid "5 o'clock Shadow" by shaving with a genuine Gem Blade. Gem's a thicker blade. Its deep wedge-edge takes and holds a super-keen edge which delivers shave after shave—every one smooth and comfortable!

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KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE INFANTRY . . . THE DOUGHBOY DOES IT!

up with you. Then the three of us are going on a tour of the town."

"Why can't we ever be alone?"

"Because I don't want to be alone with you," Aggie said. "I might have my prejudices overcome. Besides, George is a worthy charity. Don't you like him?"

"I'm wild about him," Patrick said. "But we should have some privacy if we're ever going to make the most of our beautiful friendship, cookie."

"Well, I imagine we are, sooner or later." Aggie grinned at him and picked up her paper. "The scrap's over and here we are back exactly where we started. I'm happy once more—or am I? Don't bother me for a while."

SHE read, and Patrick ate salted wafers and finished his cocktail. Suddenly Aggie's paper crumpled into her lap. She looked at Patrick, her cheeks whitening.

"Another drink?" Patrick asked.

"Manuel's been murdered," she said.

"You're kidding." He reached over and got the paper. A half column detailed the few facts of Manuel's death. "The poor little guy!"

Aggie's eyes never left his face. "Didn't you know, Patrick?"

He shook his head.

"Out of all the ways to live," she said, "why did I have to pick this one?"

"What do you mean?"

"Never mind."

"Those drivers have floating poker games while they're waiting," Patrick said. "Manuel might have cleaned up, and then somebody knocked him off for the dough. Or maybe he was stooling for the cops. A lot of them do."

"Keep talking," Aggie said.

"I don't get it, honey. Your attitude, I mean."

She kept staring at him. "Are you really that innocent? I can't believe it."

"Look," he said, "let's get together on this. Is there something I ought to know?"

"I think there is," she replied slowly, "but I'm not going to tell you. Shall we drop the whole subject?"

"Nope. I want the dope. You opened the can of beans. Come clean with me, honey."

"Drop it."

"Please, Aggie. Give me a break."

"Shut up!" She reached in her purse, found a handkerchief, and blew her nose. Then she dabbed at her eyes. Patrick relaxed. It was over, and he had no further chance. He swore to himself soundlessly and thoroughly.

Aggie summoned the waiter and signed the check. They rose and went out.

They caught a cab and rode along toward El Vaquero in silence. Aggie opened her compact and prepared to re-do her face. She paused, smiling at Patrick. "I adore being kissed in taxis," she said. "It must be my New York training."

He bent over and kissed her. For a moment she relaxed, allowing her head to lie on his shoulder.

"Sometimes you act like a girl instead of a columnist," he said. "That confuses me."

"It confuses me, too," Aggie said, and straightened up. "It's a weakness I'm trying to fight down."

She smiled at him a second time, squeezed his hand, and went to work with her lipstick. Patrick lighted a cigarette.

The red-and-black decor of El Vaquero looked rather gloomy in daylight, but the room was well populated despite its size, and an orchestra was playing. Lilley was up in front beside his captains, and he came over the moment he saw them, puffing a little from the simple effort of movement.

"A pleasure to have you with us," he said. "Mr. Richards is already at the table."

"You're doing a good business, Doctor," Aggie said. "Making all the money you want, eh?"

"More than enough," Lilley said. "We try to please people." His gleaming lips curved into a smile. "Apparently we have pleased you. May I hope that through this we can become better friends, Agnes?"

"You can hope, Doctor," Aggie said. "About all you've got besides a prayer is hope."

"Pay no attention to my girl friend, Doc," Patrick said. "She's in a bad mood today."

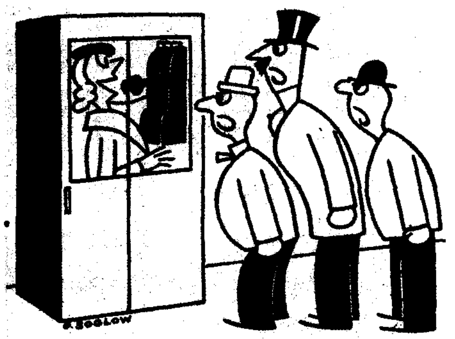
"We shall bear with her gladly," Lilley told him. "Part of her charm is her volcanic temperament. . . . Follow me, please."

He led them to a choice table, where George sat with a glass in his hand. He got to his feet clumsily, grinning at them. Patrick assumed the little man had been slugging himself again, since his bald head was flushed and his eyes watery.

"Aggie and Patrick," George said, "my old pals. I got another old pal now, Doc Lilley. He's been like a brother to me here. Won't let me pay, no matter how much dough I got. Who's having a drink?"

"We had ours at the hotel," Aggie replied, "but if you want to swim in it a little longer, George, go ahead."

George laughed immoderately and slapped his leg. "Aggie, you're the greatest kid in the world," he said. "If I was Patrick's age, he wouldn't have a chance. Say, I am going for another swim." He broke off to laugh again, and resumed with difficulty. "But I don't want to swim alone. Doc, can you spare a minute and sit down with us and have a drink? This one is on me, positively."



"Get Out and Vote!"

"Thank you," Lilley said.

Patrick slid a chair over for him. He was watching George narrowly. The little man seemed inordinately happy today, for one reason or another. Patrick was wishing he knew that reason, as a waiter came up to take their order.

They chatted inconsequentially during the wait for the drinks, and after. Patrick drank a glass of bottled water and considered the cast of characters. Though Aggie chain-smoked, her face was relaxed and she appeared more at ease than any time yet. George, of course, was practically dancing in the streets. Even Lilley's parrot profile and colorless eyes radiated more warmth than usual.

SOMETHING subtle and remarkable had happened, and good old Patrick was out in the cold. He groaned inwardly. Why did everybody have to be happy except him? He was especially unhappy because of his failure to get any information from Aggie a few minutes before. She had been powerfully affected by the news of Manuel's death, and obviously aware of the reason behind the killing. But she was over the shock now, and his chance had dissipated itself.

Precisely on the instant Lilley finished his oversized stein of beer, a waiter brought menus. They were elaborate and attractive, consisting of several pages printed in colors, handsomely decorated and done with taste and distinction.

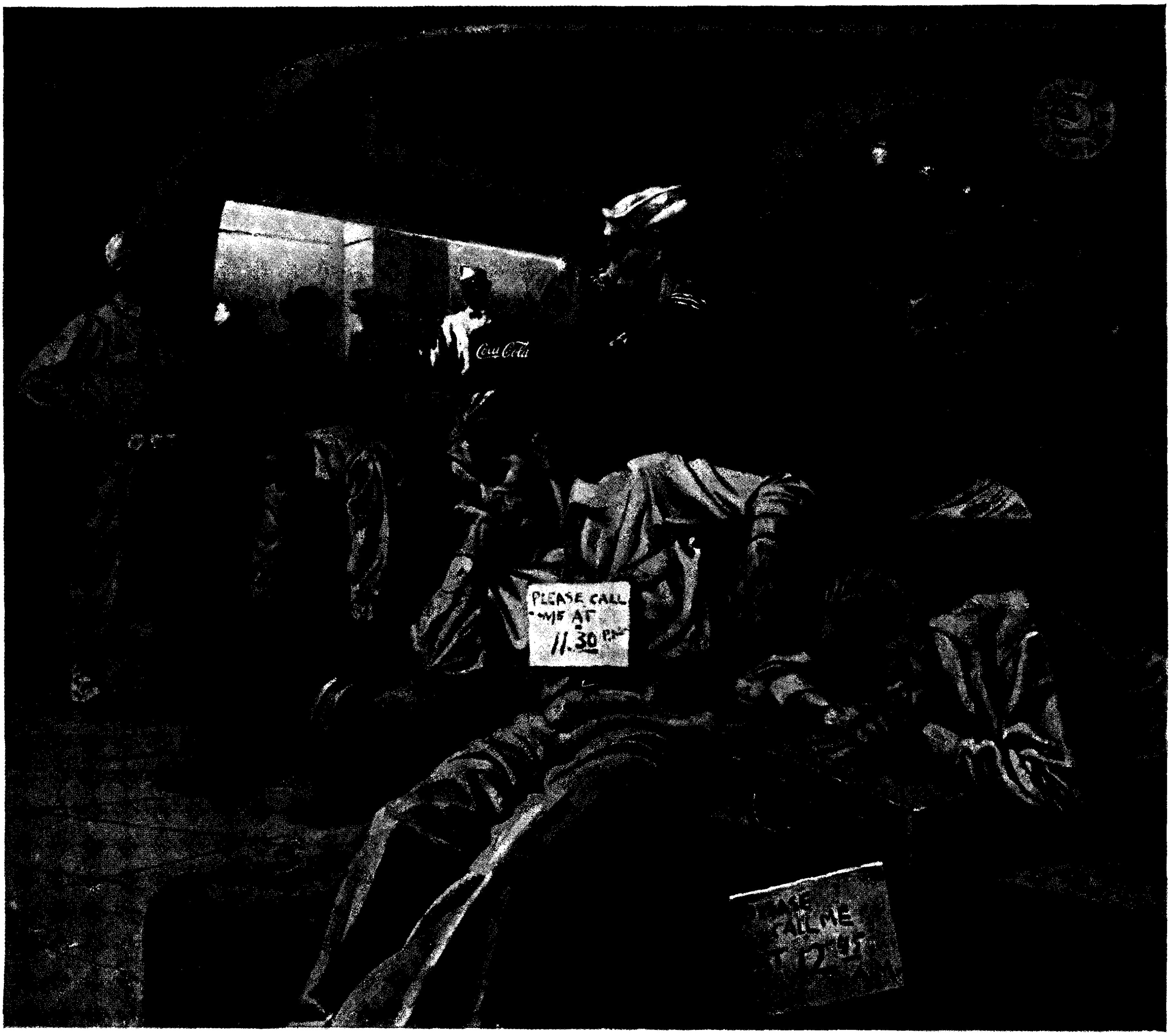
"These menus are charming," Aggie said. "I haven't seen them before. Are they new, Doctor?"

"By no means," Lilley replied. "They have long been one of the features of El Vaquero; the tourists love to take them home for souvenirs. However, we have had to restrict them to diners, since otherwise they would represent too much of an expense. Probably that is why you haven't seen them previously."

"Even excluding people who just drop in for a drink," Patrick said, "these are quite an item, aren't they? I don't know a lot about it, but I can see plenty of work on the things."

(Continued on page 33)

Have a Coca-Cola = Refreshment calling


Coca-Cola
PLEASE CALL ME AT 11.30 PM
PLEASE CALL ME AT

. . . the soda fountain shows the way

All over America, depots are crowded with soldiers, sailors and war workers busy getting a big job done. Across the land, cheerful soda fountains invite you to pause and go your way refreshed with ice-cold Coca-Cola. At home and abroad, Coca-Cola is the high-sign of friendly refreshment for people on the go.

* * *

Our fighting men meet up with Coca-Cola many places overseas, where it's bottled on the spot. Coca-Cola has been a globe-trotter "since way back when".

Coca-Cola
TRADE MARK
Coca-Cola
-the global high-sign

It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".

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FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

"Yes, sir, *that's **fine** tobacco-*"

LUCKY STRIKE

means fine tobacco

Yes, sir! L.S./M.F.T.

LUCKY
STRIKE

Copyright 1944 The American Tobacco Company

Perilous Holiday

Continued from page 30

"They aren't easy," Lilley said, "but they don't involve as much of an expenditure as you might imagine. Printing has long been one of my hobbies, and I have virtually a complete shop set up at my house. The work is done there, and everybody lends a hand. It's more or less a labor of love."

"It must be fun," George said. "If you got a lot of dough, you ought to have a hobby. I wish I had a hobby."

"You may find printing of interest," Lilley suggested. "Why don't you try it, Mr. Richards?"

"I could, I guess," George said. "How's for giving me some tips?"

"My dear fellow, I'd like nothing better," Lilley said. "You shall come over and inspect my little plant."

Patrick looked at Aggie and smiled. Her answering smile was absent, which was the tip-off. They had struck pay dirt and, for once, together. He began to brighten somewhat. Maybe everybody could be happy, after all.

The waiter took their orders and departed. Aggie kept her menu, but they had been dropped as a subject of conversation. George was questioning his old pal Doc on where the three of them should go that afternoon. Though Patrick took part in the talk, his mind was racing far ahead, trying to assemble a jumble of apparently related facts: The menus and the dope on Lilley's home printing plant was manna from heaven, the first real break he'd had. At last, things were beginning to add up. Yet he was haunted by doubts.

The whole business resembled an intricate and desperate paper chase. The fat doctor always trotted ahead, dropping his little scraps at regular intervals, keeping them running and interested, and never letting them get actually close. He was either a sucker or far too bright for competition. The blow-off was going to come soon, or else Lilley was papering a blind trail that would presently end.

Patrick glanced longingly at George; he wanted so badly to sweat the alcohol and a few other matters out of him.

Lilley rose and made his apologies. It had been delightful, but he was obliged to return to his labors. Perhaps they would be in El Vaquero tonight?

"I don't know, Doc," George said. "It depends on my friends here. Anyway, thanks a million. F. A. Bolton is going to hear how nice you've been to me."

"Excellent," Lilley said. "Give my regards to him."

A COUPLE was going by to an adjoining table, preceded by a captain. Lilley bowed to them. Patrick gawked, and then recovered himself.

Graeme had waved cordially to him, and his wife was nodding and smiling. As he spoke to them, Patrick covertly inspected his companions. None was particularly interested.

"Old friends of mine," he explained. "Excuse me, please. I want to see how they are."

He walked over to their table. Mrs. Graeme, who had never met him, took both his hands and kissed his cheek in motherly fashion, at the same time whispering in his ear, "You needn't bother with me. I'll keep on smiling and talking." He shook hands with Graeme and pulled up a chair.

"This is a surprise," he said. "Aren't you being a little too playful, sir?"

"They either know or they don't," Graeme replied. "I am positive they do not, in which case no real harm, other than exciting their suspicions, can be done. If they already know, the harm has been done. I am curious about this place and its people, Patrick."

A waiter approached. Graeme requested sherry flips for himself and his wife. Patrick refused a drink.

The waiter left them. Mrs. Graeme talked and laughed, and both men appeared to listen to her and to answer her remarks. But they spoke only to each other.

"It's heating up," Patrick said. "I know something pretty good I'll tell you later."

"Be careful that what happened to Aguirre's man doesn't happen to you," Graeme said. "I have had a preliminary report from Los Angeles."

"What do they say?"

"The report is not too encouraging. F. A. Bolton's business consists of an apparently respectable suite of offices on Spring Street in the middle of the Los Angeles financial district. The firm specializes in Latin-American investments. It has been in existence for a year or so. We have, however, established that Bolton is backing Lilley. That, in itself, is nothing, though. Bolton has a moderate-sized home in the Beverly Hills residential section, which is being sold. A few men who have done business with him speak well of him. He is not married. He came to Los Angeles from the East four years ago and is evidently well-fixed financially."

"How about George?"

"They are unable as yet to find anything at all on him."

THE waiter returned and served the drinks. Graeme took a sip and nodded approvingly. Mrs. Graeme kept up her senseless conversation.

"Did anybody talk to Bolton?" Patrick asked.

"We were informed at his office," Graeme said, "that Mr. Bolton is in Mexico."

They looked at each other.

"Is Bolton George?" Patrick asked.

Graeme shrugged. "Possibly. The people up there are checking the Mexican consulate on whether a visitor's permit had been issued to Bolton. Obviously Richards has one, or he wouldn't be here. Of course, Bolton may have a passport which is in force. He is supposed to have gone by train. We are also investigating that."

"I keep wanting to put the arm on George," Patrick said glumly. "Couldn't we arrange that with Aguirre? I have a feeling George would sing, with a little persuading."

"You are being naïve, Patrick."

Patrick shook his head impatiently. "Maybe, but I wish we could hurry," he said. "I don't think we have much longer, and I'm getting panicky."

"If we are pressed for time," Graeme said, "then so are they. I wish *they'd* hurry. It might make them careless. In the meantime, let us part. I will keep in touch with you."

Patrick got up, and Mrs. Graeme bade him an affectionate goodby that was somehow ludicrous. He shook hands again with Graeme.

"Until later," he said in Spanish.

"Go with God," Graeme replied, and Patrick knew he meant it.

Back at his own table, the food was being served. George started to eat hungrily.

"You must have gone to a good dentist," Aggie said.

"He fixed me up," George said. "Him and the bourbon. There's nothing like a little alcohol to cure a bad tooth."

Aggie's eyes were intent upon George's right hand, which held his fork. She attracted Patrick's attention. George grinned at them foolishly.

"George, your hand is nearly raw," Aggie said. "What have you been doing to it?"

"Oh, that," George said. "I—ah—spilled some tooth medicine on it. Wouldn't come off, and I guess I rubbed too hard. It'll be all right."

"Well, don't get an infection," Aggie said.

Tooth medicine, Patrick told himself. Or printer's ink. Isn't my little pigeon sharp?

"Who wants some wine?" George asked.

No one, it seemed, and they went on eating. George was silent, concentrating on his plate. He appeared undisturbed, but he was handling his fork awkwardly. Presently Lilley came up with his ponderous tread.

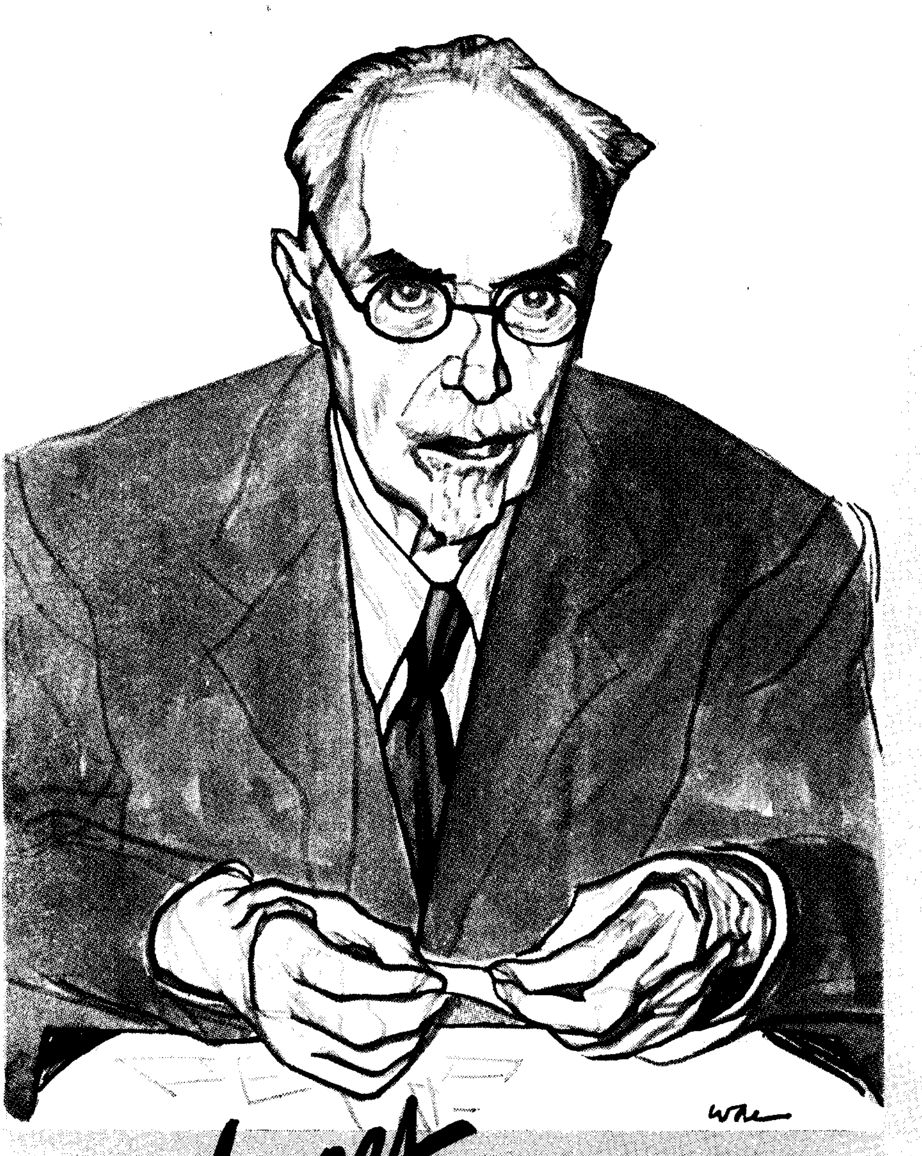
"Is everything to your satisfaction?" he said.

"Perfect," George said. "Huh, Aggie?"

"Wonderful," Aggie agreed. "I'm very happy."

"Mr. Nevil," Lilley said, "I haven't noticed those friends of yours in El Vaquero before. Are they tourists?"

"No, they've been in Mexico City for



THE Heroes

IVANOE BONOMI

II

NOW, at last, the Mole Men—the heroes of the underground—are coming up from the black depths where they struggled so indomitably while conquerors and traitors strutted in the sun. Only a few short months ago, Ivanoe Bonomi went in fear of his life, hunted like a wild beast as he slipped from covert to covert. Today the white-bearded old patriot is the premier of Italy, the head of a political coalition that not only holds the hope of a liberated people, but cries a message of courage to those who still fight on in the caves, cellars and forests of occupied lands.

There were many others that Italians might have chosen—men better known by the outside world or with more spectacular records. That the choice fell on the unpretentious septuagenarian was a tribute to his character, a nation's recognition of the firmness that neither bribe nor threat was ever able to shake.

As a young lawyer Bonomi preached democracy and denied the divine right of kings. A member of parliament, he saw clearly the menace of German militarism and led the movement that forced Italy into the first World War on the side of the Allies. Coming to be prime minister in the postwar period, he stood out against territorial grabs, advocated friendly relations with Italy's neighbors and fought the growing power of Benito Mussolini and his ruffianly Black Shirts.

When Victor Emmanuel made his bargain with Fascism, Bonomi denounced the shameless deal and retired to private life. They barred him from the practice of his profession, but even abject poverty failed to shake his courage. From his attic room he saw Il Duce's gangsters torture, imprison and kill.

With terrorism on the increase, hundreds fled Italy as from a house of bondage, but the aging lawyer stayed on, gathering about him small groups that he imbued with his own burning faith. A slow business at first, but in due time came the succession of disastrous ventures that left Italy bled white: the invasion of Ethiopia, the ill-fated Spanish campaign, the pact with Germany, the betrayal of Austria, the stab in France's back, and the sudden and treacherous attack on Greece.

"Behold," cried Ivanoe Bonomi, "the rotten fruits of Fascism!" Moving swiftly, he welded every force of opposition into a dynamic whole. Liberals, Communists, Christian Democrats, Social Democrats, Actionists, all put by their quarrels, and an organized underground was brought into being. Traveling by secret ways from Lombardy to Sicily, Bonomi stirred the people to revolt. Sabotage struck daily and heavier blows, and in a final desperate effort to save the foundering ship, Fascist leaders threw Mussolini overboard. Under liberal pressure, Badoglio dissolved the Party, and soon surrendered to the Allies, but refused to stay and fight it out. Bellwethering the king and the royal family, he fled to the safety promised by Allied armies and warships.

Not so with Ivanoe Bonomi. Going underground again, he proceeded to sabotage the Germans just as he had harassed the Fascists. Hunted relentlessly, for the Germans recognized him as the head of Italian resistance, the tireless old man slept in cellars and ate bread crusts, as he directed his scattered bands against the Nazi hordes.

Even yet the horrors of German fury in Italy are not fully known. In an effort to crush the growing revolt, they filled dungeons and stacked dead bodies in basements like so much cordwood. Only Bonomi's trumpet appeals, ringing through the shadows, kept courage alive.

In victory, as in struggle, the venerable patriot remains unchanged. Called to take the oath of premier, he turned away from the House of Savoy, and swore allegiance to his nation and his people.

More than any other one man, and as much as any other one thing, Ivanoe Bonomi gives assurance as to his country's future. . . .

GEORGE CREEL

PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY

CONTENTS ONE QUART U. S. MEASURE
Self-Polishing
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for linoleum, hardwood, painted, varnished, tile (ceramic, rubber, asphalt) and terrazo floors.

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Insist on Amazing New Self Polishing Simoniz

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MOTORISTS WISE SIMONIZ HOUSEWIVES DO LIKEWISE

Pint . . . . . . 59¢
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Self Polishing Simoniz is sold by grocery, hardware, paint, drug and department stores everywhere. Also by service stations and garages.

years," Patrick said. "Mr. and Mrs. Graeme. He runs a camera store downtown."

"On the Avenida 16 de Septiembre," Lilley said. "I know the shop . . . a charming old couple."

"Aren't they?" Patrick said.

Lilley's empty eyes moved from the Graemes to Patrick. The fat man was wheezing faintly and his lips were damp. Patrick knew he was worried. He decided to give Lilley a definite jolt.

"Did you hear about that driver we had?" he said. "He was murdered out by Chapultepec Park last night, Doctor."

"Yes, I know," Lilley said. "Isn't it tragic? I understand the man had a wife and two children."

"Uh-huh." Patrick darted a glance at Aggie. Her face was paling.

"Manuel?" George said. "What's this? You mean the guy that drove us got killed?"

"Stabbed in the back," Patrick replied. "The police were talking to me this morning because of my hiring him. They said they knew who the murderer was."

"But they don't," Lilley told him. "The police were in here a few hours ago. They had some wild idea that my man Pepe was responsible. Fortunately, I was able to account for every moment of his time last night."

"That is fortunate," Patrick said, and threw in the sponge. Round one had gone to the doctor. He was no chump, and he never led with his chin. It looked like a long, hard winter.

"Say, think of it," George said. "Only yesterday we were talking to Manuel. I can't believe it. Doc, why would the cops go after Pepe? Is he a bad actor?"

"He is a refugee," Lilley said, "and his past is not above reproach. Neither is mine, and Pepe is employed by me. You can visualize the perfect combination for stupid policemen—despite the fact that Pepe did not know of Manuel's existence and had no reason whatever for murdering him."

"It just shows you can't be too careful," Patrick said.

"I trust the police gave you no trouble, Mr. Nevil?" Lilley said.

"I couldn't have done it with my Boy Scout knife," Patrick told him. "They saw that right away."

"Good!" Lilley said. "You will find that, in the long run, it is better not to rouse too much curiosity on the part of the police or anyone else. How pleasant life would become if we could all hear, see and speak no evil! Don't you agree, Mr. Nevil?"

"Heartily, Doctor," Patrick said.

"Don't fail to call me if anything is not to your complete taste," Lilley said, and left them again.

They were silent at the table. Aggie picked desultorily at her food, and her color didn't return. Patrick leaned back and lighted a cigarette. Only George's appetite was still unimpaired. But at last he drank a final brandy, patted his stomach fondly and paid the check.

"We're off for an afternoon of fun," he said. "Let's forget our troubles. What d'you say?"

"You forget yours," Aggie replied. "I'll warm mine over a few more times."

"I have no troubles," Patrick said.

"You will have," George said, "sooner or later. Everybody does."

"I'll consider that a promise," Patrick said.

As they left, he looked at the Graemes. The elderly couple were cheerily eating and oblivious of everything but each other—one would have thought. Mrs. Graeme was talking animatedly, and Patrick wondered if she still wasn't making sense. He wouldn't have been at all surprised to learn she had a collapsible machine gun in her bag. The old lady was a smooth customer.

GEORGE flagged a cab in front of El Vaquero and informed the driver that he was hired for the afternoon. From then on, they were busy—at the Zocalo, in the cathedral, the National Palace where the Diego Rivera murals were, the Merced Market, the National Pawnshop and the National Museum. They went to the Flower Market, the Palace of Fine Arts, a glass factory and to a couple of silversmiths.

At first Aggie was quiet and depressed. Gradually she brightened up. George, restored occasionally by a quick drink, was the life of the party. He seemed eager to entertain them, and in the highest spirits since they had known him.

Patrick, who was not amused, followed the other two patiently. He was thinking hard, and again badly worried. The campaign was going too well. Lilley was a very, very smart character, and his throwaways were foolers; of that Patrick was convinced. And the gentlemen of the opposition were patently pleased, which meant something had happened. Maybe it was over, and Patrick didn't know it yet. He had a persistent sinking feeling.

In the dark, smoky glass factory Aggie drew him aside. "Bored?" she asked.

"Uh-huh."

"With me or the tour?"

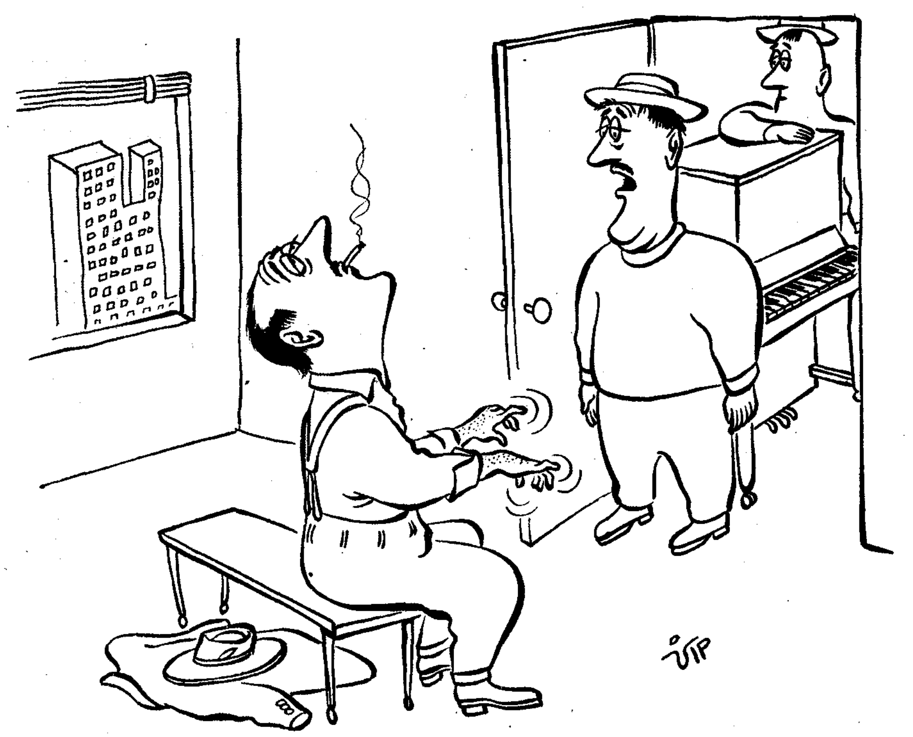
"You," Patrick said. "What's wrong with the tour, I'd like to know?"

She smiled a trifle sadly. "We ought to enjoy it while we can."

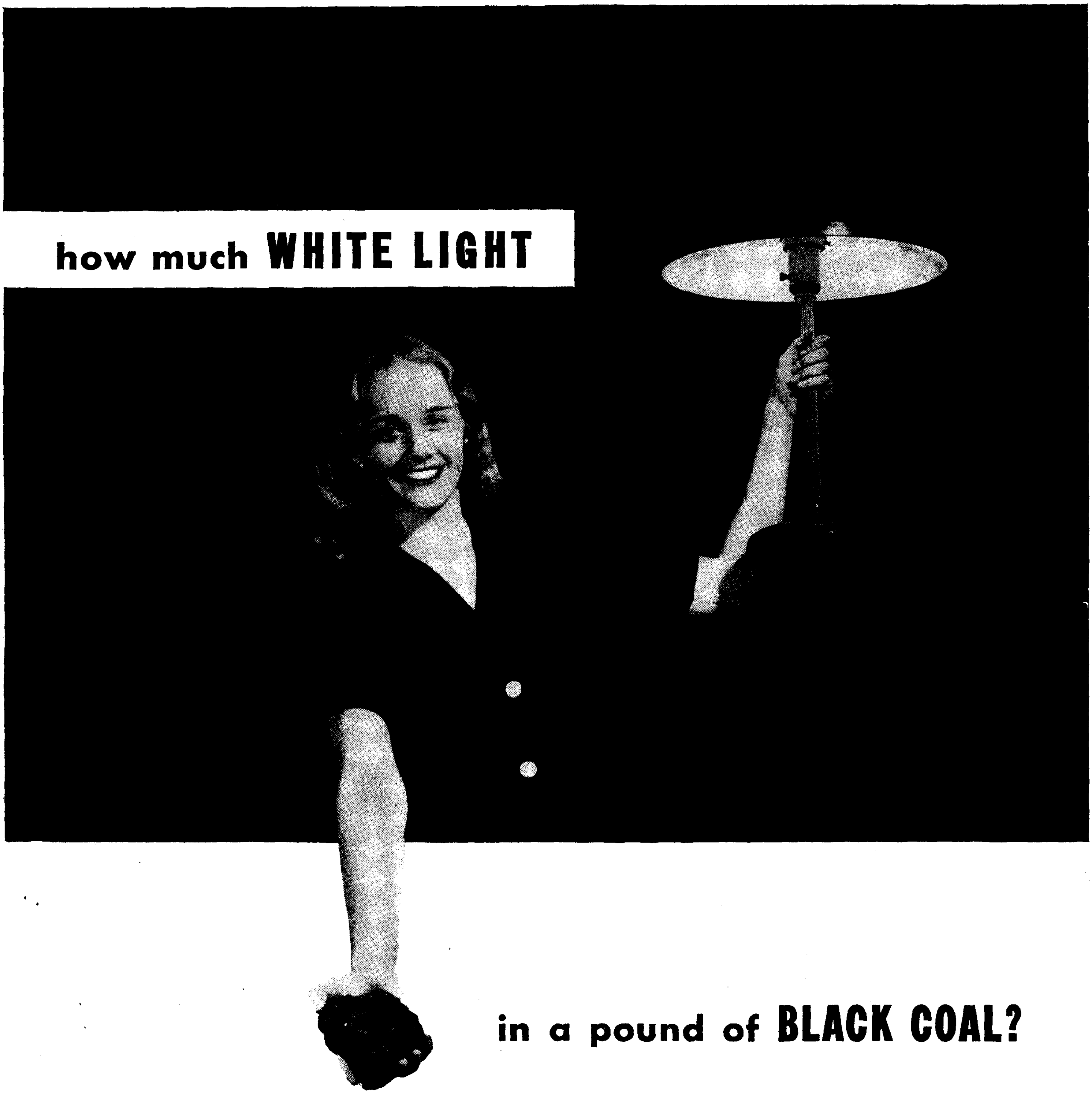
"How's that again, baby?"

"You heard me," Aggie said. "Patrick, I want to make up my mind about you. I've got to pretty soon." She smiled again. "This can't go on, bud. It's too big for both of us. There's no use our fighting it."

"Well, here's my problem," Patrick said;



COLLIER'S "Okay, buddy. Where do you want it?" VIRGIL PARTCH



how much WHITE LIGHT in a pound of BLACK COAL?

THE lamp has a 100-watt bulb in it and the lump of coal weighs one pound.

Pulverized and blown into the big boiler of a modern power-plant, a pound of coal* provides enough steam to generate one kilowatt-hour of electricity.

That much electricity, in turn, will light the lamp for *ten* hours—long enough to read this magazine and a couple of novels. Or it will run a small radio for 25 hours, a food mixer for 13 hours, a washer for almost 7.

"So what?" you say. The point is this. 25 years ago, it took about *three* times as much coal to produce a kilowatt-hour of electricity as it does today!

The all-around efficiency which gets several times as much white light from black coal has benefited YOU *in many ways.*

It has made your electric service better and cheaper year by year. It has met tremendous wartime demands for electric power, without delay, shortages or rationing. It has held the price of electricity at an all-time low, while other costs went up.

These results come from the sound *business* management of the nation's light and power companies—and from the hard work of men and women who *know* their business. The same companies are preparing for even greater accomplishments tomorrow.

- *Hear* NELSON EDDY *every Wednesday in* "The Electric Hour"—*with Robert Armbruster's Orchestra. 10:30 PM, EWT, CBS*

160 ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES★

SELF-SUPPORTING, TAX-PAYING BUSINESSES

★ Names on request from this magazine.

**Some plants use less than 1 pound; some more, because of differences in coal and equipment. The nation-wide average is 1.3 pounds per kilowatt-hour.*

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WALK·OVER

Winter Weights

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Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton 63, Mass.

"I want to love 'em and leave 'em. How can I if they love and leave me first?"

"By telling 'em the truth."

"You think that would do it?"

"Absolutely," Aggie said. "I'll give you a case in point: In the bar you told me you hadn't heard of Manuel's death. A little later you're telling Doctor Lilley that the cops spoke to you this morning. Were you careless, or was the slip intentional?"

"I was careless."

"No, the dialogue with Lilley was for my benefit."

"In other words, I'm a Lilley man?"

"In addition to being Mexico's leading liar."

"Hey, George!" Patrick called. "Come over here quick. She's trying to pick another fight with me."

George trotted up without delay. He made calming gestures. "Aggie," he said, "don't do that! We're getting along fine and enjoying ourselves. This Patrick is a nice boy. Let's go somewhere else."

In one of the silversmith's shops, Patrick caught Aggie peering at him over an enormous punch bowl. Her blue eyes were worried and full of woe. His heart leaped in anticipation. The columnist was having emotional difficulties. She liked him. That meant the kid would be presently speaking up.

DUSK was falling when they returned to the hotel. The next day was Friday, market day at Toluca, and George was making big plans with the driver of their car. They'd get a fairly early start in the morning and visit Toluca, El Desierto de los Leones and San Angel. Everything was on him, of course.

"We'll have a lunch along," he said, and winked carefully, "and maybe a bottle or two. How about it, kids?"

"Fine with me," Aggie said.

"Sold!" Patrick added.

George paid off the driver and settled on a nine-o'clock meeting. They got their keys from the desk.

"What happens tonight?" George asked. "We're not going to break up, are we?"

"Tonight, gentlemen," Aggie said, "is on me, in George's expressive phrase. I'd love to have you dine with me at eight-thirty in the hotel supper room. In the meantime, I'll get a quick nap, so I can look my most stunning."

"That's no trick at all for you, Angel Face," Patrick said. "Stun me at eight-thirty."

He parted from them with the excuse that he needed a pack of cigarettes and walked downstairs to the drugstore. Then he had an idea, and went in the flower shop. This was the eve of the big offensive; he needed plenty of ammunition. He bought Aggie a corsage of three orchids the color of vanilla ice cream and sat down at a little table to inscribe an affectionate card.

Somebody tapped him on the shoulder in the midst of his writing. He looked up.

"How is your leg, Mr. Nevil?" Mrs. Latham asked.

"Swell," Patrick replied, and rose with the card concealed in his hand. "How are yours?"

"You may remember I wasn't having any trouble with them."

"They never looked better." Patrick was finding the going a trifle rough, with her stern eyes on the orchids. "You didn't stay long in Taxco. Mrs. Latham."

"Audrey caught a dreadful cold. We just got back, and the poor child is in the drugstore now, buying medicine. She simply has to go to bed, and I want some flowers to brighten up the room."

"I'm sorry to hear she isn't well."

Mrs. Latham gazed at him grimly. "I feel it was brought on by keeping late hours and worrying. She has you on her mind, Mr. Nevil; I can't imagine why. Certainly a 4-F is no bargain, even in these days."

"Well," Patrick said weakly, "I—"

Audrey came in, laden with bottles and an atomizer and disposable tissues. She was as gorgeous as ever, except for a red nose and a pronounced scowl.

"I would meet you in this condition," she said in a hoarse voice. "Mother, buy the flowers and let's get out of here."

"All right, dear," Mrs. Latham said resignedly, and moved off in search of a salesman. Audrey regarded Patrick with no diminishment of the scowl.

"You seem to have picked up the sniffles," he said. "Can I do anything to help?"

"Yes. Go away and quit staring at my nose."

"I like it red," Patrick said. "It's pretty."

"It's better than having a weak heart and a wooden leg," Audrey said. "How is Miss Stuart?"

"I don't know. After you left, I was lonely, Audrey. Nothing much mattered. I couldn't have any fun with people, so I just sat in my room."

"Are you trying to say you missed me?" Audrey asked.

"What else, baby?"

Audrey's expression softened. "Patrick . . . don't tell me that unless it's the truth."

"Okay," Patrick said. "I take it all back."

She had opened her mouth to reply when a man came up with the orchid corsage arranged in a transparent box. Her mouth remained open and speechless.

Meet the Meters

In the left column you will find a number of English words all ending in "meter." In the right column you will find words in some relation to those words ending in "meter." Your task is to match the words in both columns.

A score of 18 and over is excellent; 15–17 good; 13–14 fair; 11–12 average. (Answers on page 88.)

1. Millimeter	**Milk**
2. Micrometer	**Revolutions**
3. Galvanometer	**Specific gravity**
4. Barometer	**Temperature**
5. Centimeter	**.03937 inches**
6. Taximeter	**Minute distances**
7. Optometer	**Heat**
8. Audiometer	**Wind**
9. Kilometer	**.3937 inches**
10. Radiometer	**Atmospheric pressure**
11. Perimeter	**Reservoirs**
12. Stereometer	**Hearing**
13. Pyrometer	**Solar rays**
14. Chronometer	**Electric current**
15. Gasometer	**Carfare**
16. Cyclometer	**Time**
17. Lactometer	**Heights**
18. Thermometer	**Plane surfaces**
19. Altimeter	**3,280.8 feet**
20. Anemometer	**Vision**

Gerard Mosler

"Have you the card ready, señor?" the man asked.

"Card?" Patrick said. He crumpled the one in his hand and dropped it behind him.

"I understood the corsage was to go to the lady upstairs," the man said.

THERE was a short pause. Patrick was aware that Mrs. Latham had rejoined them. Her mouth was also open. Patrick cleared his throat.

"This is the lady," he said, indicating Audrey.

The man handed her the corsage with a bow. Stopping only to contemplate Patrick with raised eyebrows, he left the group.

"My gosh!" Audrey said. "Orchids. Listen, there's something funny about this, and—"

"I thought of candy," Patrick told her, "but because of your cold—"

"Now, wait a minute," Audrey said. She looked at her mother. "Mamma, are these for me?"

"How should I know?" Mrs. Latham replied irritably. "I'm sick of the whole business."

"Pin them on your nightgown, Audrey," Patrick said, "and think of me. Goodby, you wonderful people."

He ducked hastily out and walked upstairs to the bar, where he had a Scotch and soda. After a proper interval, he retraced his steps to the flower shop. The same man prepared him a second corsage. Patrick wrote a graceful card to Aggie, stating his undying love, and had the corsage sent upstairs.

"The señor," the man said, as Patrick paid him, "knows the language of the flowers."

"Not very well," Patrick said. "What do orchids signify in the language of the flowers?"

"In your case, señor," the man said, "they signify trouble."

WHEN Patrick arrived in the supper room, Aggie was already at the table wearing her orchids. Her face, despite make-up, was drawn and tired. Patrick sat down and asked for a Martini. After a minute or two, George came in. He hurried over to them with a broad smile.

"Say," he said, "I'm a little late. I was having a quick one at the bar. . . . Aggie, those are pretty flowers. I wish I'd thought of them."

"Leave it to Patrick," Aggie said. "He never misses. I'm going to thank him later on—alone."

"It's the altitude," George said. "That's what gets you."

They discussed the trip to Toluca over a second round of drinks. A captain took their orders, and after a while, a waiter served the food. The room, which had been nearly empty when they began, was now filled completely. An orchestra was playing, and dancers were swaying on the packed floor. George asked Aggie to dance.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but I have a nagging little headache. Will you give me a rain check on the invitation?"

"Sure," George said. "Take it easy, Aggie. Rest up for the Toluca trip."

Aggie nodded to him absently. She was revolving her coffee cup upon its saucer and frowning. Conversation trailed off into silence. Patrick grew restless. He wished something would happen. It did. Audrey and Mrs. Latham bore down upon them. Patrick blinked once and sighed internally. Here went the old ball game.

He and George got up. Audrey had her nose well powdered and was wearing the orchid corsage. For a girl who had taken to her bed only a few hours ago, she looked remarkably healthy. A flush that could have as easily been rage as fever marked her cheeks as she studied Aggie's flowers.

"Don't let me disturb you, Miss Stuart," she said. "I only wished to thank Patrick for my orchids."

"You're wel—" Patrick began.

"They're all the rage this evening, I see," Aggie interrupted.

"Well, it's not like having on the same hats, darling," Audrey told her.

"But it *is* like having the same boy friend," Aggie said. "Right, toots?"

Her eyes were on Patrick, and he couldn't tell whether she was amused or angry. He said, "Audrey, you should be in bed."

"I was hungry," Audrey said, "and the corsage didn't show up much on my nightgown. After all, it's not as if I were going outside the hotel."

"This room is unhealthy," Patrick said. "It's too hot in here. . . . Listen, do we all know one another? Mrs. Latham, have you met Miss Stuart and Mr. Richards? Mrs. Latham is Audrey's mother."

"How do you do?" Aggie said. "I've been eager to meet you, Mrs. Latham. I've heard you could help me with the lines in my face."

"I think you'd do better at a beauty parlor, Miss Stuart," Mrs. Latham said. "Anyway, in this light, one would never know."

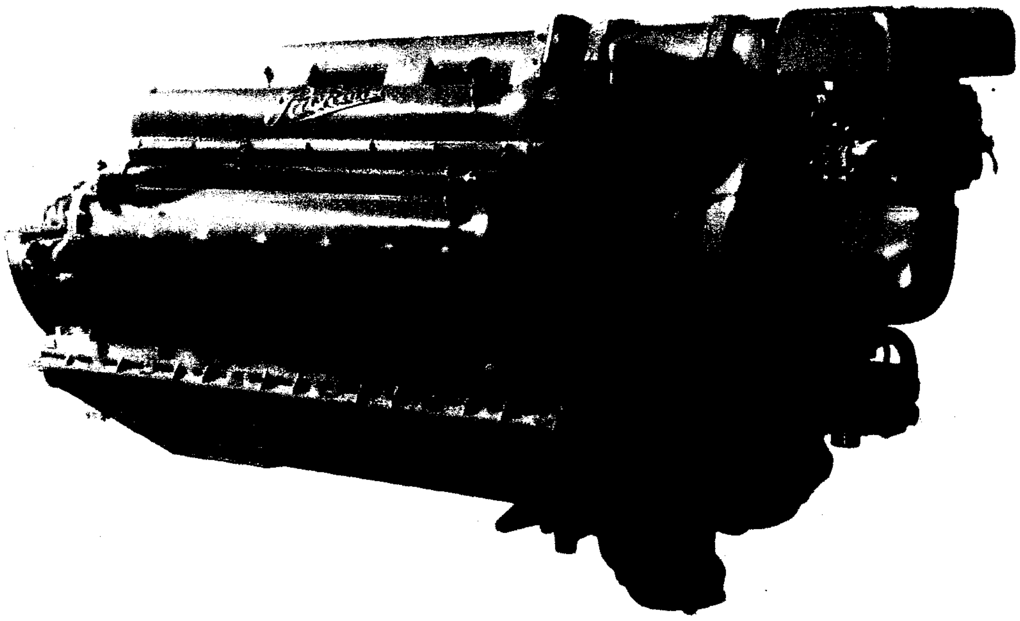
"Thank you," Aggie said.

"How about having a little snort, Mrs. Latham?" George said. "You're almost as pretty as your daughter. Sit down and give me a break."

Mrs. Latham stared at him.

"How did you ever manage to get Patrick

Men bet their lives on it!



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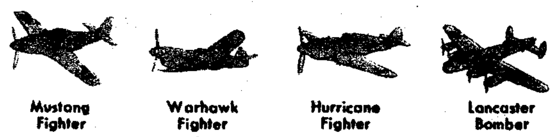
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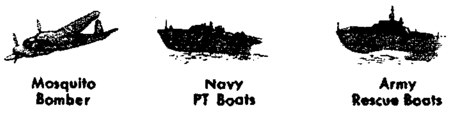
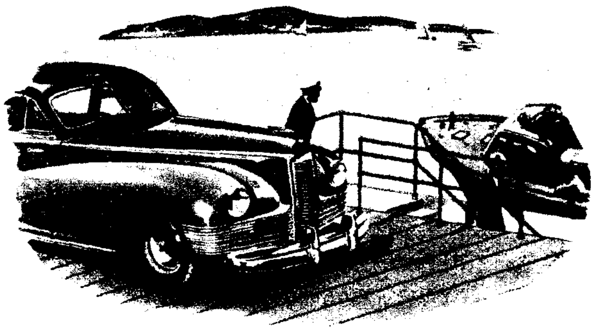

Mosquito Bomber
Navy PT Boats
Army Rescue Boats



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YOU'RE NOT FOOLING, SMOKY! THE WAY THAT GAL BLASTED YOU OUT OF FORMATION WAS SURE SOMETHING TO SEE!
YEAH, AND ALL BECAUSE I WAS GUNNING FOR A KISS!
WELL, DAMES BLOW UP EASY WHEN A GUY'S GOT BAD BREATH, SMOKY! BETTER CHECK IN AT YOUR DENTIST'S, PAL – AND FIND OUT THE SCORE!
SMOKY SEES HIS DENTIST!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH – HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES – STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS – REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER – THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
HI, SMOKY! WHAT'S THE WORD?
EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL, PINKY – INCLUDING THE BOMBSHELL HERSELF!
COLGATE'S SURE DOES A JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS? Saturday Night—NBC Network

away from his room, Miss Stuart?" Audrey said. "I understand he hasn't left it since I went to Taxco."

"Probably you misunderstood him, Audrey," Aggie replied in a kindly tone. "It's my room he meant."

"I was only trying to help you, Patrick," George said, in a loud stage whisper. "How did I know she'd get mad?"

"George, may I have this dance with you?" Patrick said.

"Well, you're not going to have one with me," Audrey said. "Orchids are all right, but sincerity means more to a girl. You're not sincere, Patrick."

"In the language of the flowers," Patrick said, "I can offer an explanation. It seems—"

"No, don't bother," Audrey said. "It was nice having known you, but I only regret that you picked up my mother. Good night, all."

She swept out, followed by the dogged Mrs. Latham. Patrick and George sat down. Nobody spoke. The waiter brought Aggie the check, and she signed it and left him a tip.

"I sure appreciate your hospitality," George said.

"I sure do, too," Patrick said.

Aggie looked at them stonily.

"Let's get a change of scene," George said. "What's the matter with El Vaquero?"

"I know several interesting places," Patrick said, "which tourists never get in. The night's on me, fellows. Shall we have fun?"

"No," Aggie said.

She rose and walked away. Patrick and George trailed her. They came to a halt by the elevators.

"Is tomorrow off?" George asked.

"It is for Patrick," Aggie said.

"Sometimes I wish I was dead," Patrick said.

"My headache is worse," Aggie said. "Good night, gentlemen. You, too, Patrick."

She stepped in an elevator and the doors closed on her. Patrick stuck his hands in his pockets and stared at his shoes.

"You got careless," George said. "I think you're cooked with her, Patrick."

"In the language of the flowers," Patrick said, "I smell."

"Should we have a drink?"

Patrick shook his head. "I've got a headache. Good night, chum."

"So long," George said.

Patrick had to wait for an elevator. He watched George, and the little man headed matter-of-factly out of the hotel—bound, no doubt, for El Vaquero.

SITTING in his room with his head in his hands, Patrick cursed himself, Audrey and people who grew orchids, in the order named. He could, with acute clarity, see Mr. Graeme listening to the story of tonight. His transfer to the Girl Scouts would be coming through any day now. This was disaster in spades.

The telephone rang. He grabbed it with eager hands.

"Aggie?" he said. "Listen, baby, I—"

"This is Audrey," Audrey said indignantly, at the other end of the line.

"Oh," Patrick said.

"I believe I forgot downstairs to thank you for the flowers. Thank you very much."

"I'm glad you liked them."

"I didn't like them much. I don't like you much, either, Patrick. This is the end."

"I'd never have guessed it," Patrick said dully.

"There can be no more after tonight," Audrey said.

"All right, Audrey."

"I can only say goodby and good luck."

"Goodby."

"What has passed between us," Audrey said, "is best forgotten. And we'd better not see each other again."

"Check."

"It's been kind of unpleasant on the whole. You're just not the right boy for me, Patrick."

"You're right, I suppose."

"There is no point to trying to agree with me," Audrey said. "That will not change my mind."

"No, dear."

"Don't call me 'dear.'"

"Yes, Audrey."

"Please don't call me Audrey any more. I'm Miss Latham to you."

"Yes, Miss Latham," Patrick said.

She hung up with a bang. Patrick put his own phone back on the stand and rubbed his ear. He decided he might as well go to bed and pull the covers up over his head. The phone rang again. He picked it up slowly.

"Yes, Audrey," he said wearily. "Want to say goodby again?"

"This is Aggie."

"Oh," Patrick said.

"Am I interfering with you and Audrey?"

"No, she was just saying goodby forever."

"I had something on that order in mind," Aggie said. "Could you come to my room for a minute?"

Patrick smiled fondly at the phone. "I rarely leave my own room any more, baby, but I'll make an exception in your case. Promise you won't make a fuss over me."

"I promise—curse you!" Aggie said.

HE HAD long since learned her room number, which was a couple of floors above his. He walked up, filled with high hopes, and knocked on the proper door. Aggie opened it. She was attired in pajamas, a robe and mules.

He must have looked surprised as he stepped inside, because she said grimly, "Don't get any bright ideas, sonny. This is no romantic tryst."

"Yes, ma'am," Patrick said.

She remained standing, offering him a cigarette and taking one herself, and lighting them both. His eyes roved unobtrusively. The room was immaculate. Her two rawhide bags lay on stands, open but almost completely packed, and her make-up case stood on the dresser with every bottle in place. The closet door was ajar and in it hung only the dress she had worn to dinner and a coat. She didn't speak.

"You're a neat dame," Patrick commented.

"I'm also a damned fool," Aggie said. "As an old hand at traveling, I keep my things packed. I wish I could keep my emotions packed, too. . . . Sit down."

He took a chair, and she perched on the edge of the bed. She dragged deeply on her cigarette and allowed the smoke to filter slowly out of her nostrils. Her face was hard and blank.

"I'm going to do something stupid tonight," she said. "I've had a hard time arriving at the decision to do it, and I'll probably live to regret it—but I'm going to give you a chance to bail out of this, Patrick."

"Huh?"

"I've never been this much of a sucker before. I'll try not to be again. I like you, Patrick. You're a no-good bum, a flirt and a crook. You don't deserve a chance. But I can't help myself. So here goes. . . ."

"I plead guilty, your honor," Patrick said. "Only I'd certainly like to know what the rap is."

"Oh, stop it!" Her voice had the brittle overtones he had heard when she first talked to Lilley. "I'm on the level with you now. This isn't kissing in a taxicab or kidding around trying to find out something. I'm calling time on you."

"All right."

"I know you're a Lilley man," Aggie said. "I know you were sent by him to pick me up at the airport, give me a fast rush, and head me for home if you could. That opening pickup couldn't have been cornier. I know you must be working on a day-to-day basis, since you are trying so hard with me, and that you stand to draw a bonus if you succeed. In addition, you've undoubtedly told Lilley every word I've said—which you'll admit wasn't much."

"Look, honey—" Patrick said.

"Let me do the talking. I have a hunch Manuel belonged to the law, and I'm banking on your not having a hand in killing him. If I thought you did, we wouldn't be having this talk. You're a nice boy, Patrick, without any bad habits except larceny. You're not tough. You want a little easy dough. Am I right?"

"I guess so."

"I don't think you know a lot yourself," Aggie said. "Maybe just enough to have them stick a knife in you later on. You know I came down here after George, and you must know I'm trying to tie him up to Lilley. Unquestionably you've guessed there's a black-market deal mixed up in this. But you're not one of the mob. Your job is solely on me and no questions asked, and with that over, you blow with your money and forget everything including your own name. Okay?"

"Yeah."

Aggie took a long breath and hesitated for an instant. "Here's what I have to tell you. Hundreds of thousands of people read my column every day. They regard me as a champion and, as I told you, they send me wagonloads of anonymous tips. I got one from a guy in the Los Angeles black market, which is flourishing. Why, I don't know. Perhaps his conscience was bothering him. Anyway, his tip turned out to be one of the few good ones. It concerned a gent named Freddie Nigh. Ever hear of him?"

Patrick shook his head.

"Freddie is the greatest green-goods merchant since Jim the Penman. Have you heard of him?"

"The famous counterfeiter?" Patrick said. "Yes, I've read of him."

"Freddie is as good, or better. He's done some great work, and some that wasn't so great. They picked him up on the poorer stuff, and Freddie did ten years in a federal stir. He got out a few years ago and disappeared. A lot of people thought he was born before his time. He would have been great for the black market."

"So Freddie is George?"

"None other," Aggie said. "I was tipped on him in Los Angeles, and my tipster told me a big job was going to be pulled off. It was to be the biggest anywhere in the country, and Freddie was the butterfly artist involved. I also learned the brains of the combine were in Mexico. While I was casing Freddie, he took off for the south. I went with him. And who should I meet but my old friend, Doctor Lilley?"

"He's the brains?"

"Right. And Lilley had to go slow with Freddie, because that time he did changed him. He hasn't got as steady a hand as he used to have, and the only thing which tightens it up is liquor. So I could afford not to hurry while I worked on him. I even thought the liquor might work for me in loosening his tongue. But there was something I didn't know. Maybe you did."

"I'm dumb," Patrick said.

"I was, too, until a day or so ago," Aggie said. "They're pretty smart, and I'm too well known. They got wise the minute I began prowling in Los Angeles and used Freddie for bait. Now I see that Lilley wanted me to come to Mexico. I was trying to meet Freddie, and he was trying to meet me. Since then, he's been doing a verbal strip-tease with me, dropping off a little bit at a time—with Lilley collaborating. *They want to keep me interested, and they want to keep me here.* The job is either pulled, or on the point of being pulled."

"Well, what can you do?"

"Blow the lid off."

"How?"

"In my column."

"Blow the lid off what?" Patrick said.

"As much as I know," Aggie said. "Publicity will do the rest. The cops can move in."

"Move in on what?"

"You tell me."

They looked at each other steadily. The windows in the room were closed, and no traffic noises penetrated to them. Patrick could hear the ticking of his wrist watch.

"Is Lilley that simple?" he asked. "Won't he be prepared to cover up, as long as he knows you're here?"

"Not completely."

"What do you think it is?"

"Ration stamps," Aggie said. "Millions of 'em. Maybe they're making them here. You heard Lilley mention his printing equipment. He's printed them and they're shipped—otherwise he wouldn't have gone that far. Freddie has been the artist."

"Then it's all over."

"We can hope not. They might make a mistake when they get hot. And I'm going to make them hot!"

"Where do I come in?" Patrick said.

"If you're bright," Aggie said, "you'll beat it. I'm giving you the chance, Patrick. Get out. Go back to Los Angeles, and I'll keep it quiet for you. . . . Later on, I'll see you there."

Patrick rose from the chair. Aggie watched him unswervingly. He grinned at her.

"Thanks," he said.

"Telling Lilley won't do you any good now," she said harshly. "If you double-cross me, I'll make sure of getting you."

"I won't tell him."

HE WALKED to the door, and she got up and followed him. Her hand rested on his back momentarily. He turned around. She tilted her head to look at him. A hint of tears was in her eyes.

"I'll miss you," she said, "whether you go north or stay here. Do you mind?"

"A little."

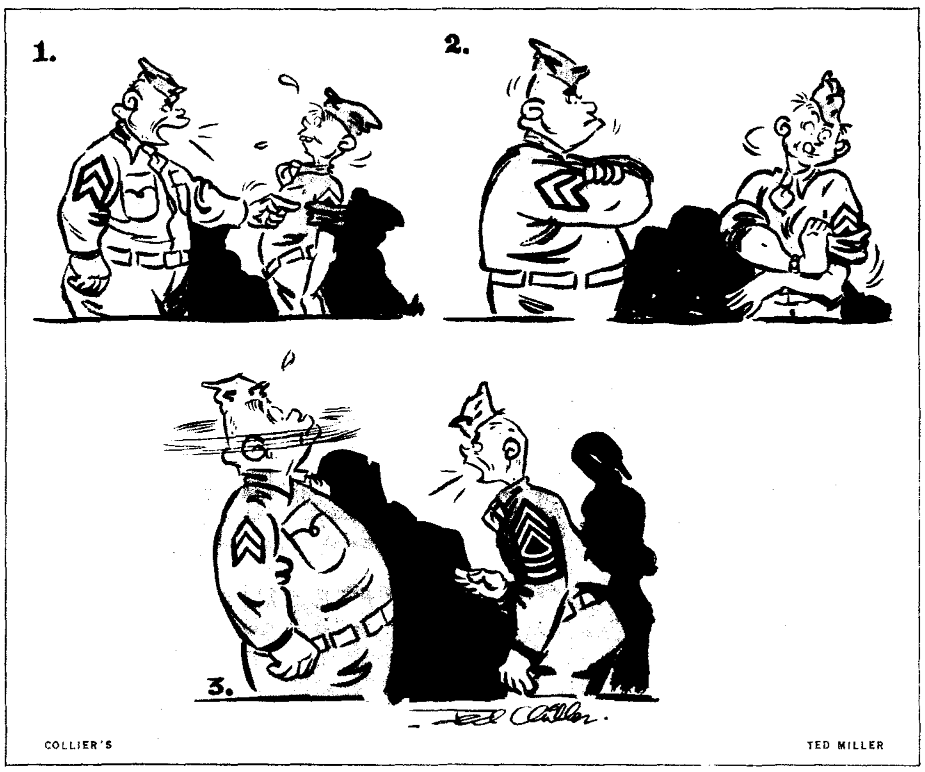
She stood on tiptoe and kissed him on the lips. "I'm tough, Patrick, and so are all the other people in this. You're a nice young man in deep water. But Mamma will take care of you. Go to bed, and tomorrow buy yourself a ticket. . . . Mamma's sorry she can't tuck you in."

"Good night, Mamma," Patrick said. "Can I go on the trip to Toluca in the morning?"

She shrugged and smiled. He grinned and left, moving slowly until he heard the sound of the door closing.

Then he ran at top speed down to his room and telephoned Mr. Graeme's home number.

(Continued on page 41)



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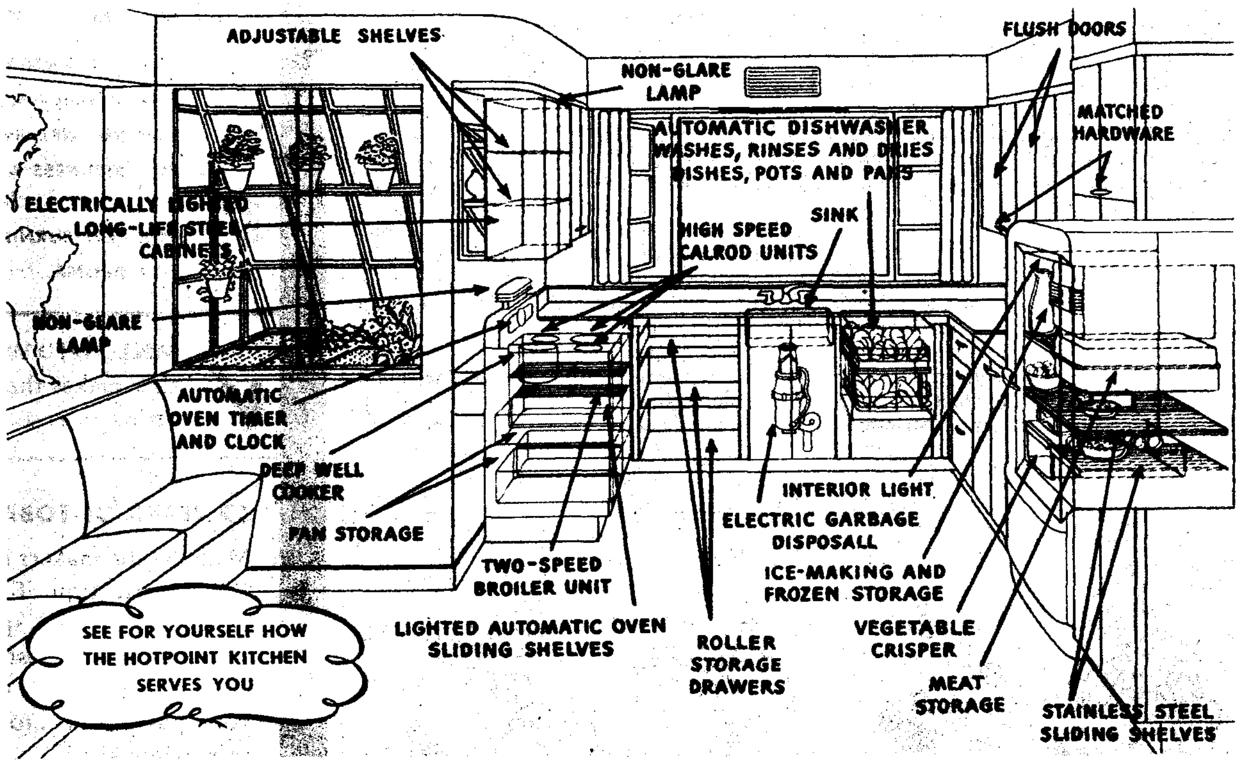
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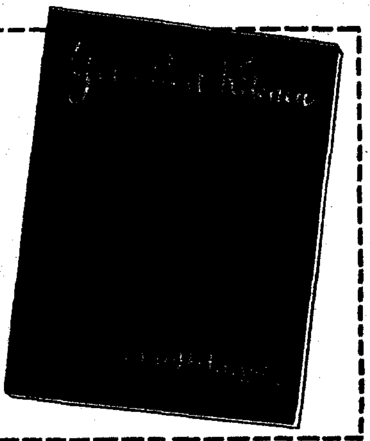


Hotpoint
ELECTRIC KITCHENS

Perilous Holiday

Continued from page 39

A servant answered, and there was a delay before Graeme came on.

"Señor," Patrick said in Spanish, "a number of matters have arisen. I wish to confide in you. I have a great urgency, señor."

Graeme sighed. "You are familiar with the small, circular park a few blocks beyond the Hotel Cortez on the Paseo de la Reforma?"

"Yes, señor."

"At the rear of that park," Graeme said, "lies a building for the comfort of the people. Beyond the building is a street. I will be on the street in a car in half an hour."

"Until then," Patrick said.

He sat for ten minutes, considering the situation. He was discouraged again. Aggie hadn't known as much as he hoped, and he was afraid the moment was gone. The wall still stood. It had chinks in it now, but it was unbroken. Sweat made a fine line on his upper lip. He wiped the moisture away absently, got up, dropped the pistol in his right coat pocket, and went to the elevators.

OUTSIDE the hotel he caught a cab, rode four or five blocks north, dropped off, stood in a dark doorway for several minutes to see if he was being tailed, and finally flagged another cab. He rode a block beyond the park, got out and walked down the path which led to the comfort station. High bushes screened him on either side, and he was certain he was alone.

Just before he reached the building, he ducked into the bushes and walked along the side of the building to the street. A car was standing at the curb, the engine running and the lights off. Graeme sat in the rear, his coat collar up and his hat sagging over his face. The Mexican who was driving paid no attention to Patrick. Leaning in the window, the glass of which Graeme rolled down, Patrick brought his head close to the other man's.

"The columnist let me have it," he said.

"And?" Graeme said.

Patrick related the substance of his conversation with Aggie. He noticed the shine of Graeme's teeth in the darkness. "What's funny?" he asked.

"Your technique is amazing," Graeme said. "I'm beginning to wonder if sex appeal should not be the basis of our future investigations."

"Mind if I don't laugh, sir?" Patrick said. "I'm kind of in a hurry. We have these guys fairly well plotted. A move seems indicated."

"What would you suggest?"

"Knock 'em over right now."

"We'll find . . ."

"I don't know."

"I think you do," Graeme said. "Nothing. Or do you share the somewhat girlish optimism of Miss Stuart?"

"No-o."

"You worry too much, Patrick, and you're too active. You have a tendency to underrate your opponents. Believe me, Doctor Lilley is as downy an old bird as I am. He has taken all these eventualities into consideration. We will catch him, if he can yet be caught, only by patience and some stroke of uck. Let's wait and see what happens. Go o Toluca tomorrow."

"*Por Dios!*" Patrick said. "The thing is hot; I tell you we can't wait."

"See the little blond girl you liked," Graeme said. "Amuse yourself. There will e developments."

"I will see her," Patrick said. "Damn it! I eg your pardon, sir. Good night."

"Until later," Graeme said.

The car rolled off. Patrick stood on the urb, his hands jammed in his pockets, watching it. As the car turned the nearest orner, the lights went on. Grunting to himelf, Patrick trudged along the side of the omfort station and edged through the bushes o the path.

Ten feet away from him, there was a rusing and the soft scraping of a foot. Then lence. Cold ripples played across his back nd his muscles tightened. He knew he was being followed, that someone was waiting for him in the bushes. Standing stock-still, he could hear nothing more. A horn blew on the Paseo de la Reforma, and tires sang on the paving. His thumb released the safety on the automatic, but he kept it in his pocket.

Turning, he went into the comfort station. Glaring bulbs illuminated the place. It smelled of sickly sweet disinfectant. He caught a glimpse of his face in a mirror, white and set, lips peeled slightly back. He remembered that Aggie thought he was a nice boy, but soft.

The next second he was outside once more, crouched a little, moving on the balls of his feet. Down the path a man was coming from the bushes. The quick reappearance of Patrick had foxed him. He either had to run or brazen it out. The man chose the latter, heading for the comfort station.

As they reached each other, Patrick saw the heavy shoulders, the dark face, the caved-in cheeks of Pepe. All the anger, the frustration, the hatred of Manuel's death dried Patrick's lips and set the blood pounding in his head. He angled in front of Pepe, blocking him.

"You're my pigeon, scarface," he said. "You've found me, and I've found you. Let's go."

Pepe looked at him, smiling faintly. Patrick decided his knife was probably in his sleeve. That meant Pepe would have to make some sort of move, however brief. His own finger tightened on the trigger and he held the skirt of his coat away from his leg, so he wouldn't be scarified by the muzzle blast.

Pepe spoke with his crippled, awkward tongue, apparently trying to apologize. Interrupting, Patrick cursed him in Spanish. He took a step forward. Pepe backed up. They continued this way for half a dozen steps, rigid and intent. Suddenly Pepe whirled and dived into the bushes.

Patrick walked out of the park and stood for a moment under a street lamp. He was sweating and viciously angry. But at the same time he was relieved. I'm glad I didn't kill him, he thought. Mr. Graeme wouldn't have liked it.

He started for the hotel.

THE next morning was markedly cooler, and a high overcast dimmed the sky with sheets of whitish, convoluted clouds. A wind coming in the windows had a bite to it. Patrick, who had left a seven-thirty call the night before, was awakened by the ringing of the telephone. He jumped from bed, shiveringly closed the windows and turned on the radiator. The day, he discovered, matched his mood, and he stood for a while looking down on the city.

Following a shower and shave, he searched in the closet for his least wrinkled suit. His eyes lighted upon the blue-and-white serape he had bought for Audrey. After his return from the pyramids he had tossed it upon a shelf and forgotten it. He grinned now and took the serape out. Even if the romance was over, Audrey deserved her present. Sitting down at the desk, he composed a note in Spanish which he knew would be a source of annoyance to her until she got it translated.

The note read: "My Audrey: Though you no longer have my love to warm you, perhaps this poor thing will help to take my love's place. Never . . . PATRICK."

He rang for a bellhop and sent the gift off to her room. Then he dressed, put his topcoat over his arm, and went downstairs to the grill. George was breakfasting alone in a corner. Patrick joined him.

"Hi, Patrick," George said. "All set for the trip?"

"All set," Patrick replied. "Have you seen Aggie yet?"

"No. Maybe she's eating in her room this morning." George looked at Patrick quizzically. "I guess you saw her later on last night and fixed up that trouble with the flowers, huh?"

"Yeah. Where'd you go?"

"El Vaquero."

"Have a good time?" Patrick asked.

"Pretty good," George said. "I got a little drunky. But, say, that Doc Lilley is a great

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Are Your Tires Soft?

An ingenious device, available tomorrow, will warn you immediately when one of your tires goes soft. The moment a slow leak begins, the drop in pressure below a safe minimum will register on the dash as a red light, one for each wheel. The light will stay on until you have the trouble fixed.

The tire-inflation indicator will be completely automatic and sturdy enough to withstand all operating conditions. The heart of the device will be a small spring-loaded button pressing upon the inner tube from the wheel rim. As long as the tube is hard enough, its pressure will hold the button out of contact with a metal ring connected by sliding brushes with the car's battery and the red signal light on the dash. When the pressure falls, the spring will close the circuit and light the lamp. The dash fixture will contain a row of lights, one for each tire.

The care of rubber, now so vital to wartime driving, will continue in peace as one of the good habits that will bring better and cheaper riding. The tire-pressure gauge will probably be standard on commercial vehicles everywhere, and obtainable by the average private motorist for a small sum.

Something New Under the Plastic Sun

Organic chemists will never discover the last of the strange new plastics, made of almost anything for almost any purpose. Which means that a plastic is seldom news nowadays, except in technical ways. Nevertheless, several new synthetics have lately come to light that establish important milestones in chemical progress. One of them is the first ever to be able to stand boiling water—and boiling acid—without cracking up. Another is a thermoplastic that will permanently waterproof and insulate radio and radar parts far beyond anything in present use.

Both are 100 per cent at war now, but here are some of the things they will do for you tomorrow: Cerex, the heat-resistant plastic, will make spoons, dishes and drinking glasses that can be washed in scalding water indefinitely, or boiled if you like. It will make light, better-balanced handles for surgical instruments and go through the steam sterilizer without harm. It will furnish leaves of all colors for your Venetian blinds, but never warp or sag in hot sun; it will provide ornamental lamp shades and fixtures that won't deform from the bulb's heat; it will give you nonmetallic plumbing fixtures and piping that can carry hot water. In your car it will do duty in brake-lining assemblies, in heaters, pumps, bushings and gaskets—uses which present low-temperature plastics can't fill.

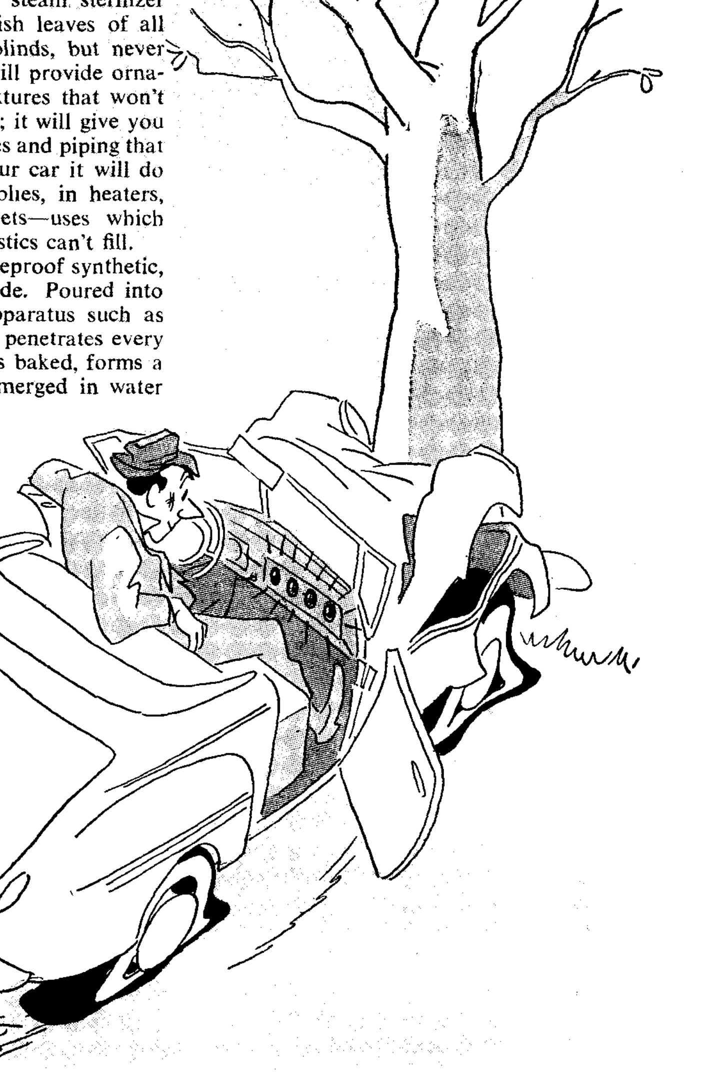
Fosterite, the new moistureproof synthetic, is water-thin when it is made. Poured into the innards of electrical apparatus such as small radio transformers, it penetrates every small cranny and, when it is baked, forms a solid filler that can be submerged in water for months without leaking at all. During the Fosterite research the chemists looked for and found a substitute for natural shellac, now unobtainable, that is superior to the best that India used to supply. Large-scale production of this after the war may put natural shellac out of business entirely.

Soft Water for Everybody

No homeowner's problem is so annoyingly universal as hard water, which two thirds of all Americans must use. It costs the average family an estimated $117 a year in wasted soap, damaged clothing, plugged water pipes. Industry, the railroads and power plants spend millions to undo its bad effects. Until recently, only the larger users of hard water could afford special softening apparatus, but there is good news for small water users everywhere. After the war there will be a mass-produced water conditioner for every home, garage and small plant. Models will sell for as little as $150.

The machine will comprise two tanks, one filled with the synthetic mineral zeolite, the other with salt brine. Water passed through the first will be cleared of its hardening chemicals and made as soft as rain. About once a week the zeolite bed will require cleaning with the brine, which will then be thrown away and replaced. Tomorrow's home-type softening will carry out this cycle automatically. Upkeep costs will be small.

The boon of soft water cannot be overestimated. Hard-water salts destroy the lathering power of soap and waste great quantities of it. In addition, they produce a milky fog in wash water which lodges in fine fabrics, turning them permanently gray and seriously shortening their life. Hard water has a disastrous effect on women's hair, killing its natural luster and making it stringy and dull. Vegetables cooked in untreated water are often wizened, tough and tasteless. For all these nuisances the future water softener will be a complete cure. ★★★



Double Range Underwear!

WOOL for WARMTH OUTDOORS

COTTON for COMFORT INDOORS

For men who work outside, in all kinds of weather, there's nothing like Duofold . . . the *double range* underwear. Duofold protects from cold without work-hampering bulk. After work, it feels light and comfortable for indoor wear.

Unlike most other underwear . . . Duofold is made in two *thin layers* . . . wool and other fibres in the *outer* layer for health protecting warmth . . . all cotton *inner* layer for comfort. Wool can't touch you . . . no itch! Two layers, with air space between, conserve body warmth and energy better than one thick layer.

Health is priceless and you're entitled to comfort—so try Duofold.

DUOFOLD, Inc.
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Duofold
The 2-layer UNDERWEAR

guy. Everything was on him. We're getting to be close friends."

"That's nice."

"It is, ain't it?"

They gazed blandly at each other. George was eating dry toast and drinking black coffee, his hands fumbly from his hang-over, but Patrick ate with an excellent appetite.

"Gee, I sure envy you being able to eat in the morning," George remarked. "I never can get my stomach settled until noon."

"Why do you drink so much, George?"

"I don't know. Because I'm on a vacation, I suppose. I needed a vacation pretty bad."

"One of these days," Patrick said, "you'll get a long vacation."

"I'd rather keep on working," George said. When the check came, he grabbed first.

"At least let me pay my share," Patrick argued.

"No, no," George said. "This is on me, all day. I'm sitting pretty."

They walked to the lobby together. George bought an expensive Havana cigar at the tobacco counter. It was nearly nine o'clock. Patrick lighted a cigarette and held the match for George's cigar.

"I hope our girl friend's remembered to wake up," Patrick said.

"Well," George said, "the car is ready and waiting, and there's a lunch in it and a couple of bottles of schnapps parked where I can lay hands on them."

"Sounds as if we had a big day ahead of us."

"We have." George emitted fragrant-smelling smoke appreciatively. "That is providing your other girl friend don't turn up at the last minute."

Patrick started and glanced around him apprehensively. "Please! I don't even want to think about it."

"She's an awful cute little trick."

"So is Aggie," Patrick said.

"You must be having a hard time making up your mind," George said. "I couldn't if I was in your spot."

"What makes you think I'm going to sign up with either of them?"

George grinned. "You're in too deep to back out now, Patrick. One of those girls will get you. You showed a lot of early foot, I admit, but you're fading now. Pretty soon you'll get boxed in."

Patrick laughed, but suddenly he was bored with this conversation. The lobby clock read fifteen minutes past nine, and he was tired of waiting, too. "Aggie has overslept," he said. "I better give her a nudge."

He crossed to a house phone and asked for her room. There was a short delay. He didn't hear Aggie's bell ringing. The operator came on.

"Miss Stuart is no longer occupying the room, sir," she said. "She checked out early this morning and left on the six-o'clock plane for Los Angeles."

(To be concluded next week)

Take 'er Down

Continued from page 16

whether or not he'll make a good submariner. So can Chief Torpedoman Charles Spritz, who has had twenty-four years in submarines. Spritz directs the first training and, like Captain Styer, he has the knack of sizing up a man in practically no time at all.

By the time a man (seaman or officer) steps aboard a submarine bound for combat, he has learned a lot. He has learned that his torpedoes or "fish" cost $12,000 each, and that he isn't supposed to waste a single one. He has learned a lot about Diesel engines and navigation and radio and electronics and gunnery and a dozen other assorted subjects.

He has learned that all submarines are named after fish, and because our submarine Navy has increased, some of the fish which lend their names are rare ones. For instance, the Sennet is a small barracuda found in waters off southern Europe; the Piper is a large armored fish with an exaggerated nose; the Threadfin is a tropical fish found in Texas waters; and the Tirante is an elongated silvery fish with lancet teeth found off Cuba. If he happens to be a pharmacist's mate, he has learned quite a bit about medicine and elementary surgery. The pharmacist's mate must take the place of a doctor on board. To date, three of them have performed appendectomies.

But chiefly the submarine man has learned how to get along with his mates. Men with brilliant records have washed out at New London only because they lacked the all-important quality of getting along. A submarine is a small isolated world of its own. Its population is seventy men (as a rule) and these seventy men have to live together, eat together, sleep together, fight together, sometimes for months on end.

One troublemaker, one sullen unco-operative crew member, one screwball, can disrupt a whole crew. Informal co-operation and self-discipline take the place of formal discipline on a submarine.

The skippers are chosen carefully. Men who are too rank-conscious don't make good captains. A sub skipper has to like his men, and his men must like and have confidence in him. If you sit around the Officers' Club at the New London base, you'll meet the skippers when they come back from the long combat cruises and you'll understand why their men respect them.

"I'd been on a carrier for a long time," Commander Charles Langston said. "Well, a carrier is a big ship, and life is pretty well regulated. Then I switched to submarines. My first skipper was 'Acey' (that's Commander Albert C. Burrows, but everyone in the service calls him Ace or Acey). I was a lieutenant (jg).

"Well, we got into trouble on our first patrol and we had to dive. It was my job to call off our depth to the skipper. I'd say, 'Fifty feet now, sir,' and Acey would turn to me and smile and say, 'Why, thanks, Chuck. Take 'er down another ten feet if you don't mind.' I'd do that and say very formally, 'Sixty feet now, sir,' and Acey would turn from the controls and smile and say, 'That's fine, Chuck; that's swell.' Well now, Acey was like that to every man on the boat. When we got into trouble (and Acey is a man always looking for trouble) they had such confidence in the big lug that nobody ever got scared or panicky."

Commander Burrows is a big, smiling man, but you can't help blinking when you take a gander at those ribbons he wears. In addition to the Navy Cross, he has the Silver Star with two bright Gold Stars on it, each indicating an additional award of the Silver Star. Ace's second Gold Star was presented to him only recently, after his return from the Pacific, by Captain Styer. Of course, he wears the prized Submarine Combat Pin.

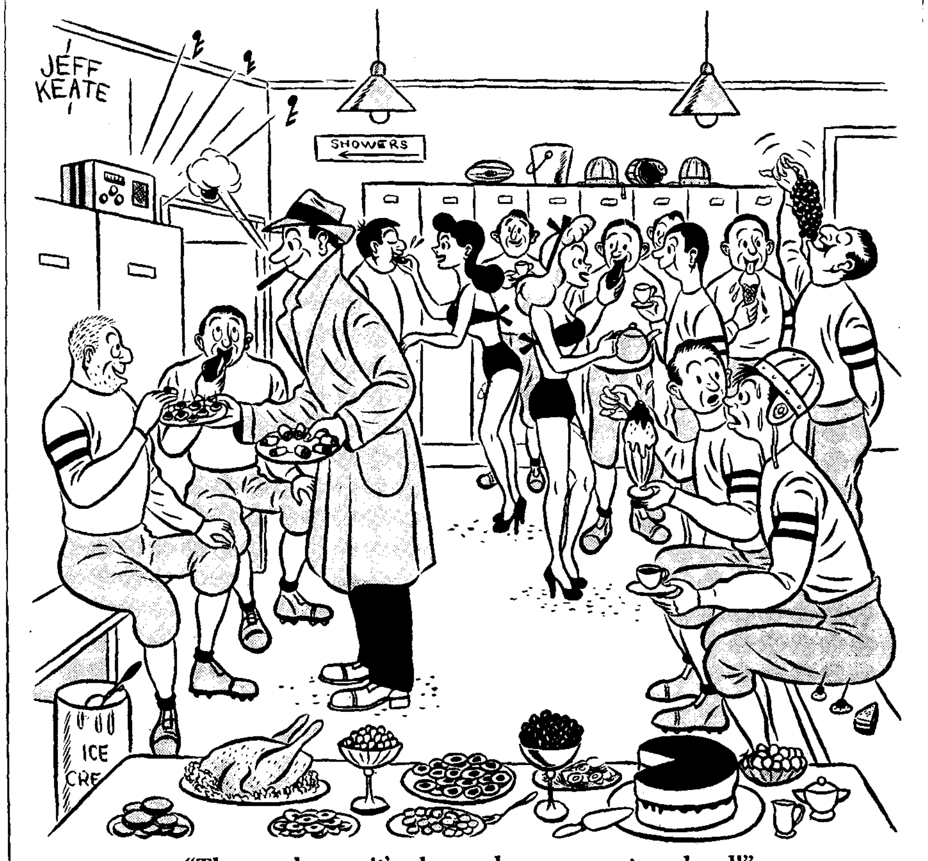
The We-Did-It-Together Idea

This Combat insignia is one of which submarine officers are the proudest. It's a new decoration, created in this war, and they point out, it can only be earned in battle. To earn it, you have to make a war patrol and, more than that, a successful one. Your submarine has to sink Japs. You don't get the Combat Pin just for taking a ride. Another thing, as Commander Chuck Langston points out, "We think more of it than anything else because our crew wears it . . . it's the we-did-it-together idea."

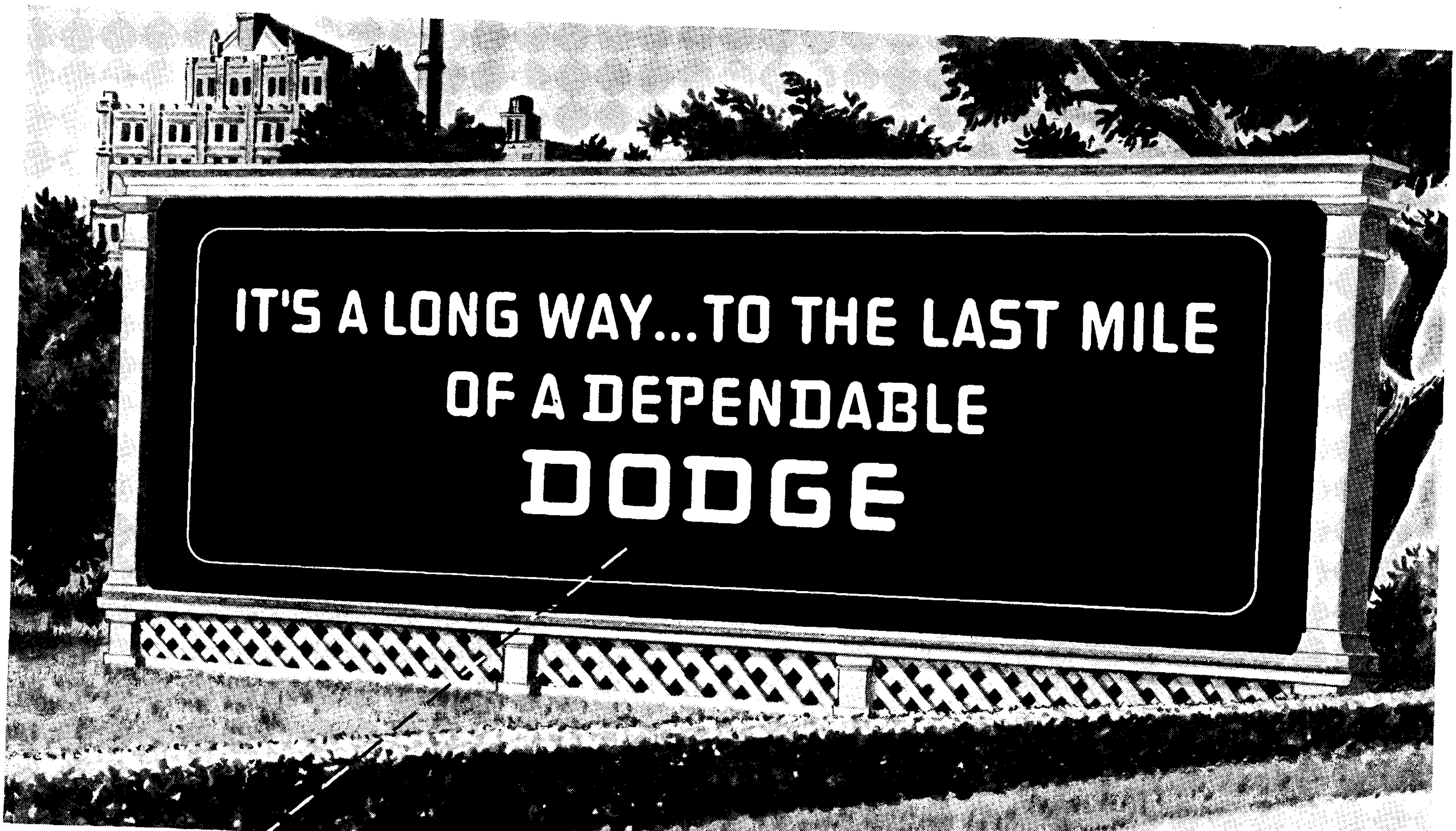
But in spite of the decorations, if you ask Ace Burrows to tell you of some of his high adventures, he'll look blank, smile and recall the dinner he served one night to Commander Tony Miers of the Royal Navy, top British sub skipper and holder of the Victoria Cross. On the almost fabled Whale, Acey had a cook named Willie James, and Willie could do things with food. Acey told him to really put it on for his British confrere. They sat down that night to a dinner that opened the eyes of Commander A. C. (Tony) Miers, R.N., V.C., D.S.O., D.S.C.

First there was Vichysoisse, that lovely cold leek soup, flavored with chives and a touch of onion juice. Then there was fish swimming in a piquant sauce that Willie had invented. Now came a roast beef garnished with potatoes au gratin, French peas (flavored with bacon) and a salad with Roquefort dressing. The lights were dimmed then, and in came Willie James with a platter of flaming *crêpes Suzette*. This was followed by the great New Orleans creation Café Brulot Acey looked surprised when the British commander complimented him on the magnificent dinner.

"Why, these are our regular rations, Tony," Acey said, with nothing but inno-



COLLIER'S "The coach says it's okay as long as we stay ahead!" JEFF KEATE


IT'S A LONG WAY...TO THE LAST MILE
OF A DEPENDABLE
DODGE

KEEP BUYING WAR BONDS

"Truer words were never spoken"

SAYS M. J. McMAHON
CONTRACT HAULER

". . . that's been *my* experience," continues Mr. McMahon, Illinois owner of a fleet of Dodge trucks. "I can't imagine trucks giving any more satisfactory service than I've had from my Dodge *Job-Rated* trucks.

"The truck in the enclosed photograph (see illustration) has run 201,143 miles to date, and has given perfect satisfaction. And, believe it or not, we had one Dodge that piled up 365,000 miles before the bottom pan was taken off.

"High mileage doesn't seem to 'faze' these trucks, and I ought to know, because my Dodge trucks have piled up plenty of miles, and they've been 'tough' miles, too!"

201,143 MILES!
J. McMAHON
McMAHON

Mr. McMahon is a contract hauler. Trucks are his "bread and butter." He's one of many who have written that Dodge *Job-Rated* trucks are piling up 200,000—300,000—yes, half a million miles of dependable, low-cost transportation. Wartime hauling has proved that trucks that *fit the job—last longer!*

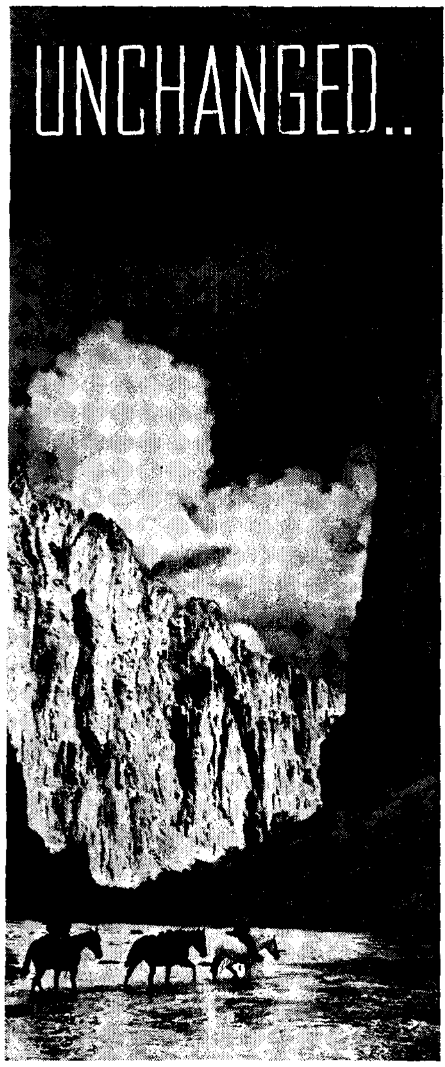
DODGE DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

NEW TRUCKS AVAILABLE . . . The Government has authorized a limited number of new Dodge Job-Rated trucks for civilian hauling. See your Dodge dealer at once for trucks to fit your job. See him, too, for dependable truck and car service by trained mechanics using factory-engineered parts!

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES, CBS, THURSDAY, 9 P.M., E.W.T.

54,000 U. S. COMMUNITIES DEPEND *ENTIRELY* ON TRUCKS FOR FREIGHT TRANSPORTATION!

DODGE *Job-Rated* TRUCKS
FIT THE JOB . . . LAST LONGER



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cence in his wide blue eyes. "We always have meals like this."

I sat around the Officers' Club listening to Acey and his pals. They were men like Lieutenant Commander Walter T. Griffith of Louisiana, who had just added the Silver Star to his Navy Cross and Presidential Unit citation, and Captain Barton E. Bacon, Jr., who was given the Navy Cross for attacking a Jap supply ship and a Jap troop ship. He sank both.

I asked Bacon, Burrows and Griffith to add up the tonnage they had sunk among them. That seemed a silly question to them but they obliged while I kept track with a pencil on the tablecloth. They wouldn't even discuss "probable sinkings" but the tonnage of their "certains" came to 198,000 tons. However, talk of that kind only bored them, for submarine men do not live in the memory of past triumphs.

"Are you guys superstitious?" I asked.

"Oh, no," Captain Bacon said dryly. "Now take Acey here—he isn't a bit superstitious. Tell him about your Willie Knight?"

"Willie Knight was on the Whale with me," Acey said. "When he joined us, I looked over his record and decided he was never going to leave my boat. He'd been on the Lexington. He left it, and a week later she was sunk. Then he was on the cruiser Astoria. He next went to the cruiser Vincennes and after he'd been transferred, damned if she wasn't sunk, in the same engagement in which the Astoria sank. He transferred to submarines and was assigned to the Pickerel. He went on several patrols with her and was shifted to my boat. From her next patrol the Pickerel did not return.

Keeping Willie in Tow

"I looked over this record and decided he wasn't going to transfer away from me. No, sir! We went on a few patrols, and Willie Knight was a good man. Then we went to our base to load up again. Willie came to me with a sad story. He wanted some leave. He wanted to sit out the next patrol at the base. He had a pretty good reason which I won't go into now, but I kept thinking of those other times when he left ships and I said, 'No, Willie boy. When we leave tomorrow you are going to be with us. However, you can have tonight ashore.' I passed the word around to the crew.

"I told them what happened when Willie left a ship. That night when Willie went ashore he had plenty of company. Poor Willie couldn't turn around on shore without bumping into five or six of his shipmates. He came back with them, all right. Oh, yes, indeed. But don't get me wrong. I'm not superstitious. Willie was just a fine boy, and I wanted him along."

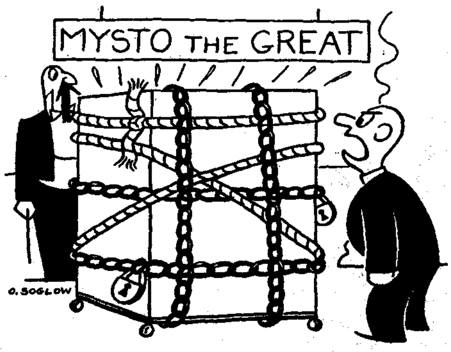
If you insist upon dramatizing their life and the danger, they laugh at you, and someone like Captain Bacon will mention that when war broke out, we had twenty-eight submarines at Manila and we've lost only four of them. Bacon ought to know all about that. He's in charge of the submarine school now, but he had one of those submarines at Manila when war came to the Pacific. He had to get out fast—and he did.

For three months the Japs hunted him. He'd stay on the bottom during the day and run by night. He got rid of his torpedoes and then ran for home, a long and heartbreaking run. A submarine without a torpedo aboard seems naked to the men. One mistake on Bacon's part, and his crew never would have reached home. But he reached Australia after three months.

Danger? Well, the skippers say we've lost only twenty-six submarines in combat to date, out of many times that number.

"It's the men on destroyers who take the real beating," Captain Bacon said, with admiration. "They really take it. We can always go down."

That's true enough. Since warfare began, science has been looking for an invisible weapon of attack. That was the idea of the Trojan Horse. It is the idea of camouflage. But only the submarine has approached invisibility. It strikes from under water. It relies on surprise and ability to escape observation. That's how it works out on paper, anyhow.



"Get Out and Vote!"

Actually in the Pacific where the water is clear and the sun bright, enemy aircraft can spot a submarine a hundred feet below the surface. And when the water is entirely calm, as it so often is in the Pacific, even the slender periscope can be spotted by enemy ships at almost horizon distance. But the submarine men shrug that off, and Captain Styer himself will tell of the letter one of the submarine boys received from his wife after he had transferred to a cruiser: "You get off that cruiser immediately and get back in submarines where you'll be safe. Don't you ever think of your family?"

Relatively speaking, our submarine losses have been nothing, which is scant comfort to families of submarine men who have died, but perhaps real comfort to the families of submarine men still in active service. The men will, however, talk with glee of the damage their service has done to the Japs. Up to late September, American submarines had sunk 761 Nip ships. If we had 200 submarines in combat (I'm only guessing at that figure), that means an average of better than three per boat.

The famed U-boats at the height of their activity never approached a batting average that high and they didn't have to go looking for targets. The North Atlantic was full of them.

The men are mighty proud of their skippers and they like to boast of them. "Klak's" men, for instance. It was Commander Thomas Burton Klakring who brought his submarine so close to the mainland of Japan that he could see a Jap horse race through the periscope. He gave his crew a running report of the race and then he came home to get his third Navy Cross He was made an honorary member of the New York State Racing Commission, and there was a Commander Klakring Day at the Pimlico track near his native town of Annapolis.

Every trainer, every jockey, every tout and even the bookies were so impressed with what Klak had done that they deluged him with "good information." They all wanted him to win. Klak obligingly bet on every race, but he was reeling by the time the horses were at the post for the last scramble. He had been given six bum tips in six races, and he lost the seventh one, too.

The men talk of some of the fabled boats which have achieved distinction. Incidentally, a submarine is not a "ship"; it is a "boat" and it is never a "pigboat." That is antiquated and quite definitely out-of-date slang. Except for calling torpedoes "fish," submarine men don't use much slang. They like to tell you the story of the Squalus, the submarine that rose from the dead to plague the Japs.

The Squalus went to the bottom off Portsmouth, New Hampshire, back in 1939. She wallowed helplessly in 240 feet of water. It was rough on the surface, and rescue ships were getting nowhere.

Lieutenant Oliver F. Naquin was in command of the boat. After a terrific ordeal, with everything against rescue, a diving bell was lowered into place over the escape hatch. Most of the crew were rescued, but the brand-new Squalus just lay there. The public forgot about the boat but the Navy didn't. Four months later the Squalus came to the surface.

Today she's the Sailfish, and many of her original crew are aboard her. They have been given the Presidential Unit citation for sinking a lot of Jap shipping. She has the happiest crew in the world.

"She had it once," they'll tell you laughingly. "She came back from the dead, and nobody dies twice—especially not a submarine."

A Tradition of the Navy

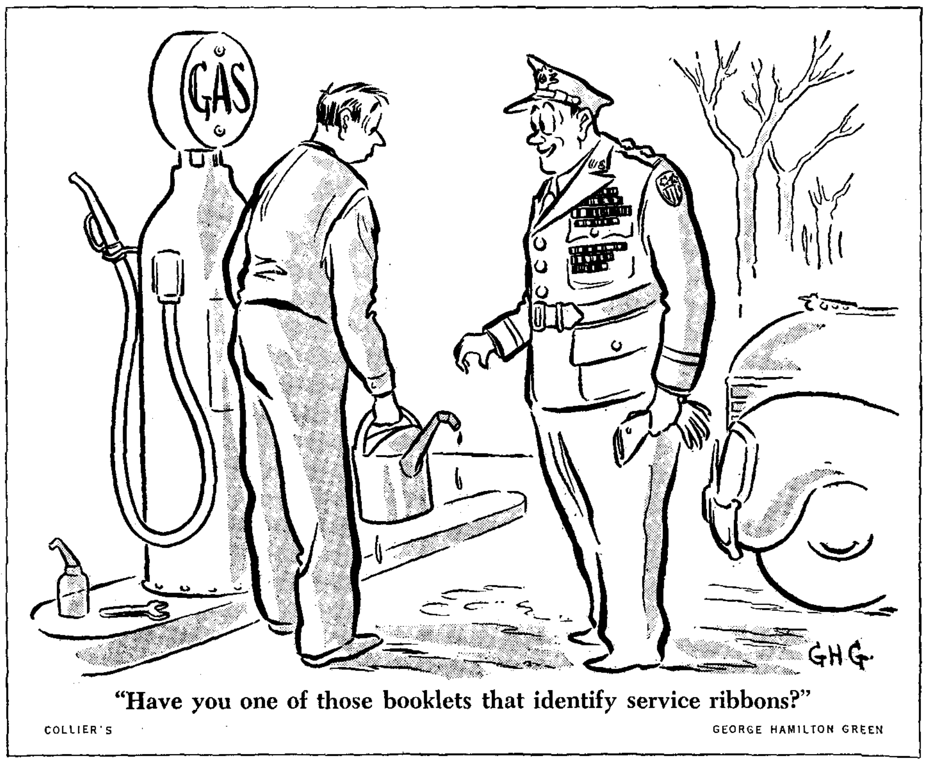
Up at New London, when the sub men pass Gilmore Hall, they sometimes salute and often they recall the man whose name was given to the building. He was Commander Howard "Pop" Gilmore, and his story has been told and retold, and it'll be told a hundred years from now. Anyone at the bases, anyone in the United States Navy, knows the story by heart: About how Gilmore's submarine, on a Pacific patrol, rammed a Jap destroyer.

Gilmore had ordered "Lookouts below" and he was alone and wounded badly there on deck. He saw the damaged but still dangerous Jap ship come toward his boat. There was no time for him to get below. He had strength enough left to give one last order.

"Take 'er down!" he cried, and his crew, trained to obedience, took the boat down and saved her.

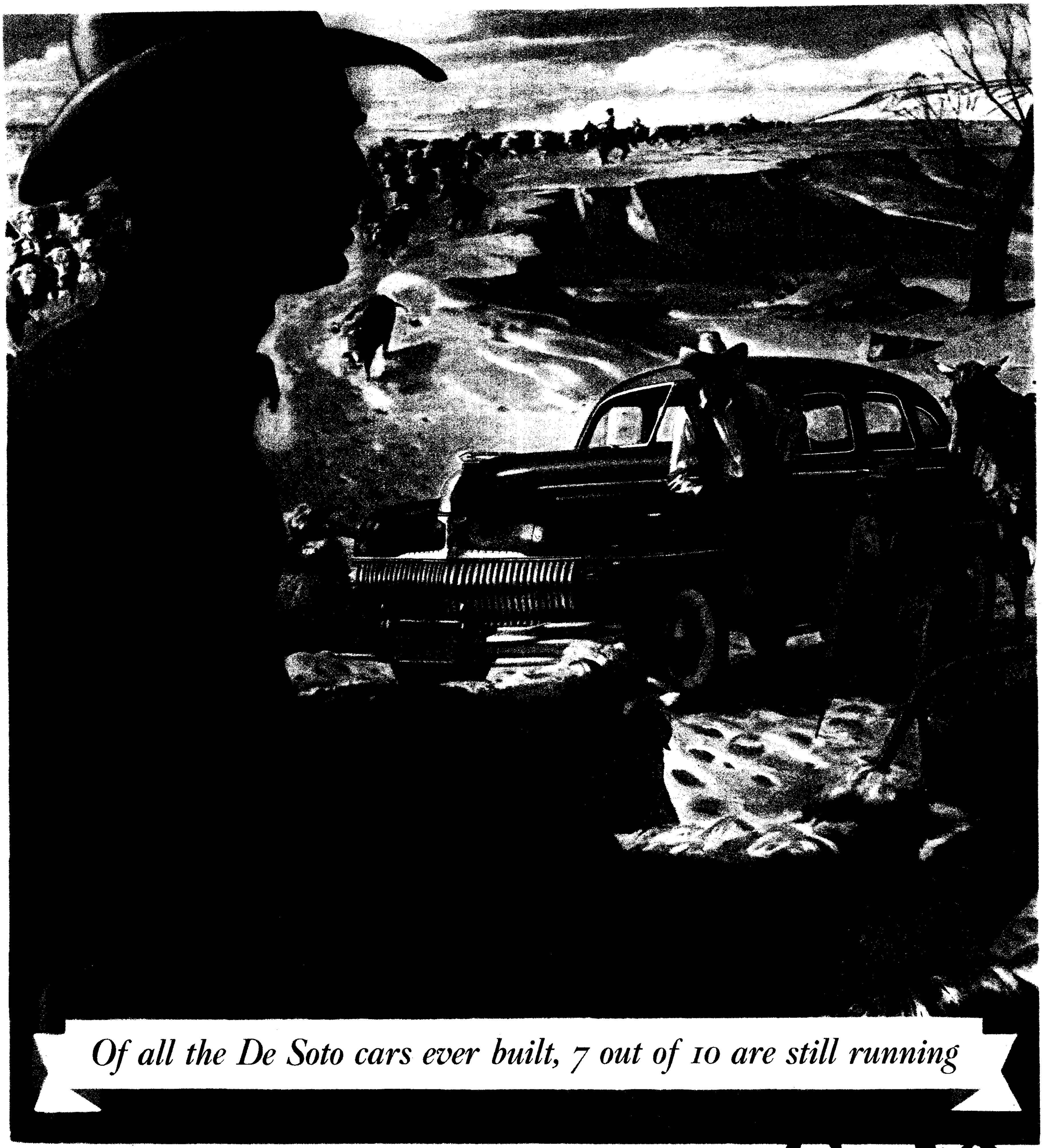
"Take 'er down" is an expression used by submarine skippers all over the world. As long as there are submarines and submarine skippers, that order will not only mean to submerge; it will be a tribute and an epitaph for Howard Gilmore.

THE END



"Have you one of those booklets that identify service ribbons?"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN


Of all the De Soto cars ever built, 7 out of 10 are still running

REMEMBER when 25,000 miles used to make a car "middle-aged"? Plenty of De Sotos have now reached 200,000 miles! And with Uncle Sam saying, "Use it up, wear it out, make it do, or do without"—we're glad we build De Sotos so rugged. Meantime, bomber sections and wings, parts of anti-aircraft guns, nothing but war goods for our fighting men roll out of De Soto factories. But cars will be built again. And a lot of people (who know that 7 out of 10 are still running) will decide on De Soto...

DE SOTO DIVISION, CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Tune in on Major Bowes, every Thursday, 9:00 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern War Time.

BACK THE ATTACK—BUY MORE WAR BONDS THAN BEFORE

De Soto

Designed to Endure

Roast Duck
as prepared in the
Chesapeake Country

Recipe for
Roast Wild Duck by
The Belvedere, Baltimore

heart celery stalks
large hominy
port wine
currant jelly
salt

Clean ducks thoroughly, wipe with damp cloth. Season inside and out with salt. Stuff with stalks of celery and put in very hot oven (500°) for 18 to 20 minutes (total time). Baste with hot water and butter. Season when half done with salt. Slice off breasts and take stock from pan. Add a little port wine, heat this sauce moderately. Pour over sliced breasts. Serve with large hominy in cream and currant jelly.

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Nationally famous
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GOEBEL BEER

For good taste with good food or at any time, ask for Goebel Beer
Available in 7 oz., 12 oz., and 32 oz. bottles. Goebel Brewing Company, Detroit 7, Mich.

The G.I. and the General

Continued from page 11

used cover like those damned Krauts, a lot more guys would get to Paris or Berlin or wherever it is we're going."

"Home," another man said. "That's all I care about going. That's where I'm going. All those other places will be off limits anyway. We're never going in no town."

"Take it easy," another soldier said. "Take it a day at a time."

"Say, correspondent," another soldier called. "One thing I can't understand. You tell me, will you? What are you doing here if you don't have to be here? Do you do it just for the money?"

"Sure," I said. "Big money. Lots of money."

"It don't make sense to me," he said seriously. "I understand anybody doing it that has to do it. But doing it for money don't make sense. There ain't the money in the world to pay me for doing it."

A German high-explosive shell with a time fuse cracked overhead and to our right, leaving a black puff of smoke in the air.

"Those lousy Krauts shot that stuff too high," the soldier who wouldn't do it for money said.

Just then the German artillery started shelling the hill on our left where one of the battalions of the first of the three infantry regiments in the division lay above the town. The side of the hill was jumping into the air in spurting dark fountains from the multiple bursts.

"They'll shoot on us next," one of the tank men said. "They've got good observation on us here."

"Lay down under the back of the tank there if they start to shoot," the big tank man who had told the other soldier to take it a day at a time said. "That's the best place to be."

"She looks sort of heavy," I told him. "Suppose you have to start backing out in a hurry?"

"I'll holler to you," he grinned.

Our 105s opened up behind us in counter-battery fire, and the German shelling stopped. A Piper Cub was circling slowly overhead. Another was off to the right.

"They don't like to shoot when those Cubs are up," the big tank man said. "They spot the flashes, and then our artillery gives them hell or the planes go in after them."

We stayed there a while but the German artillery only opened at intervals on the hill the battalion was holding. We were not attacking.

"Let's go back and see where the rest of the combat command has got to," I said.

"Okay," said Kimbrough, who drove the captured German motorcycle we rode on. "Let's go."

Equipped for Any Emergency

We said "So long" to the tank people and went back through the wheat field and got on the motorcycle, me on the back seat, and rode out into the dust of the road that the armor had churned into thick clouds of gray powder. The sidecar held a mixed lot of armament, photographic equipment, repair equipment, miscellaneous captured German bottled goods, live hand grenades, various automatic weapons, all belonging to Corporal (now Sergeant) John Kimbrough of Little Rock, Arkansas.

It could easily have served as a showcase for an advertisement of the well-armed guerrilla's dream, and I often wondered how Kim planned to deploy himself in the event we had to take other than evasive action on those rides through territory whose possession was in doubt. Versatile though he is and much as I respect his ability to improvise, yet I was sometimes appalled at the prospect of him managing more than three submachine guns, a variety of pistols, a carbine and, once, a German light machine gun, at a time, without dispersing his fire too much. But finally I decided he must be figuring on arming the countryside as we proceeded deeper into enemy territory. And, as it turned out, this worked out very well on one occasion and was worth one whole new stripe to my farseeing and, I then considered, slightly overarmed pal.

We headed back down the road to the town that we had taken that afternoon and I stopped in front of the café across from the church. The road was full of armor passing in their clanking, grinding howl; the noise of one tank dying off into the rising, retching, steel-tortured approach of the next. The tanks had their turrets open, and the crews returned perfunctorily the waves the boys of the village gave each vehicle. An old Frenchman in a black felt hat, a boiled shirt, a black tie, and a dusty black suit, with a bunch of flowers in his right hand, stood on the terrace of the church above the road and saluted each tank formally with the flowers.

"Who is the man by the church?" I asked the woman who owned the café, as we stood in the doorway to let the armor pass.

"He is a little crazy," she said. "But very patriotic. He has been there ever since you came through this morning. He has eaten no lunch. Twice his family have come for him, but he remains there."

"Did he salute the Germans, too?"

"Oh, no," madame said. "He is a man of extreme patriotism, but since several years, slightly touched, you know."

Pause for Refreshment

At a table, three soldiers were sitting with a carafe of cider, half full, and three glasses. "That slave driver," one of them who was unshaven, tall, thin, and limber with drink, was saying. "That dirty damn' slave driver. Sixty miles back of the front and he'll kill every one of us."

"Who you talking about?" Kimbrough said to the soldier.

"That slave driver! That general!"

"How far did you say he was?" Kimbrough asked.

"Sixty miles if he's a damned inch. Sixty miles that we have died on. We're all dead. Don't he know it? Does he give a damn? That slave driver."

"Do you know how far he is back? He isn't three thousand yards back of here now," Kimbrough said. "Maybe he has gone up ahead. We passed him on the road a while back."

"Oh, you dope," the unshaven soldier said. "What the hell do you know about the war? That damn' slave driver is sixty miles back if he is an inch. And look at me! I used to sing with good bands—good, good bands. And my wife is unfaithful to me. I don't have to prove it. She told me. And there's what I believe in, right over there."

He pointed across the road above the tanks where the middle-aged Frenchman was still lifting his flowers at each tank that passed. There was a priest in black, crossing the graveyard behind the church.

"Who you believe in? That Frenchman?" another G.I. asked.

"No, I don't believe in that Frenchman," the soldier who had sung with good bands said. "I believe in what the priest represents. I believe in the Church. And my wife is unfaithful to me not once but many times. I will not let her have a divorce because *that* is what I believe in. And that is why she would not sign the papers. And that is why I am not a bombardier. I went through Bombardier School and she would not sign the papers and right this minute now she is unfaithful to me."

"He can sing, too," one of the G.I.s said to me. "I heard him sing the other night and he can sing all right."

"I cannot say I hate my wife," the soldier who had sung with good bands said. "If she is unfaithful to me now, this minute, while we are here and have just taken this town, I cannot say I hate her, although she has ruined my life and kept me from being a bombardier. But I hate the general. I hate that blackhearted slave driver."

"Let him cry," said one of the other G.I.s. "It makes him feel better."

"Listen," the third G.I. said. "He's got a domestic problem and he has his troubles. But let me tell *you* something. This is the first town I have ever been in. In the infantry we take them, and more often we by-pass them, and then when we come back they are off limits and full of MPs. So far there is not an MP in this town except the traffic at the corner. It isn't right, truly, that we never can go in a town."

"Later on—" I started to say. The soldier who had sung with many good bands cut in.

"There isn't going to be any later on," he said. "That slave driver will kill every one of us. All he is doing it for is to be famous and because he does not know that men are human."

"He hasn't any more to say about whether we are in the line than I have," Kimbrough said. "You don't know what a divisional general does, or that he gets his orders like you or I do."

"All right. You get us out of the line, then. If you know all that, then *you* get us out of the line. I want to go home. If I was at home maybe none of this would ever have happened. Maybe my wife would never have been unfaithful to me at all, ever. Anyway, I don't care about anything now. I do not care about anything at all."

"Why don't you shut up, then?" Kimbrough asked.

"I will shut up," the band singer said. "And I will not say what I think about that general who is killing me every day."

That night we got back to advanced Division Headquarters late. After leaving the G.I.s at the café in the newly taken town, we had followed the armor down to where it had been stalled by mines, a road block and antitank fire.

At Division someone said, "The general wants to see you."

"I'll wash up."

"No. Go over. He's been worrying about you."

I found him in the trailer, stretched out in an old gray woolen union suit. His face that was still handsome when he was rested was gray and drawn and endlessly tired. Only his eyes were alive and his kind, warm voice said, "I was worried about you. What made you so late?"

"We ran into some armor and I came back the long way around."

"Which way?"

I told him.

"Tell me what you saw today with the this and the that" (mentioning the names of the infantry units committed).

I told him.

"The people are very tired, Ernie," he said. "They ought to have a rest. Even one good night's rest would help. If they could have four days . . . just four days. But it's the same old story."

"You're tired yourself," I said. "Get some sleep. Don't let me keep you awake."

"There should never be tired generals," he said. "And especially there should never be sick generals. I'm not as tired as they are."

Just then the telephone rang, and he picked it up, answering with the code name for the G.O.C. of the division.

"Yes," he said. "Yes. How are you, Jim? . . . No. I have them bedded down for the night. I want them to get some sleep . . . No. I am attacking in the morning but I am not assaulting. I am going to by-pass it. I don't believe in attacking towns, you know. You ought to know that by now . . . No. I'll come in below there . . . Yes. That's right."

He slipped off the blanketed shelf bed and over to the huge wall map, still holding the telephone, and I watched his compact, bellyless body in the gray woolen underwear, remembering what a spit-and-polish general this had been before the division had been in action.

He went on talking into the telephone: "Jim? . . . Yes. The only trouble you have ahead of you really is that cloverleaf-shaped business. You'll have to work around that. Now you know there's been some talk of something . . . Yes. I understand. Now if this happens, and when you're up with me, you can have all my artillery if you need it . . . Yes. Absolutely . . . That's quite right . . . No. Of course, I mean it. I wouldn't say it otherwise . . . That's right . . . Good . . . Good night."

A Promise of Some Rest

He hung up. His face was gray-glazed with tiredness. "That was the division on our left. They've done very well but they had slow going through the forest. When they come up and pass us, we are supposed to have four days' rest. The infantry needs it very badly. I'm very happy that they will have it."

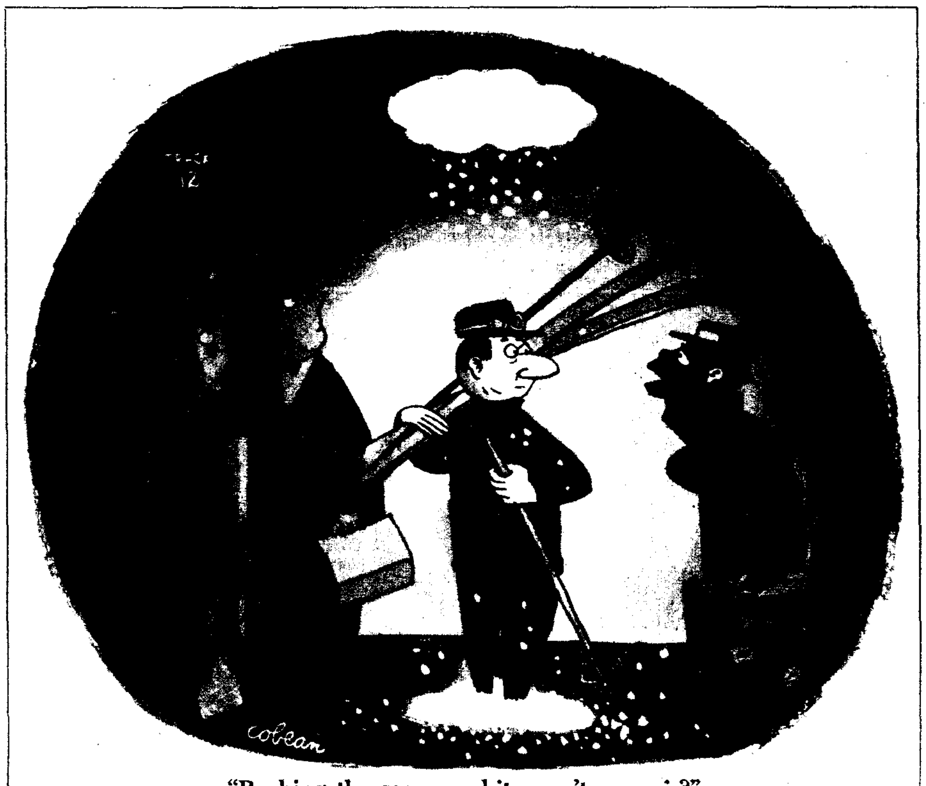
"You ought to get some sleep now," I said.

"I have to get to work now. Keep off those lonesome roads and watch yourself."

"Good night, sir," I said. "I'll be by early in the morning."

Everybody thought that the division was going to be pulled out for four days, and the next day there was much talk of showers, clubmobiles, beautiful Red Cross girls including Whitney Bourne, who had played in the movies in a picture called Crime Without Passion, and we were all deeply moved by the prospect, ignoring the year in which the picture had been made. But it didn't turn out that way. There was a big German counterattack instead and, as I write this, the division is still in the line.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Rushing the season a bit, aren't you, sir?" SAM COBEAN

Last time you had a cold, Your Honor,

You decided to give KOOLS a Trial . . .

If they were the Clue to cooler smoking then . . .

(*when your throat was raw*)

Wouldn't it be a Crime not to smoke 'em all the time?

KOOL MILD MENTHOL Cigarettes Tipped

UNION MADE

Here's the verdict:

Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS *for good!*

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

Victory is sweeter

TOUCHDOWN! Taking the ball behind his own goal line, weaving his way through a broken field, taking "evasive action" against tacklers, this player simulated actual playing conditions as closely as possible in a length-of-the-field test run. The odd-looking apparatus which he wears is the "Dextrose Energy Meter". It shows he is using up energy at the rate of 6½ ounces of dextrose per hour—over six times as much as you are now using while quietly reading.

LONG USED IN NUTRITIONAL RESEARCH, the Energy Meter collects the exhaled breath in a balloon-like bag. Analysis of the contents of the bag enables calculation of the amount of body fuel consumed. Since dextrose is the basic fuel of the body, the apparatus is popularly known as the "Dextrose Energy Meter".

DEXTROSE is a sparkling white, crystalline sugar, mildly sweet, refreshing to taste. Dextrose is food energy in its purest form.

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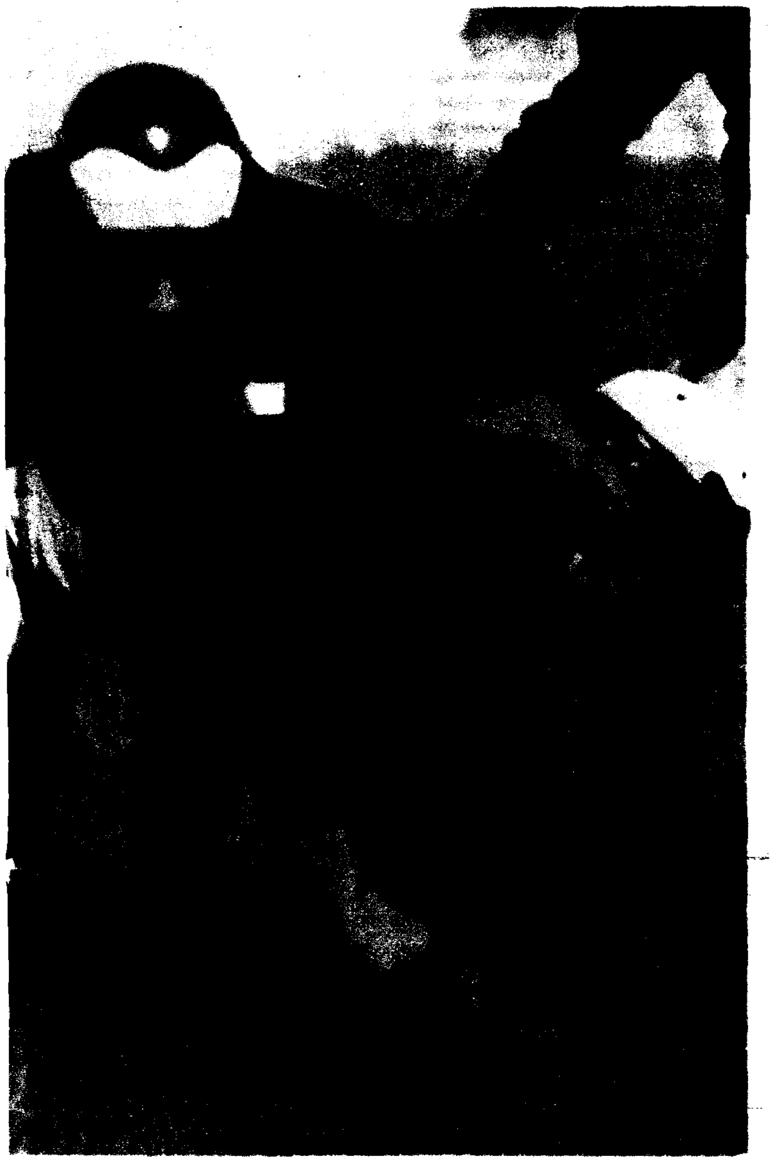
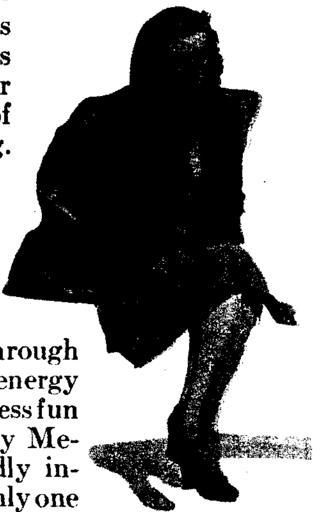
than you think . . .



WHAT IS THE POWER that sends a team smashing down the field to the final winning touchdown? Science tells us it is a sugar—dextrose—the simple, natural sugar which Nature provides in many fruits and vegetables. Without dextrose not a play could be made, not a signal called, not a whistle blown. Without dextrose not a quiver can pass through a muscle nor a thought through the brain. Now science can measure the amount of dextrose required to power any given activity, as has been done in this series of tests on football players conducted under the supervision of Howard Odell, Head Football Coach of Yale. Tests like these are such an accurate means of determining the body's need for energy food that they have been used by the Army in testing the nutritional value of its field rations. The amount of dextrose the body uses depends on the degree of activity. Dextrose consumption falls to about half an ounce an hour during sleep but has been found to rise as high as ten ounces during brief periods of very violent exertion.

YALE'S FAMOUS COACH, Howard Odell, says, "The high rate of service rejections should shock America into taking better care of its most precious asset—its youth. Physical training and sound nutrition go together in building sturdy, healthy manhood and womanhood".

EXCITABLE SPECTATORS use almost as much energy as the players. This girl needs two ounces of dextrose to see her through an hour of strenuous cheering.

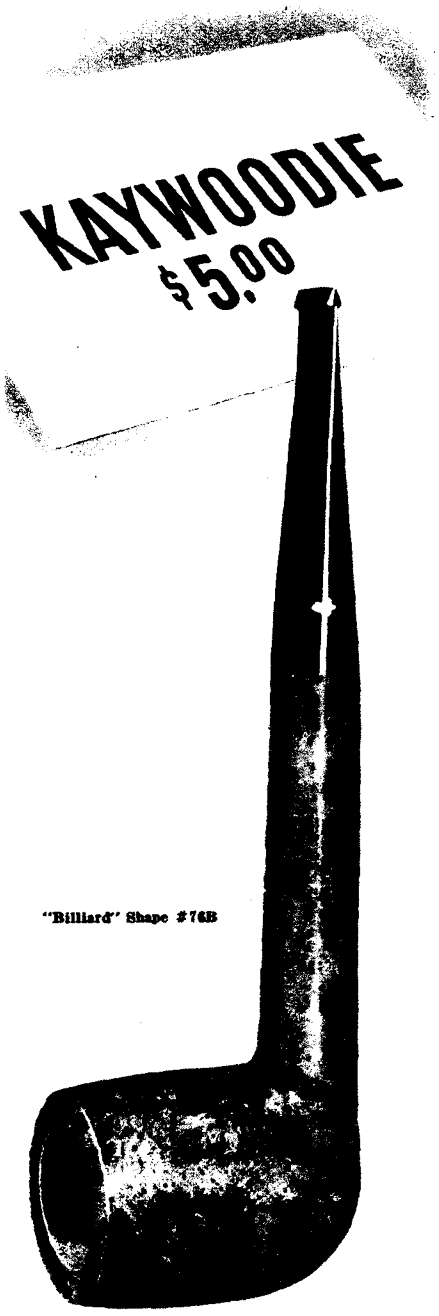


PLACID SPECTATORS sit through the game at half the energy cost but probably get less fun out of it. The Energy Meter clocked this mildly interested observer at only one ounce of dextrose per hour.

A BALANCED DIET must include all nutrients essential for health and enough fuel for all bodily activity. Dextrose—the sugar your body uses directly for energy—is an important ingredient in many foods, including canned fruits and juices, soft drinks, baked goods, candy, jams, jellies and table syrups. To these and many other foods, dextrose adds food-energy value and generally improves texture and flavor. Look for mention of dextrose on the labels of the foods you buy. It means genuine food energy at no extra cost.

Corn Products Refining Company
One of the producers of

dextrose
food-energy sugar



"Billiard" Shape #76B

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You know it like your own front yard, if you smoke a Kaywoodie. So welcome, satisfying and good, the flavor is unforgettable. Every Kaywoodie Pipe is fashioned and proportioned so that it draws out the best from tobacco, remaining cool, and being entirely free of any taste which would interfere with the fine flavor of your smoke. Kaywoodie briar is Nature's best, non-fibrous, fine in texture, and suited to a fine pipe. Comes only from the regions around the Mediterranean Sea. Always the same. Known 'round the world.—If you've been unable to find Kaywoodies lately, it's because of great demand by the Armed Forces. We're sure you'll agree that we must serve our fighters, first! Kaywoodie Company, New York and London. *630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.*

War Bonds come first

KAYWOODIE
BRIAR

Nest Egg

Continued from page 15

I smiled back at her. With relief as well as with pleasure, Laurie Loomis was all right. My little nest egg was safe.

"First," I said, "I just want to look."

I went to the window and looked out. From the office, which I'd rented when I went into business for myself because it was high up, all of Broadway stretched away below me like a valley. Up and down the side streets I could see the signs over the theaters and the night clubs, the names of the men and women performing under their roofs, and I could even read a few, especially the huge one over The Palm Plaza that said "O. P. Roman, World's Greatest Magician," the names of my clients, the talent Danny Hardy had put under those roofs.

"Well," Laurie said, "how does it look?"

There was really no way to answer a question like that. But for Laurie, I'd try.

"They don't make anything that looks better than this," I said slowly. "Till they do, no matter from how far away or after how long, this is the place Danny Hardy comes back to."

"It'll be here for you," Laurie said, and neither of us spoke for a few moments. "You've peeled five minutes off your ten hours," Laurie said finally. "What's next?"

"Next I want you to draw a nice fat check on the firm account," I said. "Then you're going to take it and your boss down to the bank, where we'll cash it and go out and buy a present. Something big, something shiny, something expensive, something for my Laurie."

"Danny, aren't you even going to ask how's business?"

"You learn in the Army not to ask superfluous questions," I said. "I've got my clients and I've got my Laurie to take care of them while I'm away. I don't have to ask about business."

"You've got your Laurie," she said. "That much is true."

The tone of her voice brought me away from the window. She was standing at her desk, playing with a stack of freshly typed letters. I took her arm.

"Try it again, Laurie," I said. "What are you telling me?"

She picked up the letters and held them out. I leafed through them quickly, reading a few. They were all short. And they were all the same. "Daniel Hardy, performers' representative, is impressed with your ability and feels that, if you are not otherwise represented already, an arrangement of mutual benefit can be worked out if you will call and make an appointment with our Miss Loomis." I could feel the creases knotting my forehead. The back of my neck began to grow warm.

"Laurie," I said, holding on to my voice. "Laurie baby, we don't do business this way."

"You mean," she said, "we didn't."

SHE was looking down at the desk. I dropped the letters and pulled her around to face me.

"We didn't and we don't," I said. "Copying names out of trade papers and soliciting clients by mail, Laurie, that's peanuts, that's small time, that's not us, Laurie. We're in business. We've got a rep in this town. We've got standing. We don't have to do this."

"We didn't have to," she said quietly. "Sixteen months ago. When you were here, Danny. Before you went away."

"I see," I said, and for a little while I couldn't say any more, because it's never nice to be hit in the middle, hard, when you're not looking.

"How bad is it, Laurie?"

"Bad enough," Laurie said. "Very bad."

"When did it start?"

"A few months after you left," she said. "They started dropping away one by one. I talked to them, argued with them, but they all had the same lines. 'You know how it is,' they told me. 'We like Danny, sure. We hate to do it. But we need representation on the spot. We need a man who's around.' So they went. One by one."

I squeezed her shoulder and looked around the room, at the pictures on the wall. Dozens of them: singers, dancers, jugglers, actors, actresses, all smiling, all grateful, all inscribed at the bottom. "To Danny Hardy, who made me what I am today." "To Danny, without whom I never could have done it."

I walked to the window and looked down into the valley of Broadway again. "Exactly where do we stand, Laurie?" I said, still looking out the window. "They all gone?"

"Pretty much," she said behind me. "There's very little left."

The big sign over The Palm Plaza caught my eye. "O. P. Roman, World's Greatest Magician."

"Opie, too?" I said. "The World's Greatest Magician?"

"No," Laurie said. "He's the only one that stuck, Danny."

I turned back from the window. "You mean all we've got left is one client?"

She nodded.

"Who got them all?" I said. "Where did they go?"

"You know where they go on Broadway when they leave anybody," she said. "There's only one place."

"Cozzika?"

Laurie nodded.

I crossed to the door and hauled it open.

"Where are you going, Danny?"

"Wait for my call. I've got only nine hours left now," I said. "I'll try not to waste any time."

"IT'S good to see you," Sam Cozzika said. "I'm glad you dropped in, Danny."

It would have been more convincing if he'd conveyed some of that enthusiasm to the switchboard operator and the reception clerk who tried to keep me out of his private office.

"I'm glad to be here," I said. "It may even be good to see you, Sam."

He laughed and pushed the cigar humidor across the desk toward me. I shook my head and watched him light one for himself. His gray hair seemed almost white against the small, dark, pinched-up face that looked like an old wallet that's been carried in a hip pocket too long.

"You never were a boy to hand out the compliments, Danny," he said around the cigar. "I see the Army hasn't changed you."

There were changes you couldn't see.

"It's done a lot for my muscles," I said. "You ought to try it, Sam. You're getting fat."

"I'm too old," he said. "It's young boys like you they want."

They had me, and they were welcome to me, but there was nothing in the Army regulations that said Sam Cozzika could have my business while I was away.

"You want to watch out for the young boys, Sam," I said. "When they come back, they're not going to like the guys who picked their pockets while they were gone."

"I'll watch out for them, Danny," he said through his smile. "And it's the ones that were polite that I'll remember best."

"That's fine," I said. "Because I'll be expecting you to turn back my clients to me when I come home, and I wouldn't want there to be any slip-ups because your memory went bad."

His eyes spread wide, pulling the top of his face into a new arrangement of wrinkles. "Your clients, Danny?" he said. "What clients?"

I waved my hand around the room, at the pictures on the wall. "All of these that were inscribed to dear Danny before they were changed to dear Sam," I said. "Notice how polite I'm being?"

"I notice," he said. "The only thing is, Danny, I don't hear you so good."

"I'll repeat it more slowly when I come back," I said. "And while I'm gone, Sam, I expect you to send a check to my office every week for my cut on what they earn while I'm away."

"You shouldn't be in the business of selling comedians to night clubs," Sam Cozzika said. "You should be a comedian yourself, Danny."

"I might take a crack at it after I come back," I said. "But I'm afraid it won't make you laugh." I stood up. "In the meantime, Sam, don't forget that check every week. You can work out all details about the amount and so on with Laurie Loomis. And I'll be expecting the return of those clients when this is all over and I'm back on Broadway again."

He looked at the end of his cigar as though it were a rare gem, something he'd never seen before. Through pursed lips he blew a fine stream of smoke at the ash, as though he were testing its fragility.

"Now that the jokes are over, Danny," he said, "I want to tell you something."

"Make it short," I said. "I've only got about eight hours, Sam."

"When you came in I said I was glad to see you," he said. "I was and I am, Danny. Because I have a little business matter to take up with you."

"I give all my spare blood to the Red Cross," I said. "There's nothing left for you, Sam."

"There's Opie Roman," he said. "I think you ought to let him come with me."

"Why don't you take him?" I said pleasantly. "The way you took the others."

Sam Cozzika smiled and shook his head gently. He wagged his finger at me. "You've got me all wrong, Danny," he said. "I didn't take the others. I never take anybody. They just happened to come to me."

The way mice happen to come to cheese in a trap.

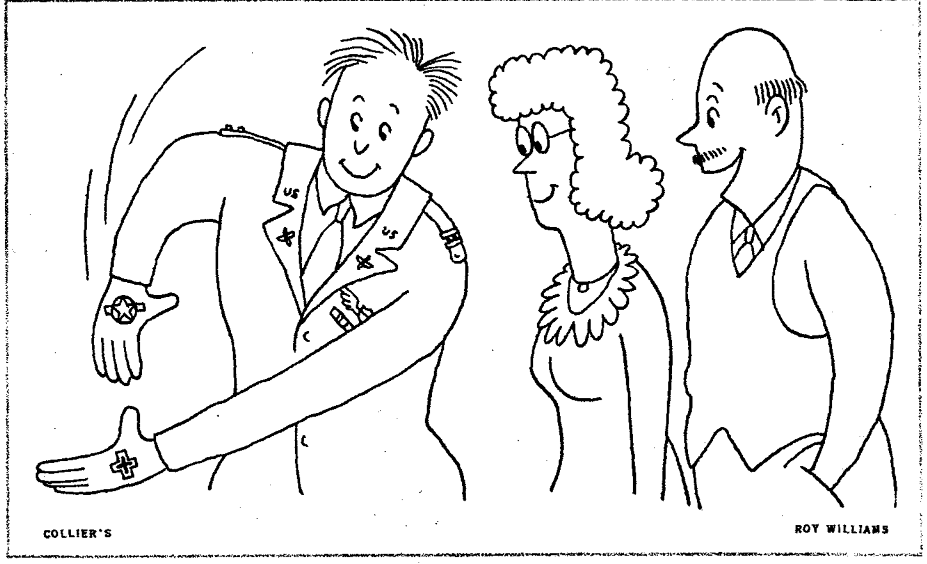
"Why don't you do that with Opie?" I said. "Get him to come to you."

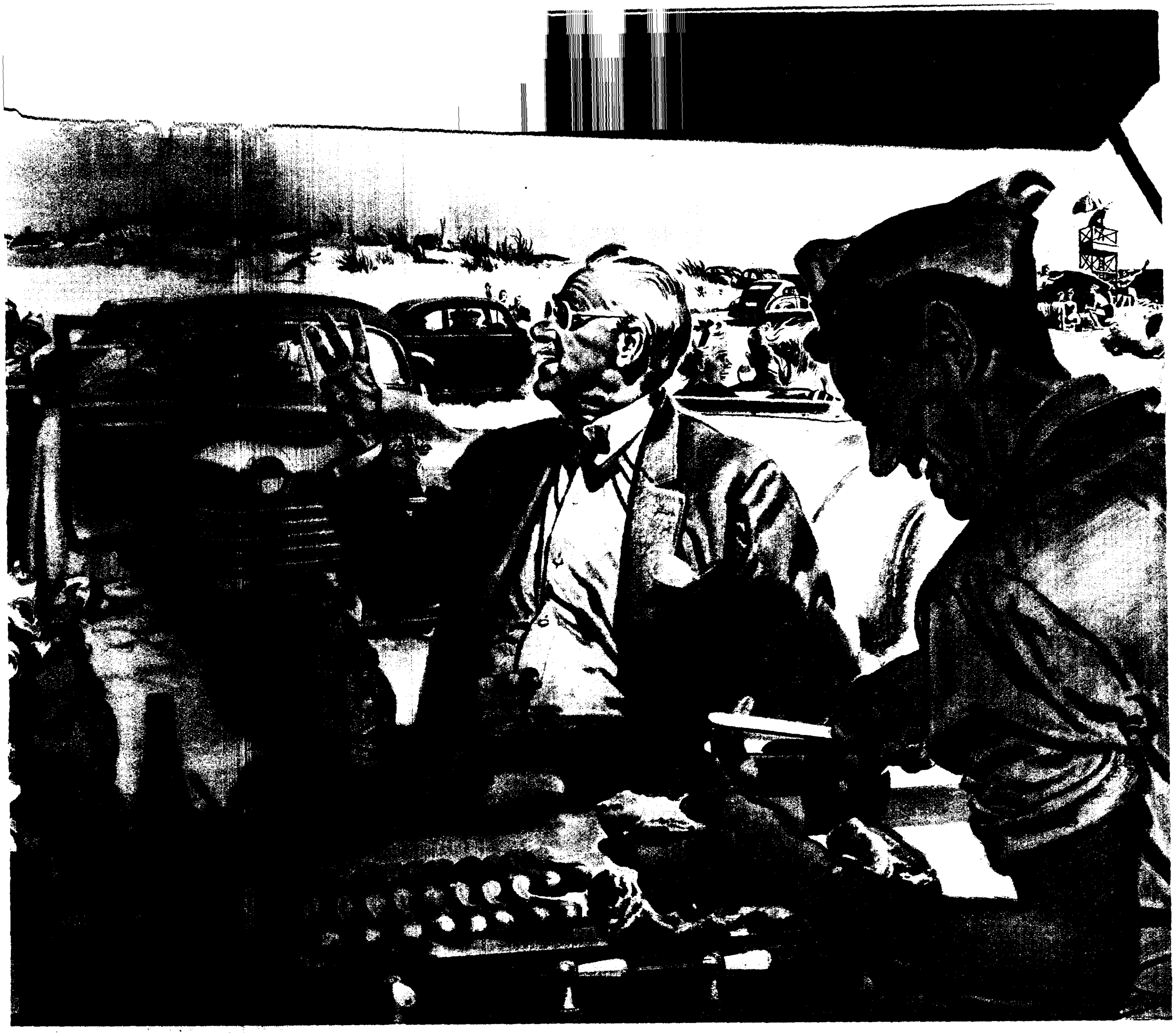
He shrugged and knocked the ash off his cigar on the edge of a heavy square ash tray.

"Opie is a funny duck," Sam Cozzika said. "He's not a young man. He's got old-fashioned ideas. He's got what you call, I don't know. What's the word?"

"Loyalty," I said. "You never heard of it."

"Maybe that's why I don't recognize it," Sam Cozzika said evenly. "It's not the word I was thinking of. Opie's got no brains. That's the word I meant. Brains. He doesn't know what's good for him. His contract with The Palm Plaza comes up for renewal in a couple of weeks. I can get him twice what he's getting now. Maybe more. And they want him on the Coast. I can put him in





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the right spot out there. He's hot, Danny. They want him and I can sell him to them for big money."

"Why don't you?" I said.

"Because, like I said, poor old Opie's got no brains," Sam Cozzika said. "He says you're handling him and whatever you tell him to do, that's what he'll do." He paused and waited, tapping the end of his cigar delicately on the edge of the ash tray. I let him wait. "I'd be willing to split Opie's commissions with you," he said finally. "There you'd be entitled to it, Danny, because Opie isn't like the others. Him I can't get unless you tell him to come. What do you say, Danny? What's your answer?"

I picked up my garrison cap and put it on.

"I don't know," I said. "I can't remember, Sam, in which language you understand it best when you're told to go to hell."

CHUCK WALDRON paced the floor of his office, his thumbs hooked into the lower pockets of his vest, his face squeezed into a scowl, while we waited for Laurie. I sat back and watched him. Chuck was more than a smart lawyer. He was my friend.

"Tell your secretary to give Laurie another ring," I said. "She should be here by now."

"Don't be so nervous and stop interrupting me," Chuck said. "Laurie'll be here. We only called her five minutes ago. I'm trying to figure this out."

He did some more pacing. Then the door opened and Laurie came in.

"Hello," she said. "What's playing?"

Sixteen months of not being able to draw any money for clothes out of our business hadn't hurt her appearance. Laurie looked mighty good in her trim little year-and-a-half-old bolero suit.

"You catch her up," Chuck said, without raising his head. "I'm thinking."

I told Laurie where I'd been, what I'd said to Sam Cozzika, and what he'd said to me. I didn't do any editing.

"It's in the brains department now," I said, nodding toward Chuck. "Our lawyer is thinking."

Chuck stopped pacing and looked up.

"First, Danny," he said slowly, "the bluff won't do any good. Cozzika is too smart, he's too old, and he's been around too long. He won't fork over your cut every week while you're away, and he won't return your clients when you come back, just because you talked hard."

It didn't take four years over Blackstone and the services of one of the smartest lawyers on Broadway to tell me that.

"I didn't expect it to work," I said. "I did it just to let him know where I stood and how I felt. But what about the legal end?"

Chuck Waldron shook his head.

"That's the second thing, Danny. I'm afraid not," he said. "Cozzika hasn't stolen any of your clients. They came to him. Because you were away, and they needed representation on the spot to carry on their activities successfully. Is that right, Laurie?"

"It isn't," Laurie said. "But that's the way they talked when they left, and that's the way they'll talk if they're pulled into court."

"That's all I'm interested in," Chuck said. "The way they'll talk if and when they're pulled into court." He turned to me. "So that's out, Danny."

"All right," I said. "Tell me what's in."

"Only one thing," Chuck said. "If you can prove that Cozzika has been collecting from them on jobs that you got for them before you went into the Army, we can recover those amounts and only those amounts."

I looked at Laurie. "Can we prove it?"

"No," Laurie said. Cozzika was smart that way. "He took them one at a time, as the jobs in which Danny had placed them expired. Every one of them was free at the time Cozzika signed him."

Chuck Waldron blinked through his glasses. "Then that's it, Danny," he said. "Cozzika is in the clear."

"This is what you're telling me, Chuck," I said carefully. "The law is no protection against piracy."

He shook his head. "No, Danny," he said. "I'm telling you again what I told you years ago, when you first went into business. You can't hold onto your clients by friendship alone. Not in the eyes of the law, Danny. Cozzika signs all his clients to a personal contract with him. I told you to sign yours. You didn't take my advice. You never had any contracts with your clients, Danny."

That wasn't why I now didn't have any clients.

"Let me get this straight," I said. "If I'd had contracts with them, Cozzika couldn't have taken them away?"

"That's right, Danny. You should have had contracts."

Then it was about time for me to begin.

"Laurie, baby," I said, turning to her. "Will you go back to the office and wait there for Uncle Danny?"

"If you say so, yes," Laurie said, getting up. She looked at me with a puzzled frown, then glanced at her wrist watch. "It's almost six o'clock, Danny. You've got a train to catch."

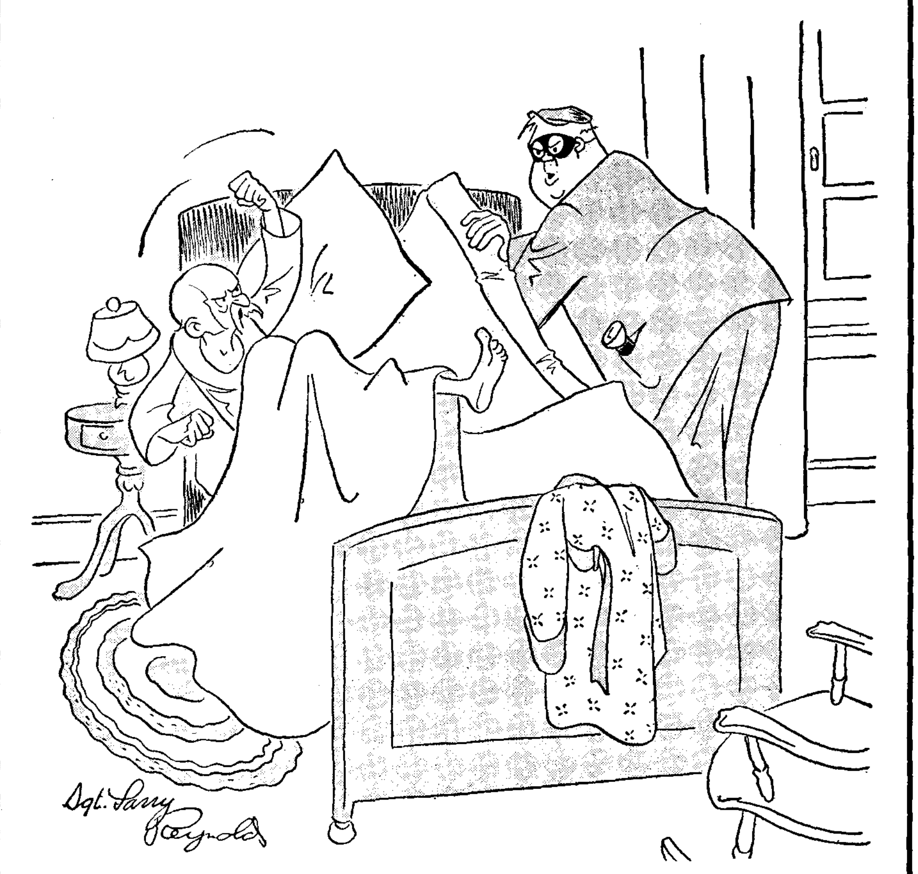
But first I had to catch something else: a thief.

"I've still got six hours," I said. "I'll pick you up at the office in a little while, Laurie, and we'll eat."

"What are you going to do, Danny?"

"I'm just going to do some more talking to my lawyer," I said. "Be a good girl, now, and run along."

BUTCH **by SGT. LARRY REYNOLDS**



"Well, hereafter hide yer money in a bureau drawer an' I won't needs distoib you"

COLLIER'S

She looked from me to Chuck and back at me. She smiled uncertainly, then nodded to both of us and went out.

"I'm sorry about this," Chuck said. "It's a dirty deal, but you left yourself wide open, Danny. You should have had contracts."

A small dose of brains wouldn't have hurt me, either.

"I see that now," I said. "And I'm going to remedy it."

Chuck squinted at me across the glasses. "How do you mean, Danny?"

"You said I should have had contracts," I said. "All right, Chuck. Draw me one. I'll wait for it. I've still got six hours."

AFTER the headwaiter recognized me under all the khaki, his frozen face cracked into what is known in his profession as a warm smile. He offered to have a table set up for me down in front, but I told him not to bother.

"I've eaten," I said. "I'll just catch the show."

"As you wish, Mr. Hardy," he said from under his slight bow. "It is a pleasure to see you again, sir."

"Thanks," I said. "You, too."

He disappeared into the crowd. I looked around. The Palm Plaza was jammed and behind me, in the doorway from the lobby, a gang was packed elbow to elbow.

There was a good reason for the kind of business The Palm Plaza was doing. I'd given it to them and I'd come to see it. I stopped a tray loaded with drinks and spoke to the waiter under it.

"When does Roman go on?"

"Ten-thirty, sir," he said. "Any moment now, sir."

He hurried away and I looked at my watch. It was exactly ten-thirty. The orchestra blared and the lights started to go down. The chatter at the tables died away.

When the huge room was dark, a white spot hit the center of the floor, and I could see Opie making his way through the crowd toward the cleared space in the middle. His tall, thin figure was poured into a beautiful set of tails, his white hair was brushed straight back, the way I'd told him to wear it, and his lean, handsome face was set in a friendly smile. He carried absolutely nothing in his hands. That was another trick I'd taught him. He stopped in the white glare of the spot and the whole room burst into applause. He bowed and held up his hand for silence. He got it.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said in his precise, dignified voice. "Good evening and welcome."

It wasn't much of a speech, but I'd told him how to make it. Magicians, they said on Broadway, were a dime a dozen. You couldn't give them away. Maybe they were and maybe you couldn't. But I'd taken O. P. Roman from a pin-ball parlor on Sixth Avenue, a sick old man with nothing but trouble and failure behind him, and I'd neither given him away nor sold him for that twelfth part of a dime. Danny Hardy didn't know much, but he knew talent. And even if nobody else, not even Opie himself, had ever suspected it, I'd seen right away that this shy old man had whatever it was that the fancy phrasemakers called "the stuff."

I'd staked him and I'd coached him and now here he was at The Palm Plaza, where he should have been forty years earlier, his health and his self-respect returned to him, his biggest worry the income tax, and the back of his neck warm from the hot, panting breath of Sam Cozzika.

Opie bowed, made all the things disappear that he'd made appear, bowed again, and walked out as he had come, empty-handed.

I could tell from the applause that they were bringing him back for an encore, but I didn't wait. All I had left now was a little more than an hour and I had to move fast. I pushed my way through the crowd, came out into the street, went around to the side door and was in his dressing room when he walked in. The look on his face when he saw me made it all worth while, even without the commissions, and those were not tin.

"Danny," he said, and he put his arms around me. "Danny boy."

"That's a song for an Irish tenor," I said with a grin. "You're a magician, Opie. Don't get your bookings mixed."

He laughed and hugged me and I laughed and hugged him back. It took a few minutes to calm him down. I explained about my twenty-four-hour pass, told him I had a midnight train to catch, assured him my health was fine, answered the usual questions about the Army.

"Before I go, Opie," I said, "there's a small business matter that I think we ought to clean up."

"Certainly, Danny," he said. "Whatever you say."

I pulled from my pocket the folded contract Chuck Waldron had drawn.

"You and I, Opie, we've never had a contract," I said, looking down at the stiff sheets of paper in their blue backing. "We've never needed one and we still don't. But with me being away all the time now, Opie, I'd rather not leave things up in the air. There's been no trouble so far because Laurie is here to take care of things, but something might come up. She may have to sign something for you, deposit checks or draw money for you, something like that, and they might question her authority. So I thought, just for the duration, as a war measure, to give Laurie the legal authority, we'd sign a contract, you and me." I looked up from the folded sheets. "I had Chuck Waldron draw this up a little while ago, and if you'll just sign here, why—" The expression on his face stopped me. "What's the matter, Opie?"

HE LOOKED puzzled and he was tugging nervously at the lobe of his ear. "I don't know, Danny," he said slowly. "I just signed a contract that Laurie brought over here."

Take it easy, I said to myself, take it easy. I gave myself a moment or two.

"She did?" I said casually. "When was that?"

"Just before I went on for the dinner show," Opie said. "About seven o'clock."

That explained why she hadn't been at the office when I came to pick her up for dinner. It didn't explain several other things, though.

"I guess Laurie and I got our wires crossed." I smiled at him. His face cleared slightly. "I didn't realize she'd been here. We just wanted to make sure that one of us reached you, Opie."

He stopped tugging his ear. "Oh, I see," he said with relief. "Well, she beat you to it, Danny."

I hadn't realized I'd been in a race.

"That's fine," I said, getting up. "Then it's all under control. Well, I guess I'd better be hopping if I want to make that train."

And if I wanted to find out what was happening to the last of my business.

"Danny," he said. Opie stood up and put his hand on my arm. "Why did you want me to sign that contract?"

"I just told you," I said. "So there won't be any slip-ups while I'm—"

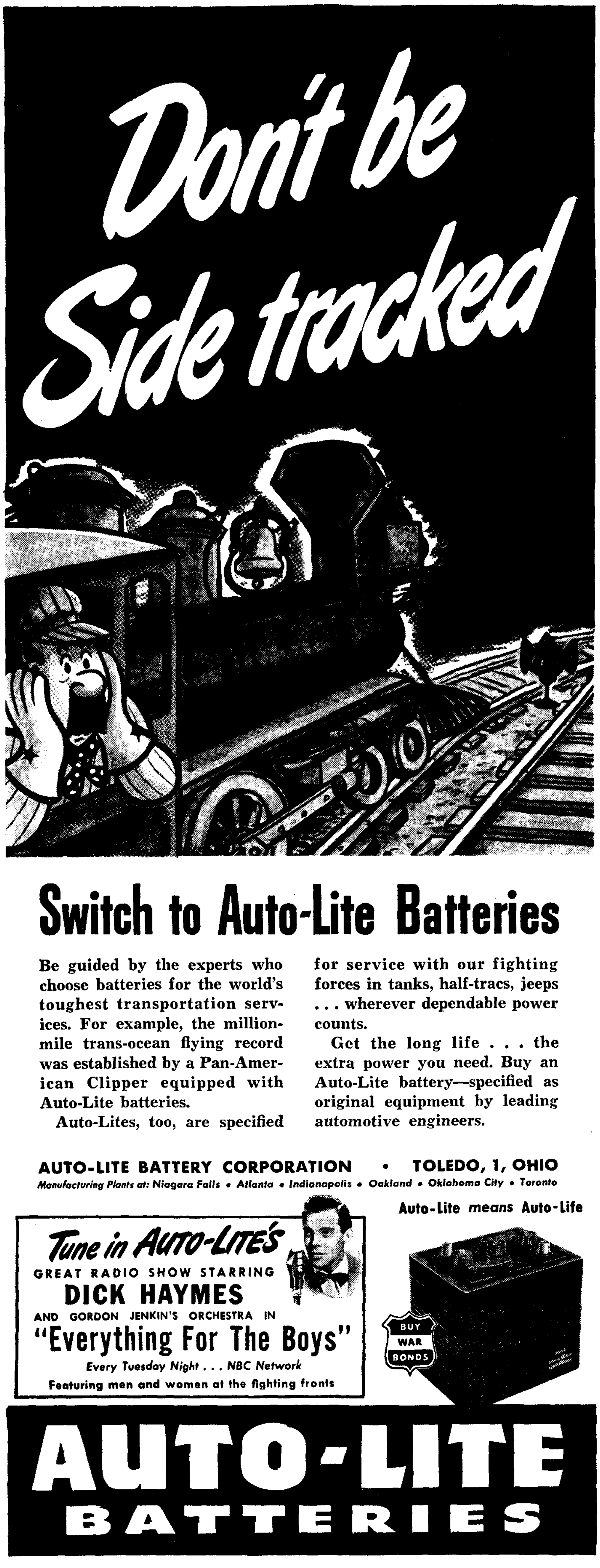
I stopped. Opie was tugging his ear again.

"It was a contract with Sam Cozzika," he said. "Making him my representative, Danny, making me his client."

Sixteen months of Army training taught you a few things, all right. You learned how not to fall over in a dead faint at the wrong time.

"With Cozzika," I said, watching my voice. "What did Laurie say when she told you to sign it?"

"She said she'd seen you, and you'd said you were going over, and there was no tell-



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ing—well—" He made a little gesture with his hands. "She said there's no telling what might happen while you were away and you didn't want to leave me in the lurch. So you'd sent her over, she said, to have me sign with Cozzika because he was around, and would be around, and there'd be somebody to take care of my interests while you were away." He paused. The terrified look came back into his eyes. "Danny," he said, tugging hard at his right ear lobe, "Danny, wasn't I supposed to do it? Laurie said you told her to tell me—"

"Don't talk dumb, Opie," I said. I patted his arm and smiled at him. "Naturally I told her. With me off Broadway, Cozzika's the best there is in the business. I wanted you to be protected."

His face cleared. He smiled back.

"For a moment I was worried," he said with a sigh. "I thought something had gone wrong."

Nothing much. The last piece of my nest egg had just disappeared, that was all.

"Nothing is wrong," I said. "You know I wouldn't let anything go wrong for you, Opie. Now I've got to run now. Don't drop any of those white rabbits, Opie."

"I won't," he said. "And take care of yourself, Danny."

"I will," I said. "Anyway, I'll try."

THE clock over Penn Station showed a quarter to twelve. I was on time. I wasn't much good at anything else any more, but I could still make trains. Quite an accomplishment for a grown-up man. I pushed through the crowded waiting room toward the line of doors that led out to the trains. I kept my head down. I didn't want to see the other soldiers and the women who had come to say goodby to them. My body cut the electric beam that swung the door open. I stepped through and was face to face with Laurie.

"I've been waiting a half hour," she said. "I was beginning to be afraid you were going to miss your train."

"You didn't have to be," I said, my voice hard. "I've never hit a woman yet, and according to Chuck Waldron I can't touch you and your new partner, Mr. Cozzika, in the courts."

Her face drained white and I stepped to one side and tried to walk past her. She took my arm and pulled me around to face her.

"You listen to me," she said. "This afternoon, when you looked down on Broadway from the office window, you said something. You said no matter from how far away or after how long, this is the place Danny Hardy comes back to. You said that."

I'd said a lot of things. I was a garrulous boy.

"That was this afternoon," I said. "Now it's ten minutes to twelve and I've got a train to catch."

I pried her fingers from my arm. She took a new grip.

"You said that this afternoon," she said. "And you meant it. Don't say you didn't. I've known you too long."

"That goes for me, too," I said. "I just found out, in Opie's dressing room, how much too long."

Her eyes grew shiny and wet, but they didn't spill. She held on tight.

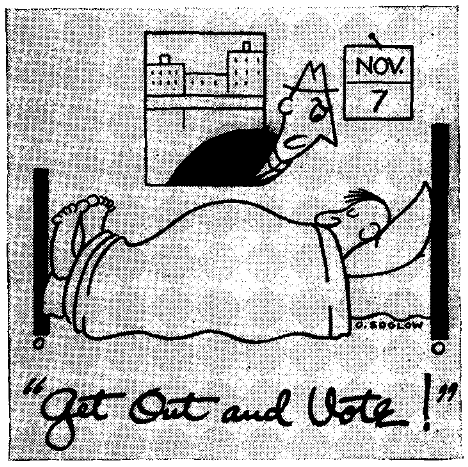
"You don't know what too long is," she said through her teeth. "I should have realized that years ago, but I'm no smarter than any other girl that's stuck on a guy, so I kept on hoping. I know now what I was too dumb to know three years ago, that there's no percentage in hoping any more, but you're still going to listen. Six o'clock this evening, when you told me to leave you and Chuck Waldron alone in his office, I knew what you were going to do. I didn't blame you, after what they'd done to you. But I know some things about you, Mr. Danny Hardy, that you don't know about yourself.

"I know that if you'd done that to Opie, signed him up out of spite, because you were sore, tied him hand and foot so he couldn't move while you were away, if you'd fixed it so that in another six months or a year he'd be through because there'd be nobody around to manage him, to tell him what to do, if you'd sent him back to the window of a shooting gallery on Sixth Avenue just because you wanted to take a poke at Sam Cozzika, I knew that if you did that, Opie Roman would be dead inside the year. And I knew that once you'd cooled off and realized what you'd done, you'd never be able to come back to this place that you call home, this cheap, cruel, rotten place that's the only thing in the whole world that you love."

Soldiers were crowding past us on both sides, shoving us with elbows and bumping us with bundles as they went for the train, but we didn't separate. And it wasn't because she was holding me. We didn't separate because now I was holding her.

"Listen," I said. "Laurie, listen."

"Shut up," she said savagely. "I'm tired of listening for something I know now I'm never going to hear. I've had enough of you in my bones and my blood and my heart for three years. I've been dumb and I'm still dumb, but at last I know when I'm licked. I'm through. You don't want the things other people want out of life. You want only one thing. You want Broadway. That's what hurt so much when you found out your clients left you. That's why you were willing to sacrifice a poor, innocent old guy like Opie. Well, I wouldn't let you sacrifice him. I knew that by fixing Opie's feet you were really fixing your own. It killed me to have to go to Sam Cozzika and tell him I'd help him beat you to the punch on Opie, but I did it. I'm as tough as you are. It killed me to do it but I did it and I'm glad. Now Opie's safe. And because Opie's safe, it's safe for you to come back to this, rotten, rotten, rotten place that you love so much. That's my last service to you, Mr. Danny Hardy. Now get out."



She wrenched herself free and pushed into the crowd. I shoved people aside and went after her. I caught her near the newsstand. She was crying now, crying hard. She struggled in my grip, but I held on.

"I've listened to you," I said. "Now you're going to listen to me." Soldiers were staring at us from all sides, but I didn't care. I talked fast: "You said you've had enough of me in your bones and blood and heart for three years and now you're through. Well, I'm not through. And I haven't had enough. I'm just beginning."

"Let me go," she said, panting.

"No," I said, "I won't." The pushing crowd had carried us across the asphalt apron. We were crushed against the rail to the left of the gate. I leaned close to her to make myself heard above the noise. "Listen," I said. "None of these guys around us knows if he's coming back. Neither do I. But dumb as I've been, and dumb as I am, today I've learned this: I've got a better chance of getting back if I know you'll be waiting for me. I want that chance, Laurie."

SHE reached past me and grabbed the iron rail, and looked straight at me. I looked back at her, my shoulders hunched against the mob, my insides hammering my chest.

"All aboard!" the gateman yelled in my ear. "All aboard!"

A roar went up. The last of the crowd shoved through. The gate started to roll across the opening. She threw a quick, frightened glance across her shoulder. Then she turned back to me. The smile started, fast this time, and warm, the special smile for Danny Hardy.

"I'll be here," she said.

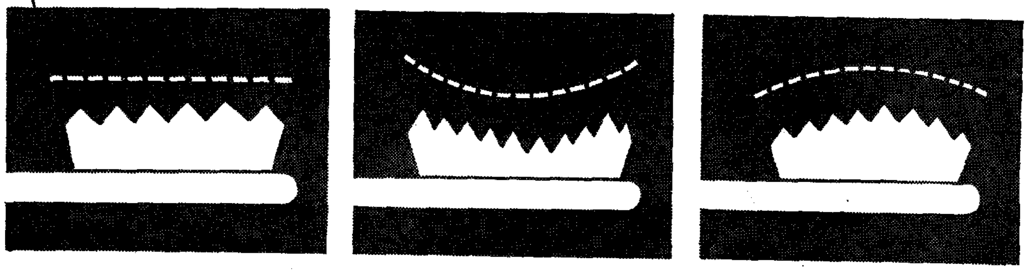
THE END

Are you using the right tooth brush?

STRAIGHT LINE DESIGN CLEANS TEETH BEST SAY DENTISTS 2 to 1

How Dentists Voted on Brushing Surface Designs

There are only these 3 basically different brushing surface designs among all leading tooth brushes sold today:



Straight Line Design
Tufts all set in a straight line

Concave Design
Tufted higher at ends, lower in middle

Convex Design
Tufted higher in middle, lower at ends

When 30,000 dentists were asked which of these designs cleaned teeth best—by overwhelming odds, by more than 2 to 1—the answers were: "Straight Line Design"!

Every PEPSODENT Brush has the Straight Line Design most dentists recommend for cleaning teeth best

Pepsodent
FIFTY TUFT
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In an impartial, nation-wide survey among 30,000 dentists . . . Straight Line Design won over the other widely used types. 2 out of 3 dentists declared it most effective for cleaning teeth!

You no longer have to guess which tooth brush to buy . . . *which* design cleans teeth best. Now, for the first time—you have the opinions of thousands of dentists to guide you!

In a nation-wide survey, just completed, an independent research organization asked 30,000 dentists: "Which tooth brushing surface design, in your opinion, is most efficient for routine home brushing of the teeth?" By overwhelming odds, the answers were: "Straight Line Design!" And that's the design you get in every Pepsodent Tooth Brush! 2 out of 3 dentists declared Straight Line Design *cleaned teeth best!* Dentists preferred it 2 to 1 over the other two designs combined!

Moreover—Pepsodent's brush head is small and compact, easy to use. Feels comfortable even *far back* in the mouth, where teeth are hardest to get at.

In choosing your next tooth brush—get the design most dentists recommend. Remember, 2 out of 3 dentists chose Straight Line Design as the design that cleans teeth best!

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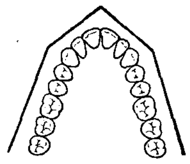
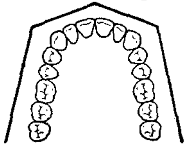
Why Pepsodent's Straight Line Design Cleans Teeth Best

Despite popular belief, it is a fact most teeth in the average mouth lie in a series of relatively straight lines.





These diagrams represent the two extreme types of dental arch. Even in these extremes, note that most teeth are in relatively straight lines. Pepsodent's Straight Line Design fits more teeth better than convex or concave designs. Actually, Pepsodent's Straight Line Design cleans up to 30% more tooth surface per stroke.

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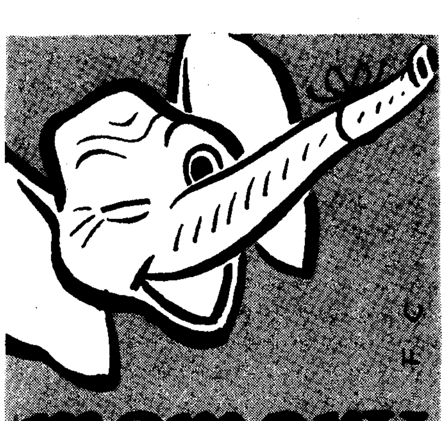

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Yes, people remember seeing unsightly dandruff... it's so unpleasant! So why take a chance? Banish loose dandruff, stimulate your scalp and bring your hair under well-groomed control, by massaging daily with

JERIS
for Loose Dandruff

at all drug stores and barber shops

Survival of the Fattest

Continued from page 14

G.I. dragged a fallen companion to his feet and panted, "C'mon, fella—let's not crawl back to camp on our eyebrows. We can't let George Washington down."

Because of its elevation—8,855 feet above sea level—the test area was christened "Camp Topside." It sprawled over some sixty square miles, with six separate company bivouacs, each completely isolated from the others to prevent the swapping of rations.

Upon his arrival at Topside, each G.I. underwent another thorough physical and clinical examination, as well as biochemical tests of his nutritional state. Periodically thereafter during the fifty-five days of the test, these examinations were repeated, to check on the physical fitness and nutritional state of the soldiers.

One of the six companies was used as a control unit, eating only the Army's modified Field Ration B for the duration of the test. This is considered an ideal field ration and, except that it substitutes canned foods for perishable products, is similar to normal civilian diet. The remaining field rations used in the test were the "C," "K," 10-in-one and the Canadian mess tin ration.

Originally the "C" ration was made up of three cans of meat components; meat and vegetable stew, meat and vegetable hash, meat and beans, and three biscuit components, each containing in addition to the biscuits, a confection, beverage powder and chewing gum.

Three Meals in One Package

This ration has been changed to add five additional meat components, including chicken and rice, ham and lima beans, and pork and beans; also an increased variety of biscuits and confections. The ration consists of six compact cans. Although more bulky than the "K" ration, many soldiers prefer it because it provides three complete meals which may be eaten either hot or cold.

The famous "K" ration comes in three compact small oblong packages weighing slightly more than two pounds. The present "K" ration consists of biscuits, meat, fruit bars, soluble coffee, sugar, cigarettes, chewing gum, lemon powder, bouillon powder and a chocolate bar. For the Topside test, new meat components and new biscuits were provided, and will be incorporated in the future "K" ration if the final tabulation of the results show they've got what it takes.

The 10-in-one ration comes in 43-pound packages and provides meals for ten soldiers for one day.

It consists of precooked foods, both canned and dehydrated. If necessary, they may be eaten without additional preparation. In actual use, however, the ration is almost always heated, if field conditions permit. The compactness of the ration permits transportation in small carriers such as jeeps, or even on a soldier's back. The Topside trial was designed to test the adequacy of the 10-in-one ration over long periods, and its sufficiency when used during recuperation from a period of subsistence on "C" or "K" rations.

Because of favorable reports received by Army subsistence experts, the Canadian mess tin ration was among those included in the test. It consists of such items as biscuits, sardines, butter, jam, sugar, coffee, hard candy, chewing gum, cigarettes, pork, tea, chocolate, beef, pea soup and cheese. On the whole, the troops tested went for the Canadian rations, except for the sardines.

One G.I. wrote: "Them sardines are not very good. I done everything to them and they still don't taste good. Give them back to the Canadians."

Only the control company on the "B" ration was kept on a single ration for the full fifty-five days. Another company might remain on "C" ration for the first three weeks, then switch to the 10-in-one, and finally to the "K" ration.

Weight charts kept by Major William B. Bean of the Armored Medical Research Laboratory, chief test officer, show a close relationship between the weight of the men and the caloric value of the various rations. During the first three weeks, one company showed a steady decline in average weight on the 3,305-calorie "C" ration. Average weight increased moderately when the men switched to the 3,927-calorie 10-in-one, but fell off most sharply on the 2,993-calorie "K" ration.

At the beginning of the test period, the men in this company averaged 151 pounds, stripped. When it ended, the average had dropped to 146 pounds.

During the Topside test, the officers encouraged griping to determine what foods were most palatable. Each soldier was asked to make a written report as to the food items he liked and those he disliked—and to be perfectly frank about it. They all were.

"They say every dog has his day," commented one on the cheese item. "Right now we are having twenty-one of ours."

Wrote another: "This soluble coffee isn't weak—it's exhausted."

Because the men realized that their own future overseas rations were to be modified in accordance with the findings, they tried to make their reports practical and unbiased. Favorable comments were as frequent as unfavorable.

Pairing Off

Two-piece suits and cuties
Make beauties.

Apple pie and cheese
Always please.

Gin and bitters
Are free of jitters.

But politics
And friends don't mix!

—S. H. Dewhurst

Opined one: "When we first got the rations, I thought it was surely going to be an awful three weeks of eating for me. However, in four or five days, after getting a little time to experiment, cooking and mixing different things up, it seems as though it wasn't so very bad, after all. For I began frying the meat and cheese and found the biscuits to be fair served with a little cheese and jam. But I soon got sick and tired of eating the same old stuff."

Elimination, so far as possible, of "the same old stuff" was one of the objects of the test. Captured German field rations are definitely inferior to ours, but possess greater variety. The Germans even include some special delicacy as a "prize" in a certain small percentage of the rations. These prizes—usually tempting confections—are distributed purely by chance.

The one generally disliked item in Uncle Sam's rations is lemon powder, although the boys say it has its points when it comes to polishing the stock of a gun. When dissolved in ice-cold mountain water, it makes a fair substitute for lemonade, but when mixed with tepid water, the G.I.s don't go for it at all. Orange powder, from which they make "Topside firewater," is tolerable.

To determine the best-liked foods, the men were given surplus rations for three days, and the caloric value of the uneaten foods turned back were noted carefully, for although Uncle Sam wants his soldiers to have what pleases the taste, the first consideration necessarily is the nutritional value. Chocolate bars from certain rations were at a premium. A hungry Joe would pay as much as a dollar to induce a buddy to part with his bar—all of which is duly noted in the test records.

For three days, each man was required to eat all his rations cold, much to his disgust. All are more palatable when heated, but they contain the same amount of nourishment either way—which, after all, is the pay-off in a foxhole. When the rations began to get monotonous, test officers encouraged the men to gain variety by devising new ways of preparing them.

Pfc. Howard "Whitey" Smith of Tampa, Florida, thinned the pea soup in the Canadian ration with water, added chopped beef or pork, butter, and three or four broken biscuits, heated and produced a delicacy he called, "Aluminum Plate Special."

By taking the tinned pork and beef from his "K" ration and adding two boxes of broken biscuits, bouillon and water, Pfc. Lloyd "Tex" Stewart, of Fort Scott, Kansas, came up with a tasty foxhole pudding known as "Slip-go-down" or "Goldbrick Soufflé."

According to Pfc. Robert McCullough of Philadelphia, the only ones really "fatting up" on the Topside rations were the discriminating chipmunks.

"One night, see, I'm asleep in my pup tent," says Bob; "and this chipmunk infiltrates and gloms an M-1 tin and runs up a tree with it. But I guess he doesn't go for meat and Boston beans, because when it gets light enough to read, he brings it back and gets an M-9 tin of ham and lima beans."

Periodical tests of physical fitness began with blood tests and ran the gamut of biochemical and physical tests. Except for the biochemicals, the tests imposed extreme physical exertion. In the course of these checkups, each G.I. stepped up and down a twenty-inch obstacle once every other second for five minutes; ran 300 yards against time; raced 75 yards with a man on his back; ran 70 yards zigzag, and chinned himself and did setups and burpies until his muscles played out on him. To do a burpie, squat, place your hands on the floor, kick your legs behind you, lower yourself until your chest touches the floor—and repeat.

General Physical Improvement

To top off the physical, each man walked and ran four miles carrying his rifle and full combat pack. Tables on physical condition have not been analyzed by the Armored Medical Research Lab, but, in general, test officers report that while the weight of the men declined on the field rations, their general physical conditions, as measured by improved time in the races and better marks in the other tests, gained steadily. No breakdowns were reported. No indications of diet deficiencies were observed. Foot trouble was the most common ailment, but it couldn't be attributed to the rations.

General good health was partly attributable to the absence of week-end leaves in town. Although the temperature frequently dropped below freezing at night, and the men slept on the ground, colds were unheard of.

One soldier wrote: "During the first twenty-one days, the physical energy I expended was astounding. I have often wondered how a vast amount of energy could be stored in one small ration. While on this diet I have had no indigestion. In fact, my general health was not affected at all."

Twenty Q.M. officers and thirty-four enlisted men were assigned to act as observers during the test. Most were specialists in subsistence or related fields. Other participating officers included representatives of the Subsistence Research and Development Laboratory and of the Canadian Army Medical Corps. Civilian expert consultants to the Surgeon General's Office participated in clinical examinations of the test subjects at regular intervals.

A representative of the Harvard Fatigue Laboratory, who is an expert consultant to the Quartermaster General, had full responsibility for his chemical assays of nutritional adequacy. Their findings will enable the Quartermaster Corps to proceed intelligently with its development of new ration components, in planning menus and in the procurement of foodstuffs.

But to the 900 G.I. "guinea pigs" who sacrificed poundage in the cause of better chow, the test will always be known as "the survival of the fattest."

THE END

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"Thanks, Frigidaire, for these two things: long years of service and today's wartime help!"

Make Food Fight for Freedom by Keeping the Homefront Pledge

Frigidaire today is proud of the millions of Frigidaire products, made in peacetime, now serving their users so well, so dependably, in so many helpful ways.

Guarding family health and fighting food waste are vital to our nation. And millions of Frigidaire refrigerators, by keeping food at safe temperatures, protecting nutritional values, preserving "leftovers", are giving valuable wartime help.

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To continue to make Frigidaire products America's first choice is our goal for the future. Plans for this already have been worked out in detail. Their fulfilment must await final Victory. But one thing is certain: *There will be more and better Frigidaire products for more people—and in their making, more jobs for more men.*

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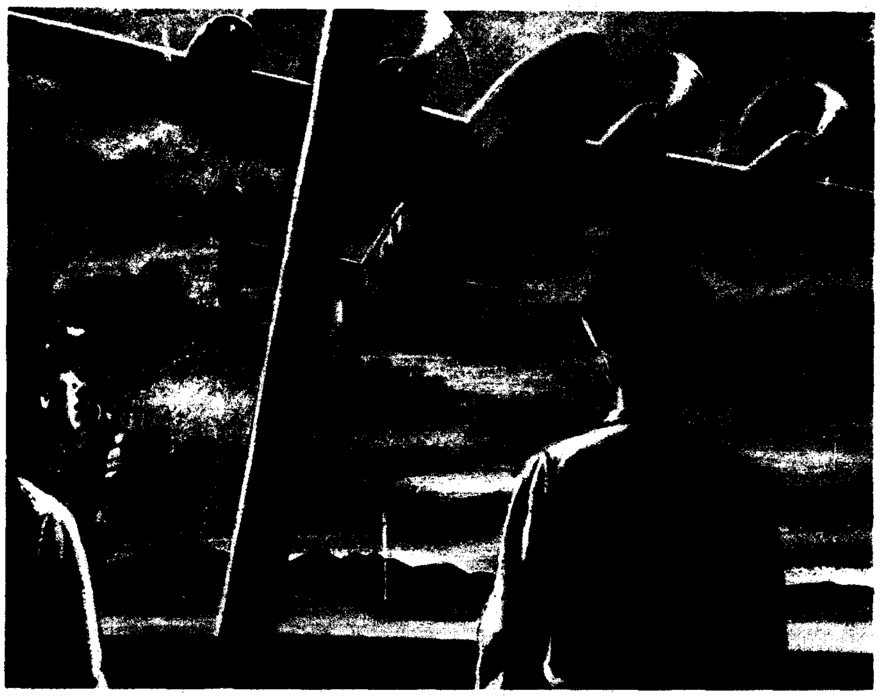
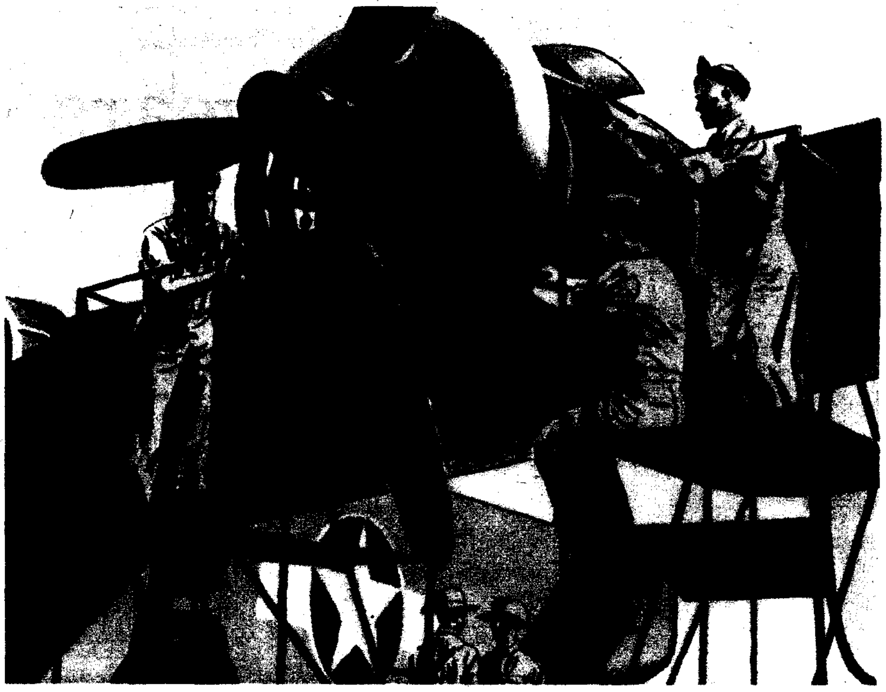


1. 12:00 midnight, Sunday: A huge Liberator Express, loaded with a secret cargo, roars down its California runway and soon dwindles to a speck on the horizon. The dispatcher checks off another routine flight for CONSAIRWAY, the military airline established in 1942 by Consolidated for the Air Transport Command.

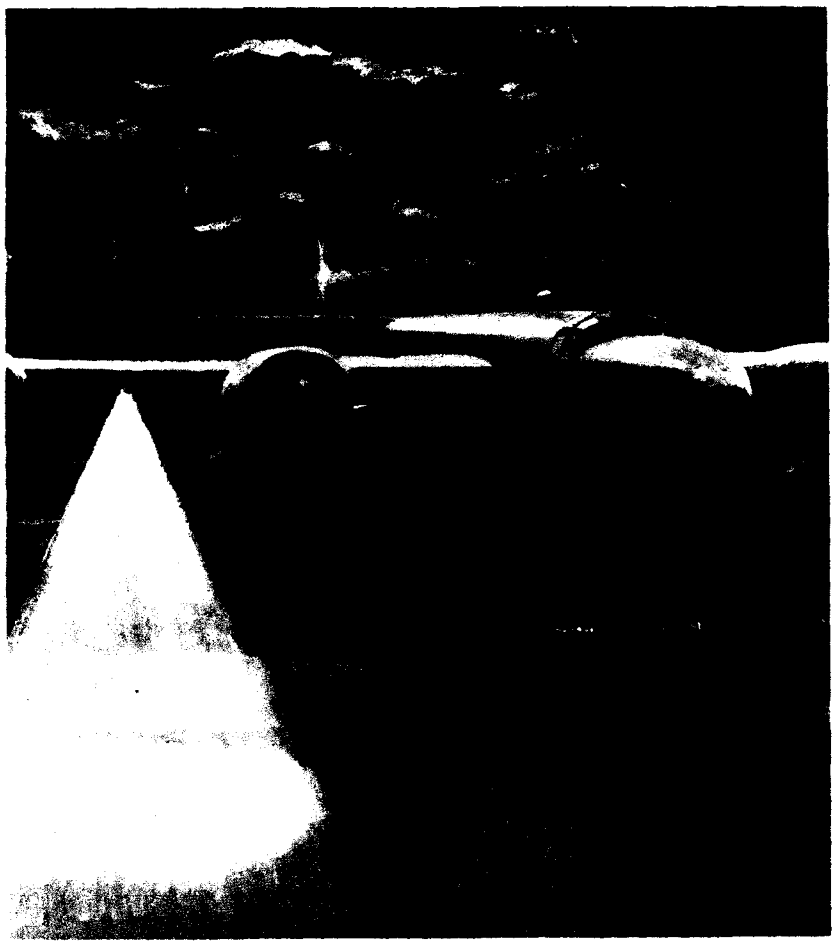


2. 10:30 p. m. Tuesday: The ground crew at an Australian airport speedily unloads the Liberator's high-priority cargo . . . checks the engines . . . heaves aboard tons of mail for the U. S. A. A new "Pony Express" flight crew jogs out, climbs aboard, and the giant transport streaks down the runway for the return trip.

4. So far, CONSAIRWAY Liberators have made 1764 round trips between the U. S. and Australia—a total of 25,900,000 over-water miles, without a single fatal accident. The original Liberator that pioneered the Australia run has now completed 84 round trips and is still going strong!

5. Born of war, CONSAIRWAY's job, in the beginning, was to bring back Ferry pilots who had delivered bombers to the South Pacific. Westbound cargoes, today as then, consist of tons of spare aircraft engines and parts, medical supplies, and ammunition—in short, *any* supplies that are *needed fast* by our fighting men "Down Under."

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT

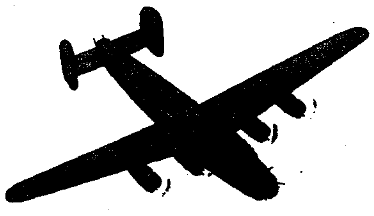


3. 11:20 p.m. Thursday: The Liberator contacts the control tower at its California airport..."CONSAIRWAY plane No. 10 coming in!"...and it's back home again. Since it left that same airport, 95 hours and 20 minutes ago, the land-based Liberator Express has logged 14,690 miles over the Pacific—to Australia and back!

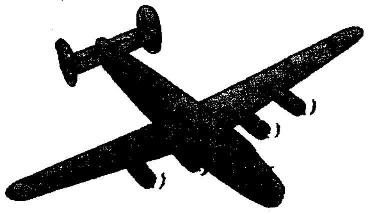
6. After the war, long-range Liberator planes will continue to supplement other forms of transportation—the train, truck, and ship—in rebuilding the peacetime world. But airplanes will also have *another* role to fulfill: a permanent postwar Air Force can become America's soundest investment in the interests of a lasting peace.

No spot on earth is more than 60 hours' flying time from your local airport

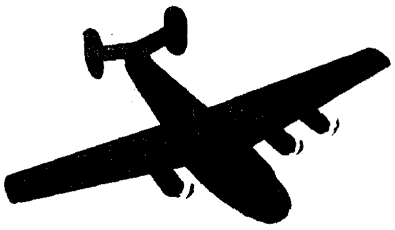
From "Flying Jeeps" to Leviathans of the air—*The planes shown below were all designed and developed by Consolidated Vultee. When peace comes, the company will be in a position to provide the postwar equivalent of such planes, from small, privately owned "air flivvers" to huge, trans-oceanic cargo-and-passenger planes.*



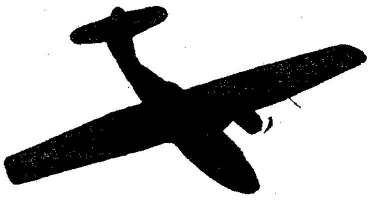
LIBERATOR . . . 4-engine bomber



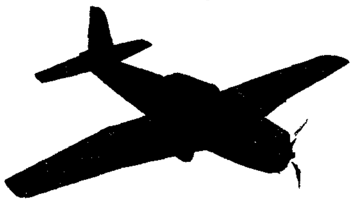
LIBERATOR EXPRESS . . . transport



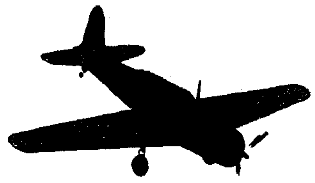
CORONADO . . . patrol bomber



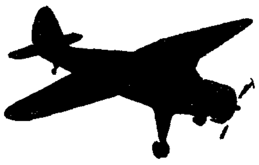
CATALINA . . . patrol bomber



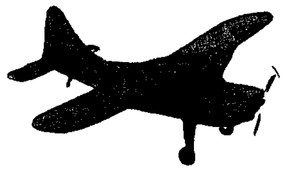
VENGEANCE . . . dive bomber



VALIANT . . . basic trainer



RELIANT . . . navigational trainer



SENTINEL . . . "Flying Jeep"

QUICK FACTS FOR AIR-MINDED READERS

Atlantic "Millpond"—So far, during the war, Allied aircraft have flown more than 15,000 Atlantic Ocean crossings.

• • •

Life Saver—Probably one of the smallest warplanes in use, the famous Consolidated Vultee "Flying Jeep" now has a new job. Modified as a flying ambulance (*capacity: 1 litter*) it is speeding wounded men to base hospitals from small jungle clearings and other inaccessible spots.

• • •

Postwar "sky roads"—20,000 air strips, placed 10 miles apart in a pattern of squares, would cover the country. Adequately marked, they would enable the postwar small-plane owner to travel cross-country without learning a complicated system of navigation. Cost per strip: $6000 (*approximately ¼ the cost of 1 mile of national highway.*)

• • •

"It is becoming increasingly clear to an air-minded America that a greatly expanded Air Transport, a permanent postwar Air Force, and a healthy, competitive Aircraft Industry will be important factors in helping to maintain a lasting peace and prosperity." Tom M. Girdler, Chairman of the Board, Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation.

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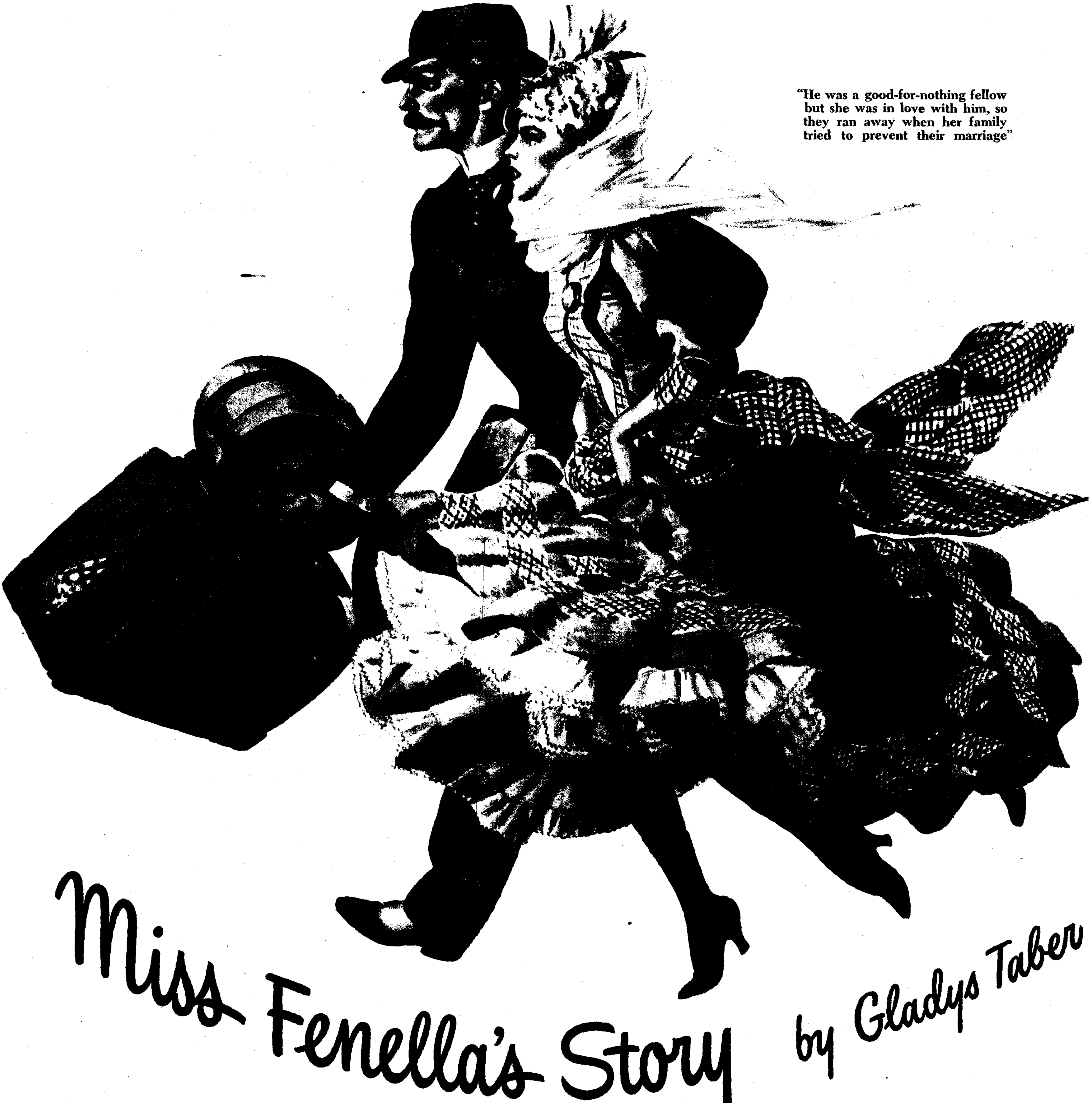


"He was a good-for-nothing fellow but she was in love with him, so they ran away when her family tried to prevent their marriage"

Miss Fenella's Story

by Gladys Taber

People thought Miss Fenella was just a batty old woman, but when she opened her heart to a boy and girl they soon learned that romance may appear in unlikely places

MISS FENELLA WORTHINGTON lived in a little white house on a dirt road that ran steeply from Green Bay Street to the Fox River. Our gang used to go by the house every day in summer on our way to the river to swim or go canoeing. Sometimes I had to stop with a pan of light rolls wrapped in a clean napkin, or a jellied veal loaf. Mamma was a great one for sending food to lonely people. "Poor Miss Fenella!" she said. "All by herself!"

"Why is she all by herself, Mamma?"

"Well, sometimes life doesn't quite work out the way you plan. Especially," said Mamma darkly, "for a woman."

Edie and Bill used to stop with me. There was a scraggly, untrimmed privet hedge, grown so tall it hid the yard and house. Behind it lay the garden, just a tangle of perennials, roses and lilacs and mock orange and delphinium. There was a Calycanthus bush by the porch and when it bloomed we could pinch off a dark red velvet flower and smell the exotic spice odor.

Inside, the house smelled of dried lavender. And dust. The parlor was a small, low-ceilinged room with too much big furniture in it. A rosewood piano and a harp took up one whole side. A dusty crystal chandelier hung in the center above the cream-colored carpet. There was a rosewood desk always covered with big sheets of writing paper. The chandelier didn't work but there was a table lamp with a bronze base which depicted a colored boy eating grapes. The shade had long silk purple fringe.

"I'm going to give the house a thorough cleaning," Miss Fenella always said, "as soon as I have finished my work. Turn it all out."

But she never did finish her work.

Edie and Bill and I would come in with our bathing suits over our shoulders and Mamma's present in a sweet-grass baske Edie and I clumped in our big square sho but Bill, even then, walked quietly. In tl elegant disorder of the parlor, Miss Fenel always was just rising from the desk.

The day I remember best was early Jur much too cold for swimming but we we determined to try it. It was the good ye for lilacs and coming up to Miss Fenell porch their heavy scent was almost too e citing to bear.

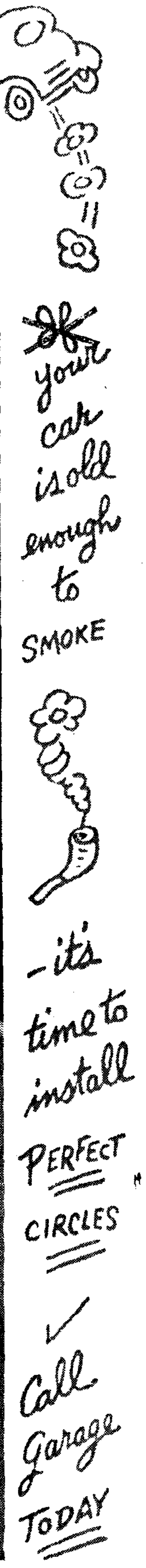
"Come in, my dears," said Miss Fenel rising from her desk. She wiped her p point with a flannel.

"Mamma thought you might taste her fr strawberry jam," I said. "May I put it in kitchen?"

Miss Fenella was small and thin, and

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

DOCTOR
OF
MOTORS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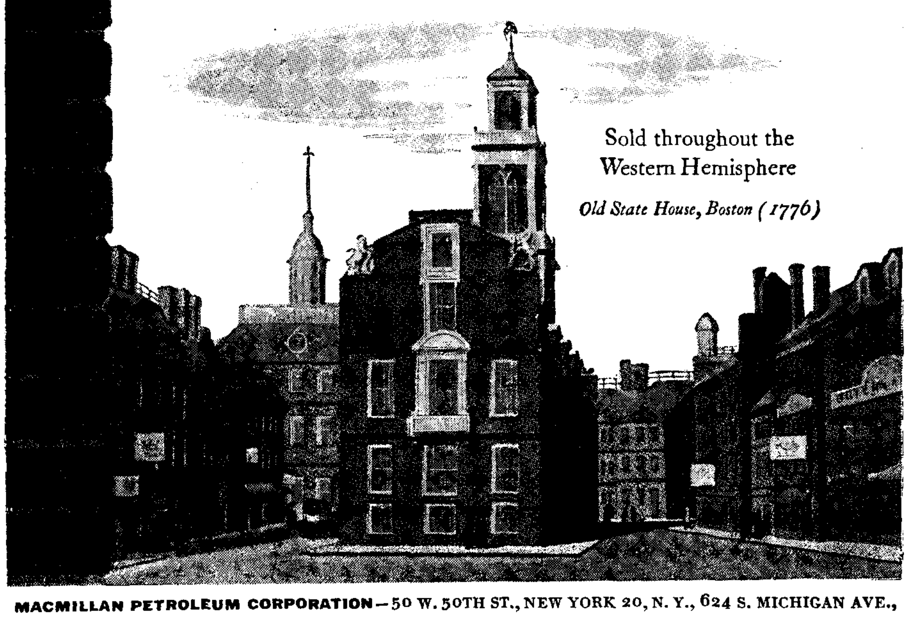

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hair, which was white as milk, was always in need of brushing. Her skin was transparent and her mouth, beautifully shaped, was without color. Except for her eyes, she would have been like a white bisque figure, but her eyes were a shining, brilliant blue. The only thing was, you never knew whether she focused them on you when she looked at you or was seeing something else a long way away.

"Oh what a happy day to see you!" she cried in her breathless voice. "My dears, I have the most wonderful story!"

I went on to the kitchen and put the jam on the table. The kitchen wasn't much like ours. It never smelled of food cooking. The only food I ever saw was bread and a box of China tea and now and then an open bottle of milk. Mamma had a fresh pat of butter and six brown eggs and a slice of sugar-cured ham packed with the jam.

When I got back, Bill and Edie were sitting on the dusty sofa and Miss Fenella was shuffling her papers on the desk. Edie gave me a look. Trapped again, it said. She got up as I came and began edging backward to the door, but Bill sat quietly, watching Miss Fenella with his bright dark eyes.

"We'd like to hear it," he said.

Edie gave a faint moan.

"Now you tell me exactly what you think," she said, happily fluttering down among the papers. "I want honest criticism."

I sat down beside Bill.

Miss Fenella read her story. The June sun came in and laid a wash of gold over the dusty room and the elegant furniture and Miss Fenella. Once in a while she stopped reading and looked at us with her shining eyes and said, "Now don't hesitate to tell me— Often a writer can't judge everything from the viewpoint of the reader."

I listened intermittently between times of wondering whether the water would be too cold, or if we'd be too late to go on downriver, and if Bill was crazy over Edie or was I his first choice. It was hard to tell about Bill. I smelled the lilacs and watched a white butterfly through the dusty panes.

Bill listened.

It was a story about a Russian princess with night-black hair and black eyes who had a Cossack lover; there was a good deal of snow and sleigh bells jingling and the czar came into it somehow. I remember the lover said several times, "Ah, thou flower of my heart, fly with me over the steppes!"

But in the end they tried to fly, and were both killed by somebody who seemed to oppose their union. "To die together, to die with thee in my arms, my true beloved, is better than life," said the expiring Cossack.

When she had finished, Miss Fenella looked suddenly pale. She laid down the last paper and said softly, "How do you like it?"

"It—seems sort of sad," I said.

"Oh, but it isn't really sad," she protested. "They died together, you see!"

"Faithful to the end," said Bill suddenly.

"Yes, that's it! Exactly!"

Edie roused herself to say in an artificial tone, "It is just a wonderful story, Miss Fenella! I love to hear about places like Russia and all."

I made another encouraging comment, feeling very awkward, and Bill said, "I'd like to go there. And see what Russia is really like. I always wonder if the folks there are anything like us. Do you suppose they think like us? Or different?"

"Russians," said Miss Fenella definitely, "Russians are poetic. They have the Russian temperament."

Edie said, getting up, "We have to hurry. Thank you for reading your story to us. It was most kind." Edie was raised polite in an Episcopalian way.

"Are you going to publish it?" I asked.

"Well, of course, naturally," she said, her hands fluttering, "art shouldn't be—be—commercial. But one does feel at times the need of a—wider public."

WE GOT away and ran down the hill to the river. We put on our bathing suits in the old boathouse. Edie was braiding her hair to wind around her head, so Bill and I sat on the bank with the water cool at our feet.

Bill said, "She never has got anything published."

"No," I said, "and I guess we three aren't much of a public. It's all she has."

"I wish she could," he said. "She keeps trying all the time. She tries so hard."

Edie came out, looking like a fashion plate with her pleated serge bloomers and the red swimming blouse. "If you ask me," she said scornfully, "she's just a crazy old woman."

"She is not," I said hotly. "She may be different, but she's a lovely, lovely person!"

Bill looked at me and then looked at Edie.

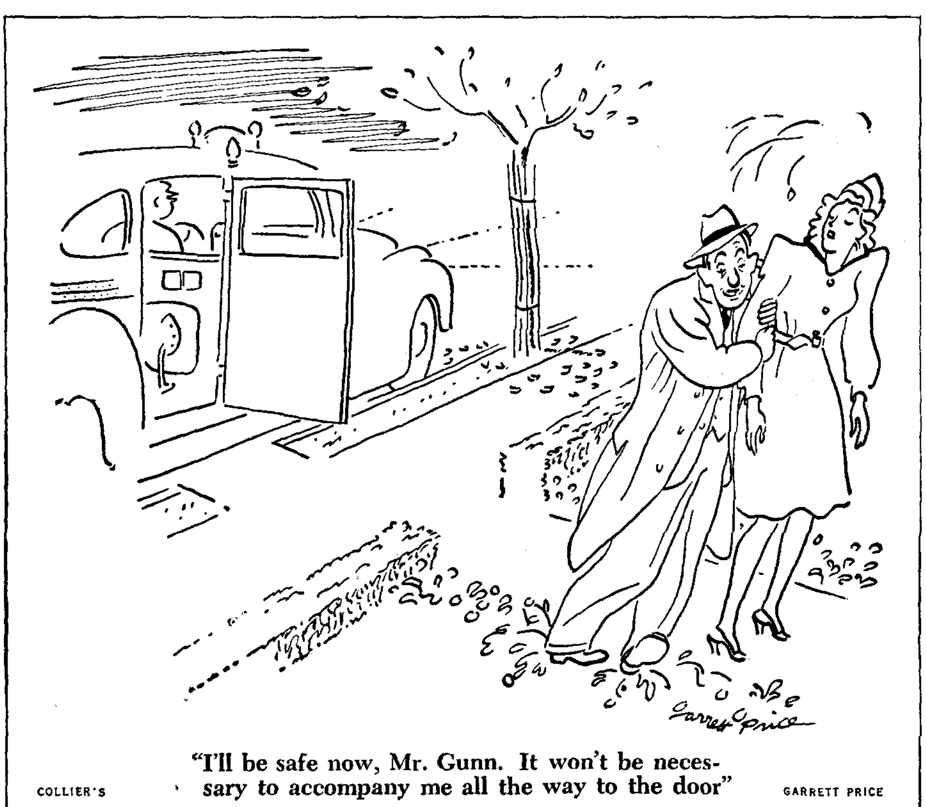
"Everybody in town knows she's crazy," said Edie, flinging up her head.

Bill stirred his long bare foot in the mud. "Sure," he said, "she's crazy because she keeps trying to be a writer. But if she could do it, she'd be the town wonder. You just got to succeed; that's what it comes to."

I looked up and a gray gull was swooping downriver. I didn't know why but I felt aching sad all at once.

That was the day Bill first kissed me. I'd been crazy over him since eighth grade, but this one day he fixed it so we walked home past Edie's house first, and then to mine. There was half a block on Alton Street then that had only wild bushes and scrub trees on it and For Sale signs. It was around duskdark and when we turned the corner there wasn't a soul in sight.

Bill stopped by a blossoming lilac and



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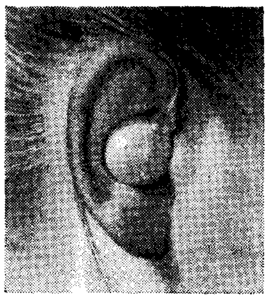

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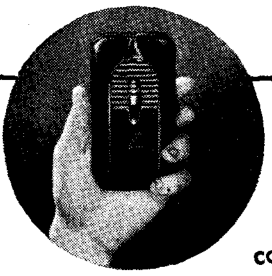

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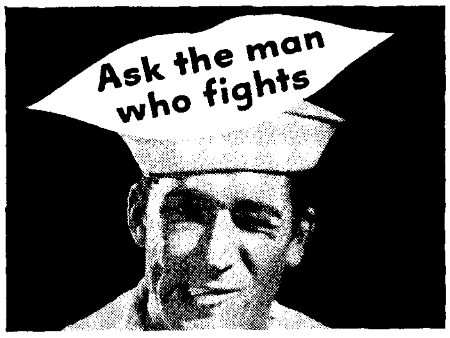

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pulled a spray of purple and stuck it down my neck. I laughed and looked at him and all at once he kissed me. His mouth was still cool from swimming but I felt burning hot.

He said, "I guess I picked my girl now."

"Why, Bill," I said. "Why?"

"Oh—something. Something today. Maybe it was Miss Fenella's story."

"You mean—I'm like that Russian princess?"

"Well, no. I hardly think anybody is." He had his hand on my arm. "But it was something about Miss Fenella that made me know."

After that, I couldn't do enough for Miss Fenella. I was always trying to think of extra things to take her, and I sat for hours listening to her tales.

There was the one about the Japanese girl and the English officer, complete with cherry blossoms and kimonos and fans. And one about the mysterious beauty from Castile and the bullfighter. There were lots of them, for Miss Fenella wrote constantly.

Once I met the postman at her gate. his arms full of brown paper parcels, and he said, "She seems to get a lot of catalogues, Miss Fenella does."

I took them in and they were all addressed in her own fine, delicate handwriting. She came to the door with her face lighted up like the church altar for Easter, but when she saw what I had, the light went out. Her hands were trembling as she took the parcels and I said impulsively, "Oh, Miss Fenella, they're just too good, that's it."

She looked old and tired for a moment, her mouth drawn in and her shining eyes cloudy. Then she smiled at me and said, "Well, you know, my dear, that must be the difficulty. Or perhaps they aren't quite—quite exciting enough!"

"Oh my," I said, "how could anything be more exciting? I mean with all that happens—"

She hesitated and looked at me, and then said with a little rush, "My dear, would you like a cup of tea? I—I've been too hard at work to make anything by way of little cakes or sweet things—but—"

"Why, yes, thank you," I heard myself saying.

WE DRANK tea from transparent cups with little violets on them, and I told her Bill had been elected editor of our school magazine. He was going to earn money working nights for the Crescent, reporting school events, too. Bill was wonderful.

I told her about my new dress and white satin pumps. Then she read me a few pages of her newest story which was laid in Arabia. Of course, it was only a rough draft, she said, but I could get the idea.

I asked her how it ended, and she clasped her hands over her limp, frilled blouse and said, "He rides his horse over the cliff with her in his arms. You see, they couldn't give each other up." Then a little catch came in her voice and she looked at me with such a wistful glance and said, "I wonder if the editors realize that isn't such a sad ending. It—is a happy ending, really!"

While I was still feeling sorry for her, I happened to ask her about the harp. If she played it and if it was hard to learn.

"No, I don't play," she said, after a little silence. "It—doesn't belong to me. It belonged to someone else." She hopped up quickly, "May I freshen your tea?"

"Thank you, no. I must go home."

She followed me down the flagstone walk as if she hated to be left. But she waved gaily. "Come soon! I'll have the new story done. I know you'll like it best of all!"

At supper I asked Mamma, "Has Miss Fenella always lived in the little house?"

"Oh no, she was brought up in the old Worthington house; it's the Woman's Club now. She only took the little house after—Margie, you eat your lettuce now!"

I nibbled a leaf. "What happened to her family?"

"*Her mother and father died,*" said Mamma firmly.

Mamma was always tight as new wallpaper about gossip, but I persisted. "What did they die of? Consumption?" That was the only adult disease I was familiar with. Grandfather had it.

"No," she said. "What does it matter? It was a long time ago." I thought she sounded evasive.

"Was Miss Fenella the only child, Mamma?"

Mamma laid down her fork. "No," she said. "She had a sister."

"What happened to her? What was her name? Was it a funny one like Fenella?"

"She was named Aurora—after Mrs. Robert Browning."

"Who was Mrs. Browning?"

"Robert Browning's wife," said Mamma, disposing of Elizabeth Barrett neatly.

"Well, what happened to her, Mamma?"

"I don't know what became of her in the end," said Mamma, "and if you don't stop pestering me with questions, you'll never get through supper before Bill comes."

MAMMA set her lips together the way she did when she meant business. I knew I couldn't push her any further. But I thought about it. What did she mean by saying, "in the end"? Aurora couldn't have died, could she? But if she hadn't died, why didn't she come to see Miss Fenella, or write to her? Or why didn't Miss Fenella say the harp was her sister's? It was almost as if she didn't want to mention her.

I talked it over with Bill. Bill said, "What I always noticed was that she never says what she did when she was young. You know how people that age always do."

"So they do," I answered, surprised.

Bill said, "I'm going through the paper files when I get a chance and see if I can find out anything about the family. I want to know."

We were pretty busy with the football dances and rallies that fall and it was quite a while before we had an afternoon to go downriver and have a last wiener roast. We had a dozen wieners, big plump ones from Feitelbaum's, and a dozen big crusty buns, a pat of sweet butter, a big jar of mustard and a half dozen bananas.

We were going to build a fire and watch the sunset and eat our supper. Edie had long since passed out of the picture now that Bill and I were going steady.

As we passed Miss Fenella's, Bill suddenly stopped and said, "Let's just say hello."

Most of the things in the garden had frosted and the tangle of withering stalks gave the house a sad and lonely air. Miss Fenella called to us to come in when we knocked, and got up from the desk. I thought she looked sick. She had an old shawl over her shoulders and her hair was falling down her neck. She was awfully thin.

I noticed a pile of big envelopes on the desk addressed to her in her delicate handwriting. Bill asked her right away about her work and she said with a kind of desperate candor, "I felt so sure the Arabian story was just what they wanted—"

We stood there awkwardly a moment and then she said, "Do sit down! I would like to give you a—cup of tea! If it—it isn't too late?"

Bill gave me a funny look and said, "Look, we are going on a picnic— Why don't you come along?"

She actually got pink with excitement, and then she said, "Oh— I am afraid— I mean I couldn't be away from the house that long. I never do. I should love it, but—"

"Why couldn't you?"

"Well, one never knows when someone—might come. And—just go away." She moved her hands. "But," she said, "it's my first invitation in—in a long time! It's so kind, so kind of you!"

"Well, then," said Bill, giving me another look, "why don't we have the picnic with you? It's going to be cold downriver, anyway."

Miss Fenella looked as if she had been presented with the public library, columns and all. She clasped and unclasped her hands and her eyes were shining under the delicate lids.

We had our picnic in the parlor. Bill got enough dead wood from the garden for a nice fire and we let it burn down and did the wieners in an antique warming pan she had. Bill told her all about the magazine and the newspaper reporting he was doing, and in between times he asked her little questions. Did she remember when the Masonic Hall was built? Did she remember the fire in the skating rink? How did the town happen to have the statues of Peace and Plenty in the park? Did she know who gave them?

Miss Fenella ate like a modest and cultured wolf. Wieners were her favorite meat and she hadn't had any for a long time, she said. The fresh rolls too, and the bananas. I remembered her empty kitchen, and Bill sat on the floor, sort of squinting his eyes up at her and pressing on her another bun with mustard.

AFTERWARD she read us the Arabian story which she felt was the most thrilling she ever had written. It was thrilling. It had everything. Even poison. Blood and tears and broken hearts and pursuits and death. Swooning ladies and noble brave Arab chieftains.

Bill said, "I guess there are kind of special reasons some things get printed."

She said, "I—I have spent so much on postage—and it—it does count up, doesn't it?"

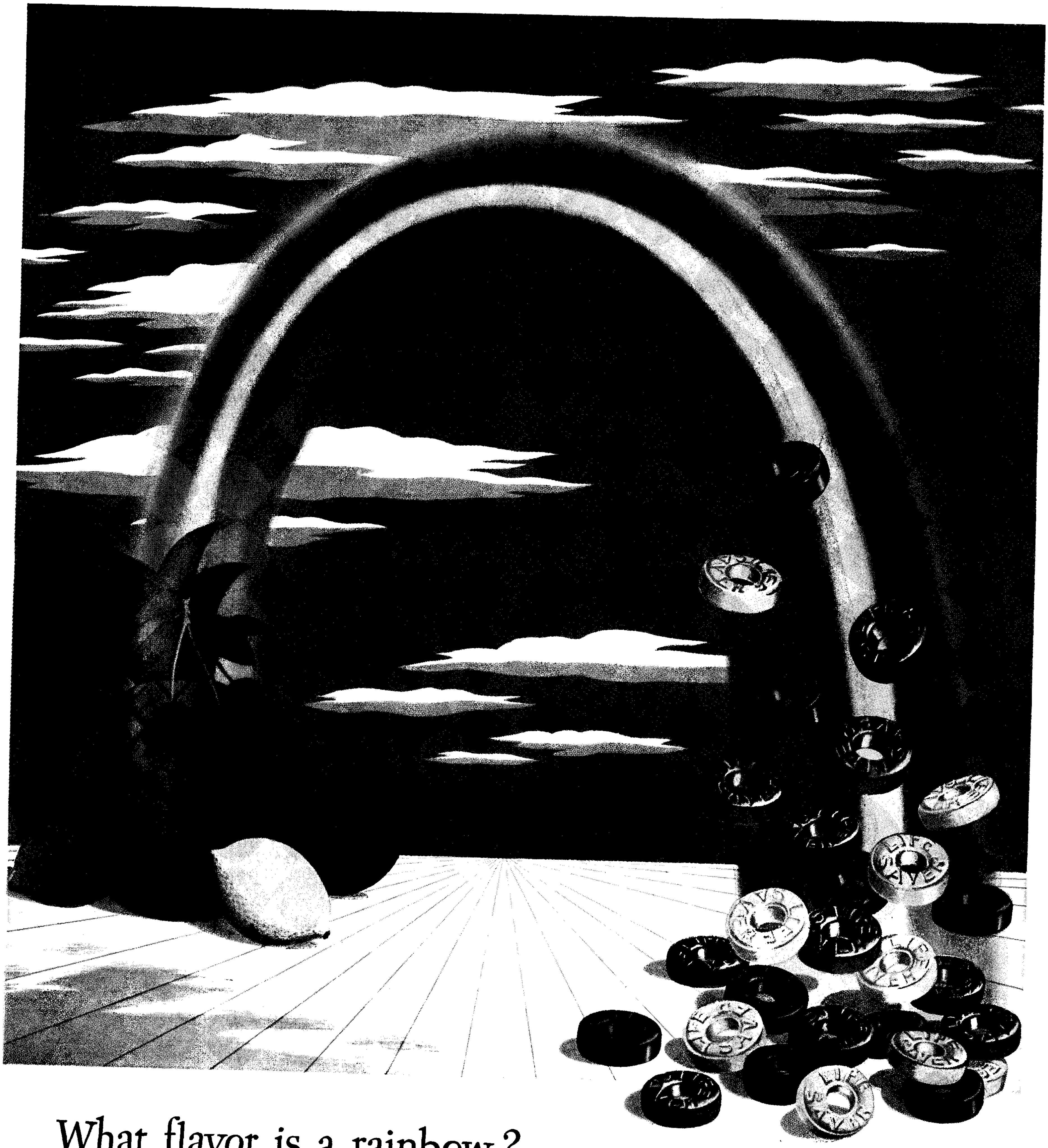
There was nothing for us to say. We sat there, watching her tired face, and suddenly my heart ached like a cavity in a front tooth.

We talked together until quite late, and,

The Unexpected

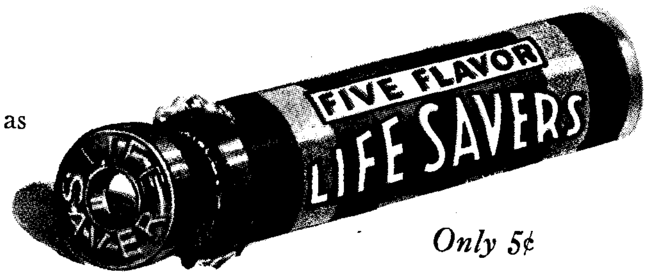
THE LOCALE	THE SURPRISE
Berkeley, Calif.	**A woman asked a court injunction to prohibit her neighbors from annoying her dog.**
Washington	**The Treasury Department received a sincere note of thanks from a Californian for the simplicity of his income-tax forms.**
London	**A young man died and left a quarter-million dollars to his grandfather.**
Grand Forks, N. D.	**A motorist arrested for speeding posted as bail a check issued to him as a safe-driving award.**
Princeton, N. J.	**A memory expert returned home after six weeks absence due to amnesia.**
Keene, N. H.	**A parson taking part in a spelling bee fell down on the word "Genesis."**

—W. E. Farbstein

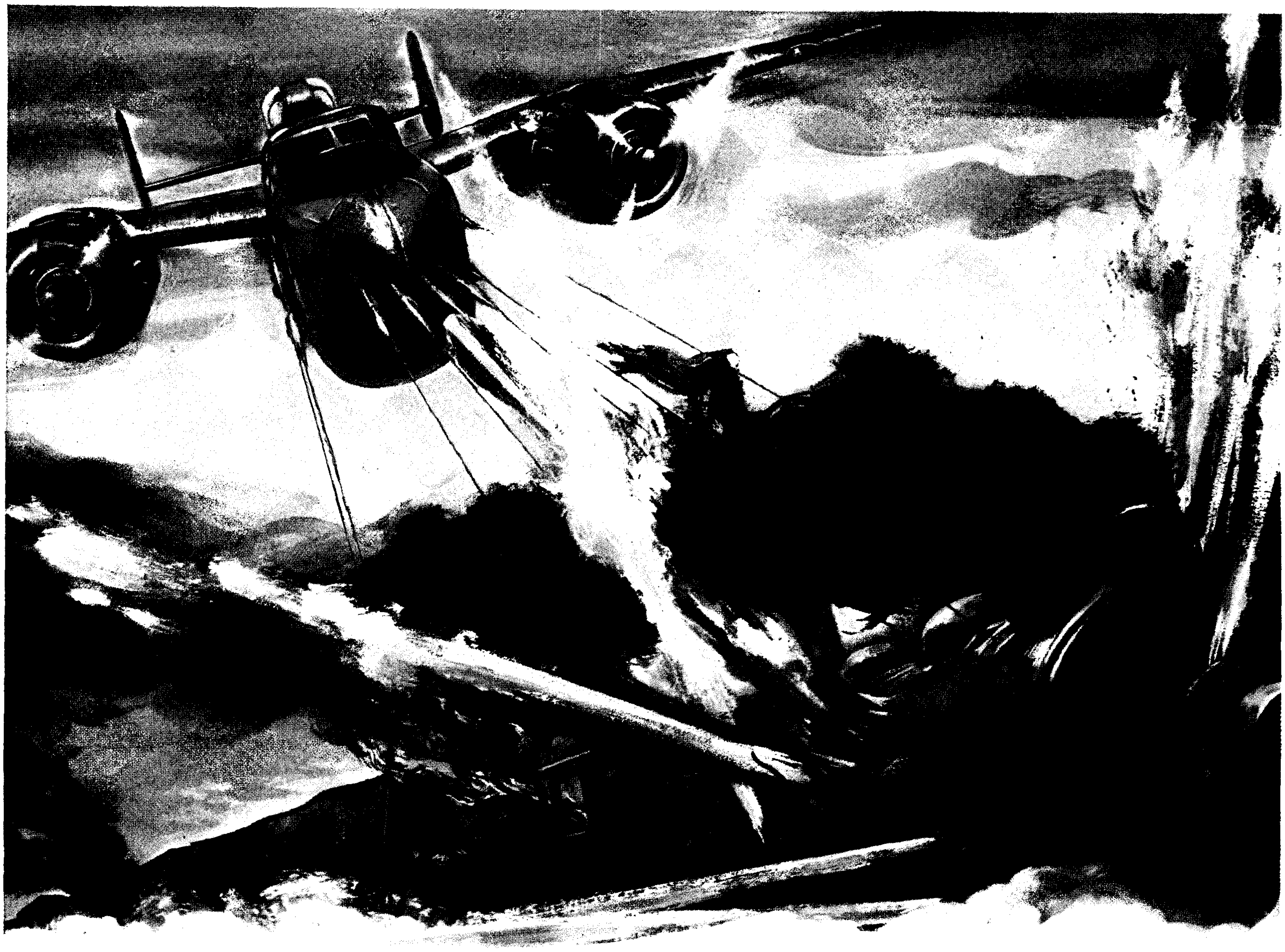


What flavor is a rainbow?

Rainbows do *look* delicious. But unfortunately you can't taste them . . . You can't even get near 'em. Happily, Life Savers has the answer. It is called Five-flavor Life Savers. They taste as wonderful as a rainbow looks. Fresh as spring rain, tangy as a julep bed. Try our Orange, Wild Cherry, Pineapple, Lemon, and Lime flavors. Packed to put into your pocket.

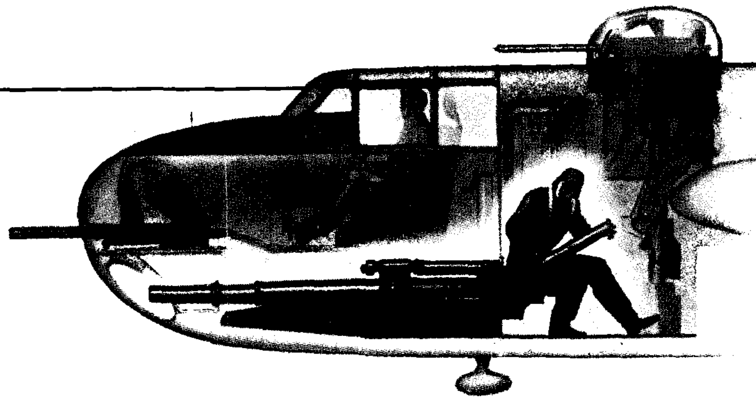


Only 5¢



Train Dispatcher

WHAT HAPPENS when a Jap locomotive takes a "75" cannon shell from a North American B-25 Mitchell? Here is a brief description of "train dispatching" by American pilots direct from a combat report: "The locomotive hesitates, seems to squat a bit, jumps about four feet, then takes off in all directions at once." As one American pilot put it: "That Jap locomotive is simply out of this world." When the B-25 Mitchell starts ranging a combat area, it's versatility with a vengeance. For whether it's pattern or pinpoint bombing, pillbox strafing, or bridge busting, the B-25 takes them all in stride.



BONDS bought these planes.
WASTE FATS helped arm them.
WASTE PAPER helped ship them.
GASOLINE flies them.
WILL YOU help deliver the next squadron?

FLYING ARTILLERY—loaded by the navigator, fired by the pilot, this 75 mm cannon adds terrific fire power to the B-25 Mitchell.

North American Aviation *Sets the Pace*

PLANES THAT MAKE HEADLINES... *the P-51 Mustang fighter (A-36 fighter-bomber), B-25 and PBJ Mitchell bomber, AT-6 and SNJ Texan combat trainer, and the B-24 Liberator bomber. North American Aviation, Inc. Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.*

when we left her, a cold dark wind walked the road.

Bill said violently, "Heck, the old rabbit is starving to death; that's what worries me." He walked so fast I had to skip to keep up. "What's the matter with this damned town? Church sending money to China and Africa and letting her starve under their noses! What's the matter with the Woman's Club, and the Ladies' Aid and the County Relief Association?"

I said, "Bill, she'd die rather than go on the town."

"Well, she'll die then." He was furious. "I bet that's the first meal she's had in a week. Somebody ought to do something about it."

I said, "Mamma will do something."

"Sure, she will. Mine wouldn't. Mine would think I was nuts, too, hanging around a crazy old woman. By the way, honey, she's not so old. She's not more than fifty-five or so."

"Who told you that?"

"She did," he grinned smugly. "What you think I asked her all those time questions for?"

"Oh, Bill, you're smart!"

"You bet I am," he agreed pleasantly.

MAMMA said, "You can't offer her public help. Not to Fenella Worthington. You can't go carrying church baskets to her."

"Well, why not a Worthington?" I asked, and Mamma said before she thought, "To the daughter of the founder of the match company?"

"Why, Mamma, if that's who she is, then why is she so poor?"

"Because she trusted a man," said Mamma. "She signed over every bit of her stock, every penny of it. Let that be a lesson to you."

"But you signed over your Stanley Steamer stock to Papa."

"That was different. Papa isn't a singer."

I stared at her.

"Now don't go gossiping around," Mamma said. "Whatever Miss Fenella has or hasn't, she has a right to her own grief. I'll talk to Mr. West and get her a load of coal before winter sets in. He can just deliver it and say he doesn't want to be paid until next summer. And we'll try to carry her a present of food once a week."

"Mamma, did she marry a singer?"

Mamma said, "If there's anything I hate it's a prying Paul. Someday when you're older, I'll tell you about it, but not now."

Of course, we were pretty much absorbed getting ready for the Walkaround and Bill put in so much time on the paper that they told him he could have a regular reporter's job as soon as he graduated in June. He said thanks, but he was going to the University first and take journalism and learn some other junk. Even then, Bill always knew just what he wanted and how to go after it.

Before we knew it, June had come. Bill kept on for the summer at the Crescent, but I went to the lake with the family. I went to say goodby to Miss Fenella, carrying all I could manage of food. We were closing the house, I said, and didn't want to throw out so much. There was a lot, all right.

Miss Fenella was sitting at her desk, as usual, but there were no papers on it. She had on a silk wrapper, very faded and old, and her hair was in braids. She had been crying.

I tried to pretend I didn't notice, so she made a great to-do over putting the food in the cupboard and being very bright and cheery. She followed me to the road, and then turned and gave me a lost, sad look as she said, "I'll miss you. But of course, I'll be terribly busy with my writing all the time."

"Of course, and I'll be home soon."

Then she clasped her hands and said softly and desperately, "The only thing is, I can't seem to think of anything exciting to write about! I—it's just a blank! And—one can never succeed if one doesn't keep working, can one?"

I said, "You need a vacation, that's it. Go out some."

"No, no! I didn't mean it. I only have a little headache—summer fever. I shall presently think of the most exciting new story—" Her voice trailed away. She looked frightened.

I said, "I'll write you from Lake Kinnesec."

Her face lit up. "Oh—you will? I'll be able to get a letter from the postman? Oh, I haven't had one in—in—a long time!"

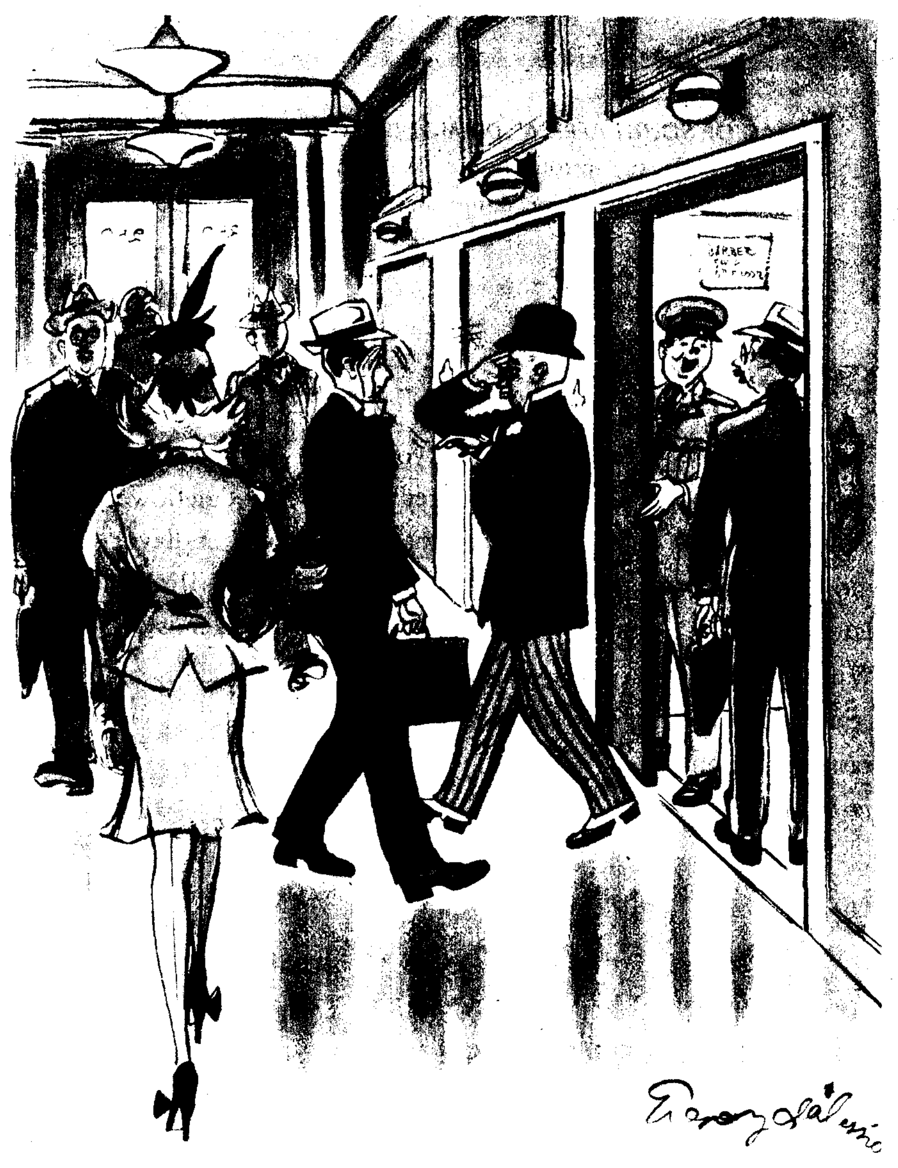
I was just getting over my first sunburn when Bill wrote. The main thing he said aside from the fact the town was a dead dump without me was that he'd found something out about Miss Fenella in the old newspaper files. In the church notes, it said Aurora Worthington had played a harp solo for the Easter musicale and Miss Fenella Worthington had sung the Resurrection.

So it was Aurora's harp. But what was the mystery about it? I wrote Bill that I thought perhaps the sisters had quarreled over the estate after their father and mother died. Bill wrote back triumphantly that he had found a whole column about the tragic death of the Worthingtons. They were trying to catch a train, he said in brief, and the horses were being driven as fast as possible when one of them got frightened and reared up and the carriage was overturned. Mrs. Worthington died immediately; Mr. Worthington lived a day in the hospital and expired. At his bedside were the two charming and beautiful daughters, Aurora and Fenella. Bill said, "Move over, Sherlock Holmes, here I come."

But he didn't find out anything more, except that the files of the paper were incomplete for that time and nobody seemed to know why.

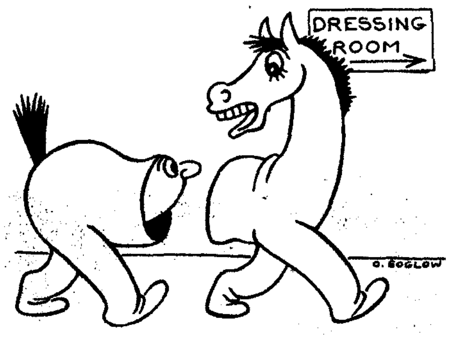
We both went away to college that fall and I forgot all about Miss Fenella, although Mamma wrote once that the boatman had bought half of her lot to put a shack on, so Miss Fenella had a little money. Mamma called once and found Miss Fenella writing a novel. About the Scottish Highlands. She said dryly that the house could stand a good cleaning.

WELCOME HOME! **by GREGORY D'ALESSIO**



COLLIER'S

"Oh, they've been doing that for weeks. Mr. Faber was young Clarkson's colonel in the war"



"Get Out and Vote!"

The next summer Mamma and I visited our relatives in Spokane, a kind of preventive measure so Bill and I wouldn't insist on getting married before we were through school. Bill seemed to spend a lot of time swimming downriver and stopping in to see Miss Fenella.

He wrote that she was giving us a lace spread of hers when we got married. And he'd found out that the name of the singer was Estevan Olivares. There was a big pile of music he'd helped move out of the way once. Estevan's name was all over it in violet ink.

When even Spokane failed to quiet Bill and me, the family allowed us to announce our engagement. But we were to finish school and Papa wanted to know Bill's plans for the future.

"Why," said Bill, as if surprised anyone shouldn't know, "I'm going to be a writer!"

What the family said about that is neither here nor there. If Bill had settled on raising rattlesnakes it would have been better. Or wanted to starve to death on a government claim.

"I'll show 'em," he said. And maybe, at that, the family opposition helped him along, because that was why he wrote his novel for the University prize. They gave one every year for the best undergraduate novel, a thousand dollars cash and publication for the book.

THE night before we went back to school, we said goodby to Miss Fenella. She had a cold and wore a rag around her neck. She was coughing and wheezing, but she was radiant at our news. Her blue eyes rimmed with red, shone at Bill. "Love," she said, "is what living is for."

"Now how in heck does she know about love?" he puzzled.

I told Mamma about it. "Mamma, if she was married to Estevan Whatnot, why is she called Miss Fenella? Was she really married?"

"Yes, and no," said Mamma. She gave us a kind of exasperated look. "You two," she said, "have been mousing around that poor soul for years. Now you're old enough, I suppose I may as well tell you—just to keep you quiet. Yes, she was in love. He was a good-for-nothing fellow who came here to sing. He found out how much money the Worthingtons had and began to court Fenella. She was eighteen." Mamma sighed. "She ran away with him and when her family tried to follow and prevent them getting married, they were killed on the way to the train. Both of them. But Fenella got back before her father died."

"But they were married?"

"Oh, yes, they were married long enough for the estate to be settled and Fenella to give it all to him for a silver mine in Mexico."

Bill was simply wolfing it down. "And then what?"

"Then," said Mamma, "he ran off with Aurora."

We couldn't get another thing out of her. But Bill really had something now. He kept going over it until he wore me down.

"She kept the harp," he said. "I think it's Aurora she expects to come back. Or else she'd sell it, poor as she is. Think of it," he said, "feeling she'd been responsible for her father and mother dying and then the man running off with her younger sister—and all these years she's lived in the little house with all those memories— Now I see why all her heroes are faithful forever and why they die in each other's arms."

WHEN Bill won the prize and the book came out, he couldn't wait to get home and run down to Miss Fenella's. He seemed obsessed with anxiety and nervousness. By then it was full deep summer, August, and a haze lay over the road. Miss Fenella's house and land were going to be sold for nonpayment of taxes the next month, and it seemed to me you could feel a sorrowful air in the untended garden, even with the late roses spilling all over sweet as spice.

Bill carried his book as if it were loaded with shotgun shells.

Miss Fenella didn't come to the door, or call. We went in anyway. There was no such thing as her not being home. But she was in bed, in the high, carved bed. She said she had a touch of summer fever. She looked flushed enough, but her hands were like a snowbank.

We sat down and I asked her about her work. She looked away, out of the dusty window, and said in a tired, thin voice. "My dear, I— It has seemed to me lately that I—I may have been—mistaken." Her hands moved on the quilt. The word seemed so final, so sad, it echoed through the room, up to the cobwebs in the corner.

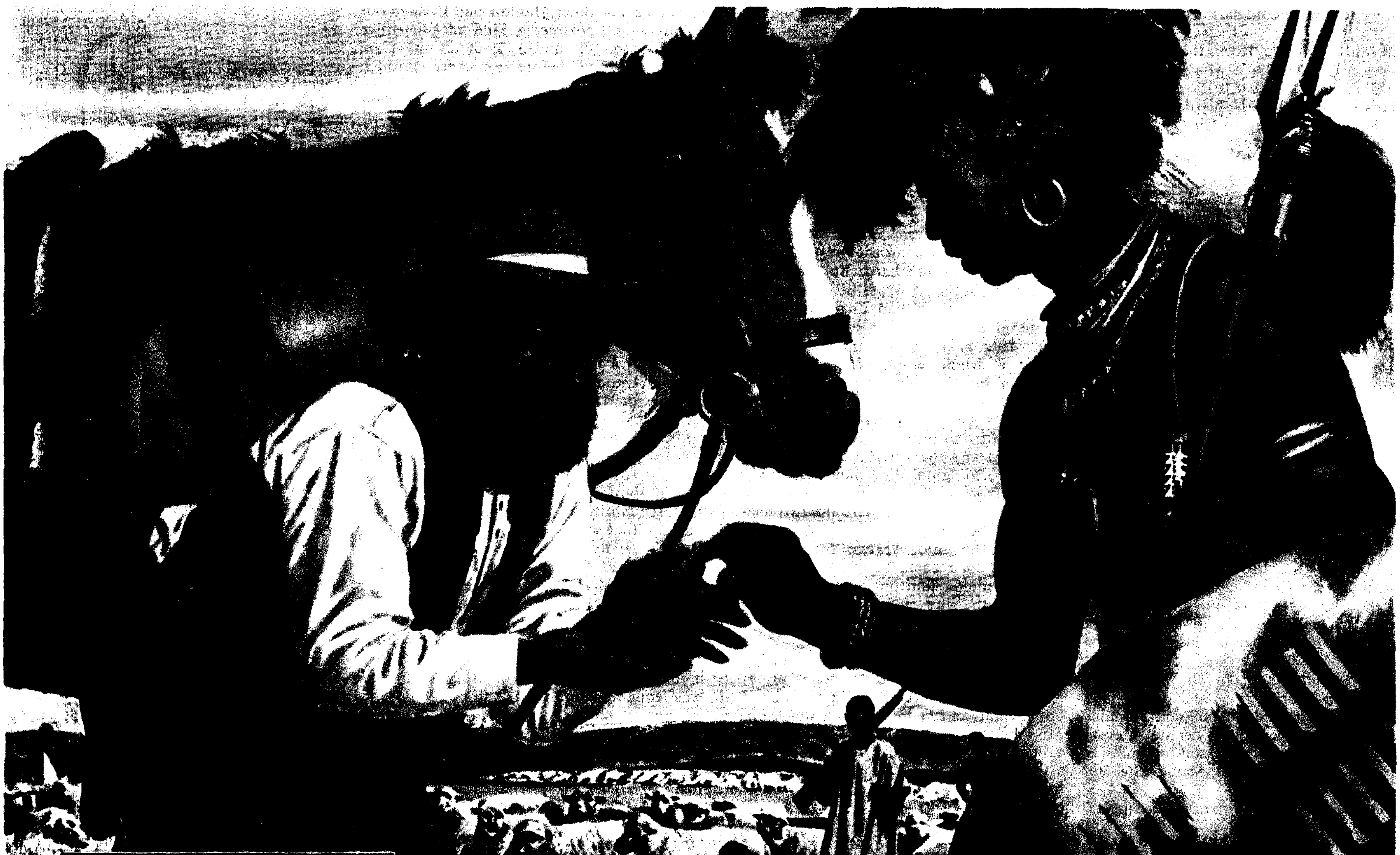
"I always hoped to—to give something to the world," she said in that faint voice. "One does want to. In a small way, of course."

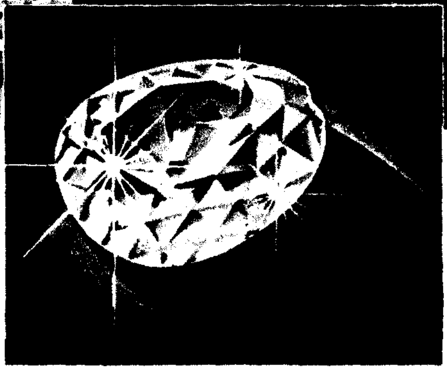
Bill said roughly, "But you have, Miss Fenella! You have!" He reached over and laid the book on the bed. "This is my book."

Her hands fluttered over it, caressed it. "You wrote a book, Bill! A real book!" Her eyes shone. "It has a leather cover!" She turned it over and over. "And gilt edges," she said.

"I want you to read it."

"Read it to me," said Miss Fenella. Her





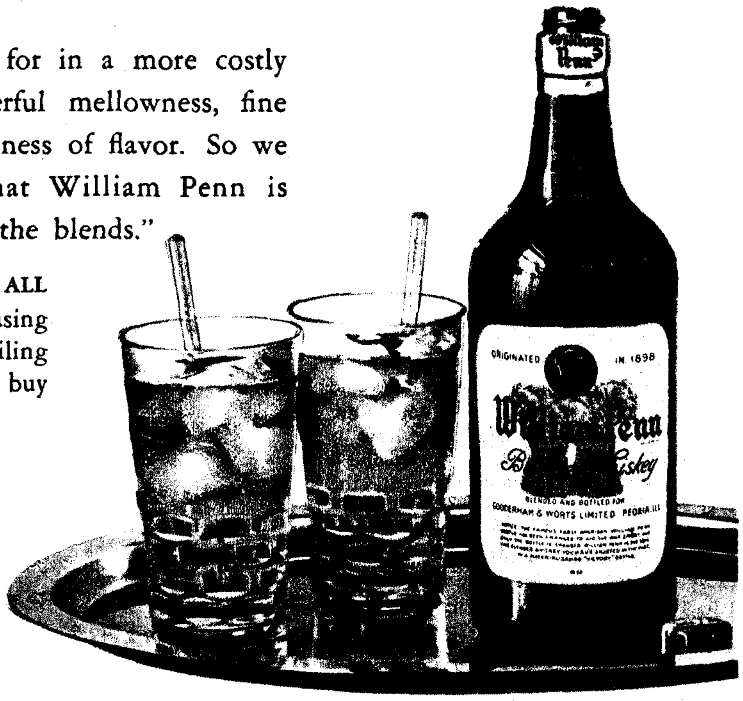
"STAR OF SOUTH AFRICA" DIAMOND—Its discovery in 1869 started the "diamond rush" in South Africa. Similarly, the introduction of William Penn in 1898 started an immediate rush to buy. Since then, this blend has been making—and holding—friends. Today, millions say "When" with William Penn.

He "counted sheep"—to buy this gem...

FIVE hundred sheep, ten oxen and a horse was the price paid to the South African native who had found the 83 carat "Star of South Africa" diamond. Yet the Boer trader who bought it made a rare bargain as it was later sold for $125,000. ☆ After one sip of William Penn Blended Whiskey, you too will feel that you have secured a real bargain. Your first taste tells you that this blend—*which sells at a non-premium price*—has everything you look for in a more costly premium whiskey: wonderful mellowness, fine fragrance, unsurpassed richness of flavor. So we think you will agree that William Penn is well named "the gem of the blends."

SPEND WISELY OR NOT AT ALL

Keep prices down by purchasing only what you need—check ceiling prices—don't pay more. And buy your share of war bonds.



William Penn

THE GEM OF THE BLENDS

Blended Whiskey—86 proof—65% grain neutral spirits

GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED, PEORIA, ILLINOIS eyes were on his face and her mouth was trembling. She said, "It's your turn to read to me now!"

Bill read. On and on while the afternoon sun dipped the dust in gold and the scent of blown roses came in mingled with the smell of dried lavender.

It was all there, in Bill's book. The little town and the big mansion. The two girls and the harp and the delicate muslin frocks. The horses with sweat dark on their flanks. The fear and the anxiety and the death. Everything was there, changed by Bill's own feeling, but tangible and alive.

It took a long time, and Miss Fenella never moved once. The room was filled with dusk by the time Bill finished. The room was filled with the drama and excitement and suffering and wonder that goes on in the heart in a little place among little people.

Bill put down the book finally. There was a silence, a kind of tight silence. My head was aching. My stomach was in knots. Bill looked pale and his mouth had little drops of sweat on the upper lip.

Then Miss Fenella spoke. She said, "Why, Bill—why, Bill—that's my story!"—and her voice was like crystal.

Bill wiped his face. "Yes," he said, "it is. Yours and mine."

"In a book," she said, with wonder. "In a real book, with gilt edges!"

Bill went to the window and looked out and I knew he was crying and not wanting to. He said, in a strange voice, "You—it's all right?"

"I've collaborated," she said, sinking back on the pillow. "I've collaborated with you!"

Bill came over then and said, almost angrily, "Yes, and you're responsible for that book! You see? You see?"

A bee stumbled against the pane and was too loud.

She said, "But, Bill, it was a blue dress she wore that day, not gray. It had ruffles around the hem. She was—she was much more lovely than I ever—even though she was—headstrong. It had a sash of pale yellow."

Bill looked at me.

"Well, if the rest is all right," he said, with a heavy sigh.

"It wasn't Aurora's fault," she said. "Nobody could help it. He—he was—so romantic!"

"I know," he said. "I know."

He got up and leaned over the bed.

"It's your book," he told her. "I just sort of copied it down from being around with you. So you've really succeeded, you see." He smiled. "I learned all about how to write from you!"

SOMEBODY was banging on the front door and that broke up the breathless moment. We went out and the town taxi was still pouring hot smoke over the desolate garden. A plump woman was picking her way across the flagstones. She said, "I am looking for Miss Fenella Worthington."

I said, "She's ill, in bed. Shall I see if—"

"Thank you, I'll go right in."

She hopped up the steps. We walked on, down the dusty road, where the twilight was just falling in a soft violet light.

"Bill," I said, "whoever in the world was that?"

He gave me a look that was full of pity. "That was Aurora," he told me. "She's come back. I knew she would."

"Bill," I said, "how do you know? Maybe it was someone trying to sell something."

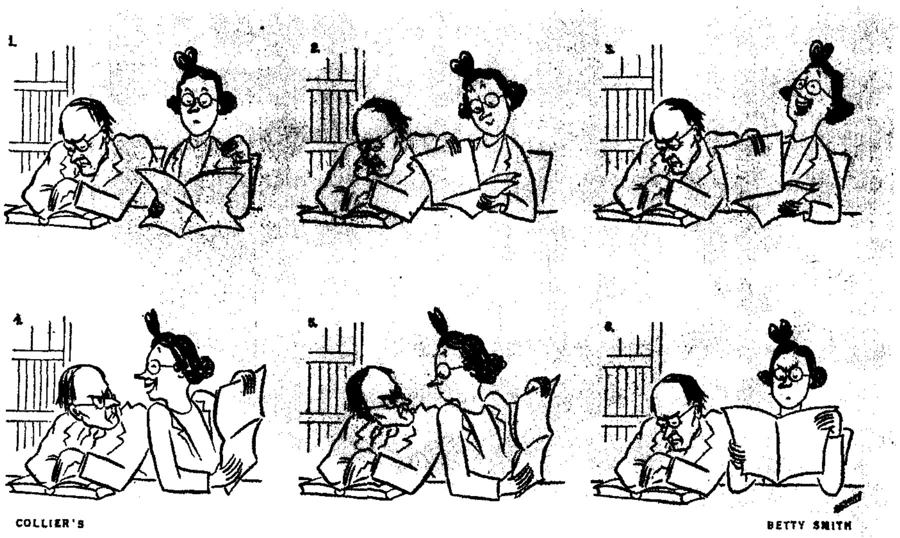
"I love you," he said. "You're a darling. But you never would make a writer."

"What does make a writer?" I asked. "And why didn't Miss Fenella ever write her own story that was so dramatic instead of all that Russian and Arabian junk?"

"Lord knows," he said. "Lord knows."

We walked on. Dust rose behind us. The sky was pale peach and the sound of the dam was soft thunder downriver.

THE END



Any Week

Continued from page 4

column. But we've never wavered from our original plan to force the reader to do the thinking. Even if your thinking is limited to wondering what the hell we're writing about, it's all right with us. Think columns are always running into trouble. Somebody who wasn't consulted is always crossing them up and making the heavy boys think up something new to meet the unforeseen situation. Nevertheless, we're always glad to include a thoughtful note. This week we give you the world-outlook analysis of a reader who'd like us to carry on from where he leaves off. It is this: "Where in evidence of flagrance and contradiction of investitures of sovereign power, the influences and investitures of government begin an abeyance to the inflictions of conspiracy and inquisitional intimidations, and it becomes recognition of those of its subjugation to petition the lawfully endowed representatives of sovereignty."

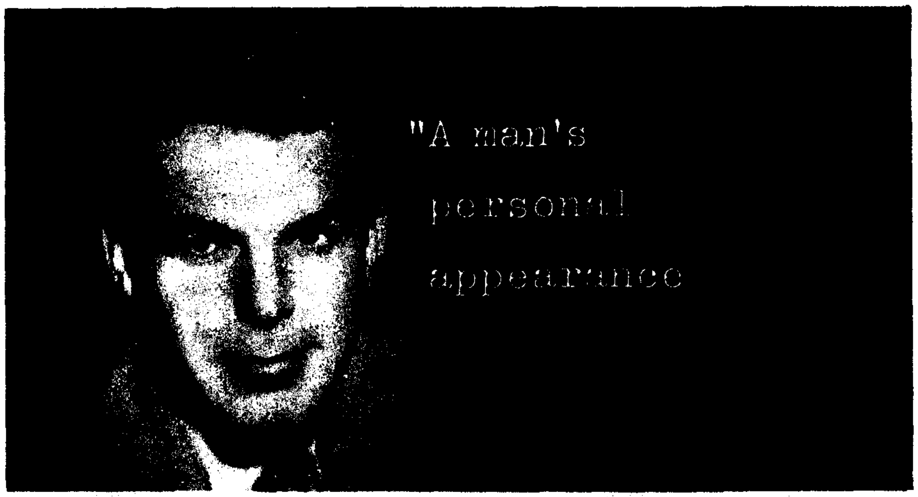
SO GO ahead and think from there. And be sure to wear your rubbers.

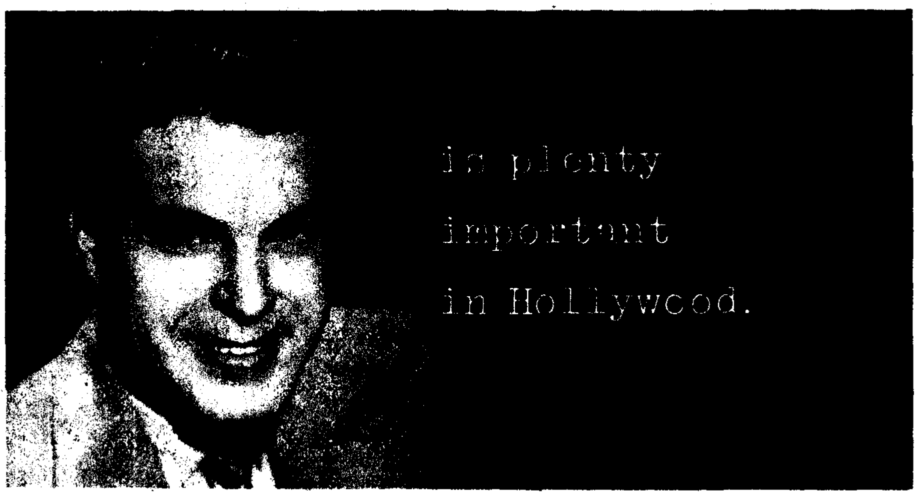
A SOLDIER constituent of Senator "Happy" Chandler has written to him from France as follows: "Dear Senator: You ought to come over and see this place since Patton and I have been co-operating. It gives Patton and I quite a kick to think that it will be the job of you politicians to clean up after us. Well, I got to close now, as Patton is after me to co-operate with him again."

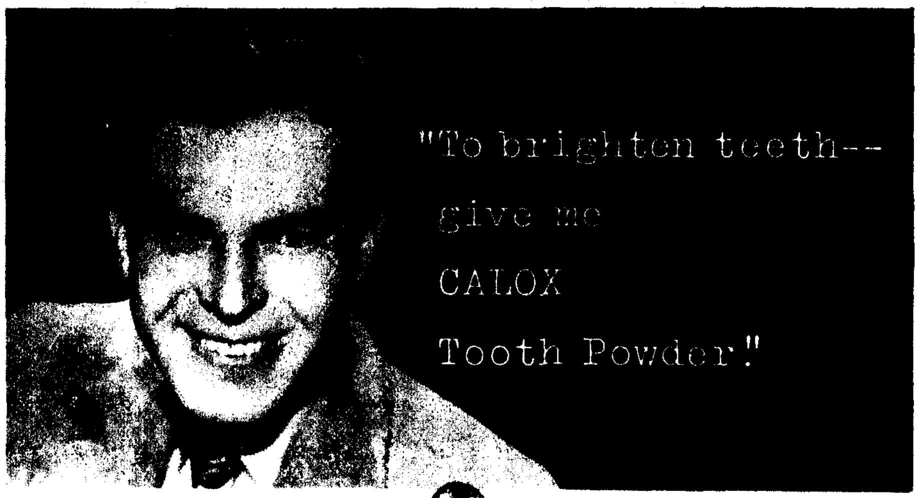
AND Corporal Giff Trellice writes from Italy that a brand-new rookie arrived armed to the teeth to visit death and destruction upon the Nazis. On the night of his arrival he saw a British soldier for the first time. He alerted himself with a bang, was about to go into action when calmed by a buddy. "What's that guy?" he demanded. "That's a limey," explained the other. "What's he doing here?" asked the new guy. "Don't get excited," said the old-timer; "they're on our side." Whereat the rookie subsided. "Gee," said he, "you would think they'd tell us about things like that, wouldn't you?" . . . W. D.

FRED MacMURRAY speaking:

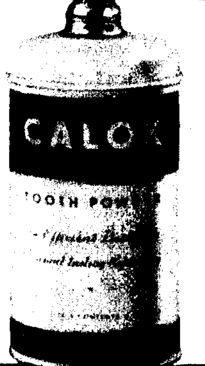
Star of "STANDING ROOM ONLY," a Paramount picture







A dentist's dentifrice



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Small Splash

Continued from page 21

Minto himself couldn't tell you just when it happened. But one fine morning Minto woke up to find that he had a swimmer who had everything but beef and brawn. That, Minto knew, would come. Jimmy is skinny, but he is big-boned, deep-chested, with a fine pair of shoulders on which to build muscle.

After that race, Robert J. Kiphuth, Yale swimming coach and coach of Olympic swimming teams, invited Minto to bring Jimmy up to Yale to get slow-motion pictures made of this swimming marvel.

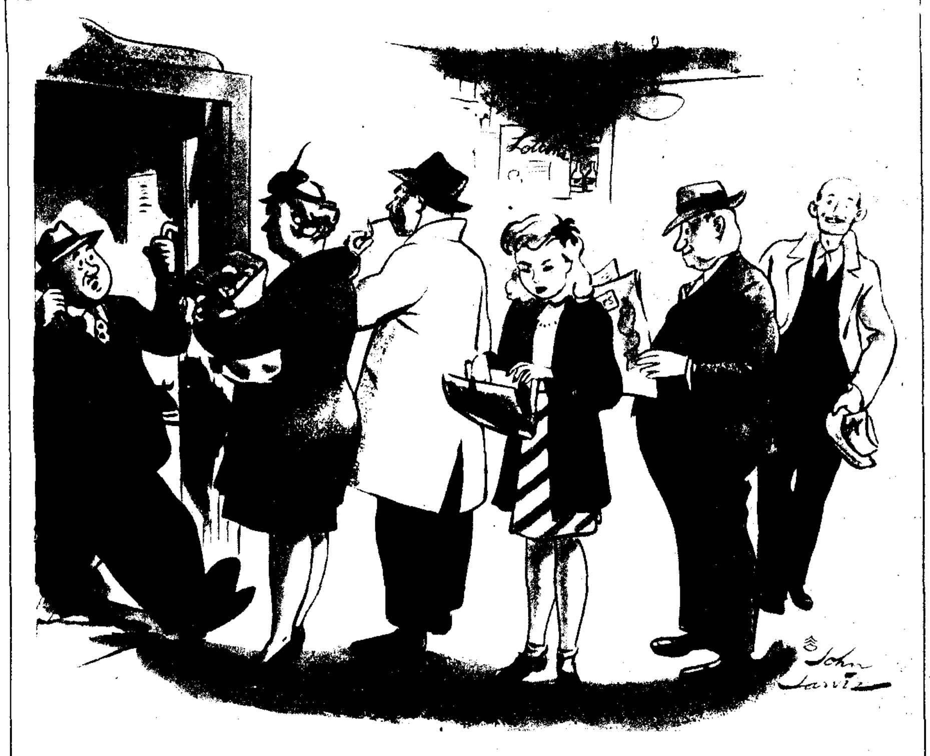
In the Yale pool, Jimmy swam a paced mile in 19 minutes, 19.8 seconds, just 21 seconds under the world's record. It was this, and his showing at Williams Lake that made Kiphuth state, "McLane is the greatest long-distance swimmer the world has ever known." And other great coaches, such as Matt Mann of Michigan State, praise Jimmy with the same unqualified adjectives.

Jimmy had appeared, like a seagoing comet, at a time when the nice things about him could be tested. The big national A.A.U. meet was coming off at Great Lakes, Illinois. Now they would see what he would do in big-time pool competition. So Jimmy was entered in the 400, 800 and 1,500 meter free-style events, the big three of the meet. Nakama was entered, keyed to a razor's edge by the memory of what the boy had handed him at Williams Lake. Along with the other top-flight swimmers entered was Ross Bean of Oakland, California, undefeated in Coast competition and hungry for national titles.

Minto didn't expect much from Jimmy in the 400- and 800-meter events. He knew the boy needed more weight and strength to put real power into his sprints. He was winning races on almost flawless form that made his drive nearly effortless. But he wanted Jimmy to get the kind of competition that he would meet at Great Lakes. He wanted to spot Jimmy's weaknesses and start correcting them.

These weaknesses were, of course, the weaknesses of youth and inexperience. Jimmy had not learned to breathe on alternate sides; that is, on the left going up and on the right coming down the pool, so that he always could watch the tough competition and pace himself accordingly.

In the 400 meters, Minto claims, Jimmy blew second place by breaking his stroke to take a look at the competition. As he broke, two passed him, and Jimmy came in fourth.



"I'll be out as soon as the operator tells my wife her five minutes are up"

COLLIER'S SGT. JOHN JARVIS

In the 800-meter free-style, Nakama's driving sprint nosed out Jimmy again. But the lad pushed him all the way.

But it was the 1,500-meter event that really stole the show. In a way, it was a highly comical situation. The finest swimmers in the country, powerful, adult athletes, were motivated by one idea, the man to beat was this gangling schoolboy, Jimmy McLane.

Challenge to the Champion

Nakama hit the pool, knowing that there was just one way to beat Jimmy, and he proceeded to demonstrate by sprinting the first quarter in a slashing speed that the boy couldn't match. The crowd knew that they were witnessing racing history as they watched Jimmy fight the veteran Hawaiian every foot of the way. To beat Jimmy, Nakama clipped thirteen seconds off his old record for a new American mark.

At the conclusion of the race, there was a smug look on Minto's face. He frankly admitted that Nakama's experience had beaten Jimmy on the turns. He had acquired, however, some figures on Jimmy's inexperience. Minto had clocked him up and down. Going down the 100-meter pool, watching Nakama, Jimmy had consistently made it in 1.21 seconds. Going up, his back to Nakama, Jimmy just as consistently made it in 1.25 seconds.

In Minto, Jimmy has the ideal coach for a youngster. Minto knows how to handle a boy. At home, Jimmy gets more of the same. For he is blessed with parents who, though thrilled at having such a champion in the family, don't intend to let it interfere with his normal life. He went into high school this fall with a fine scholastic record in grade school. His parents intend to see that he keeps it up through high school and college.

When someone asked Jimmy what his technique was in a race, he said boyishly, "Just get out in front and stay there." His parents tell him to make that a school rule also.

Minto predicts openly, and most other coaches agree with him, that within a year or two, Jimmy will break every existing world's record from the 400 meters up.

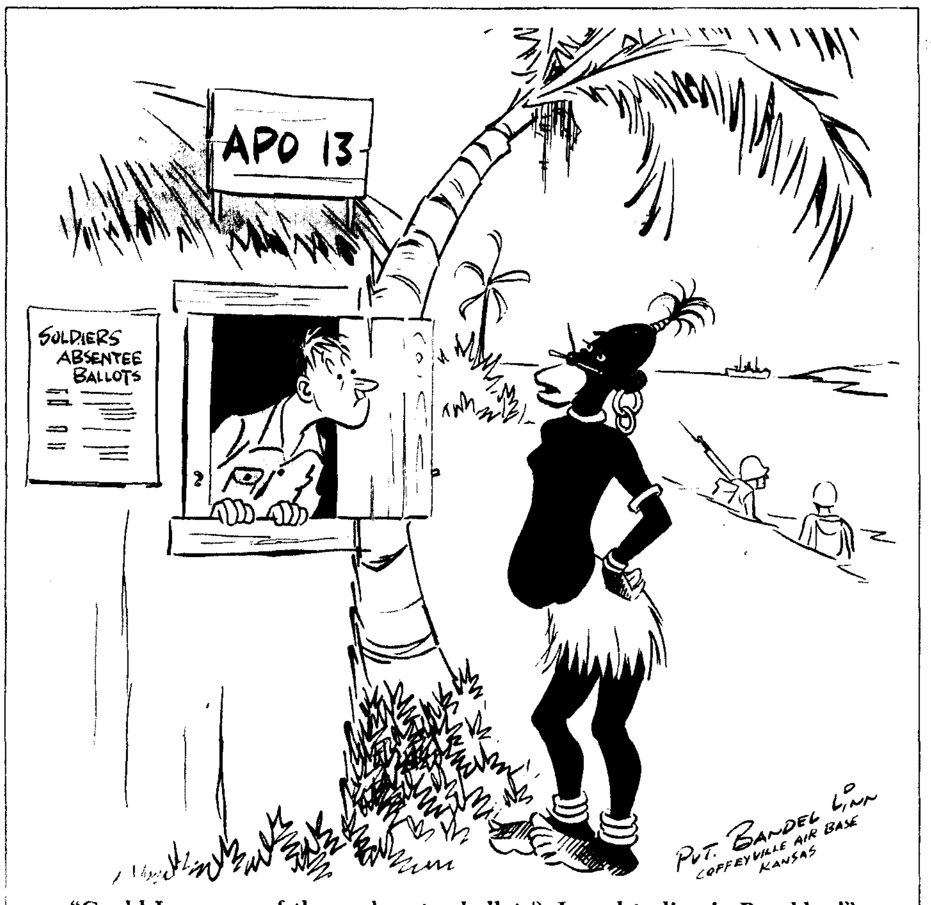
To that end, Jimmy is swimming two miles a day until December. From then on, the distance will be stepped up until he is swimming from four to six miles a day in preparation for the spring indoor meets.

In the last few weeks, Jimmy has just about mastered the trick of breathing on alternate sides. He is perfecting a fallaway turn at the ends of the pool that is as smooth as the flip of a seal in the water. These things mean a few more seconds clipped from each hundred meters. Also, by the time the spring meets come around, Minto expects Jimmy to be carrying twenty more pounds, which will be twenty more pounds of drive in the sprints.

A few coaches have criticized Minto on the grounds that he has pushed the boy too far and too fast, and will burn him out. Minto scoffs at the idea. His claim is that a swimmer who learns form and keeps himself in shape never will burn out. In this he is backed by top coaches like Kiphuth and Mann.

Watching Jimmy in the pool at work, one is inclined to agree with Minto. The boy churns up and down the pool in almost championship time, length after length. When he stops to answer questions and talk over fine points with Minto, his voice and breathing are normal. It is this natural endurance, vitality and co-ordination that Minto is banking on to make Jimmy the greatest long-distance swimmer the world has ever seen. Furthermore, he wants to see him start smashing those world records next year, while he is still only fourteen.

THE END



"Could I use one of those absentee ballots? I used to live in Brooklyn!"

COLLIER'S PVT. BANDEL LINN

OUT OF ONE ARMY

and INTO ANOTHER

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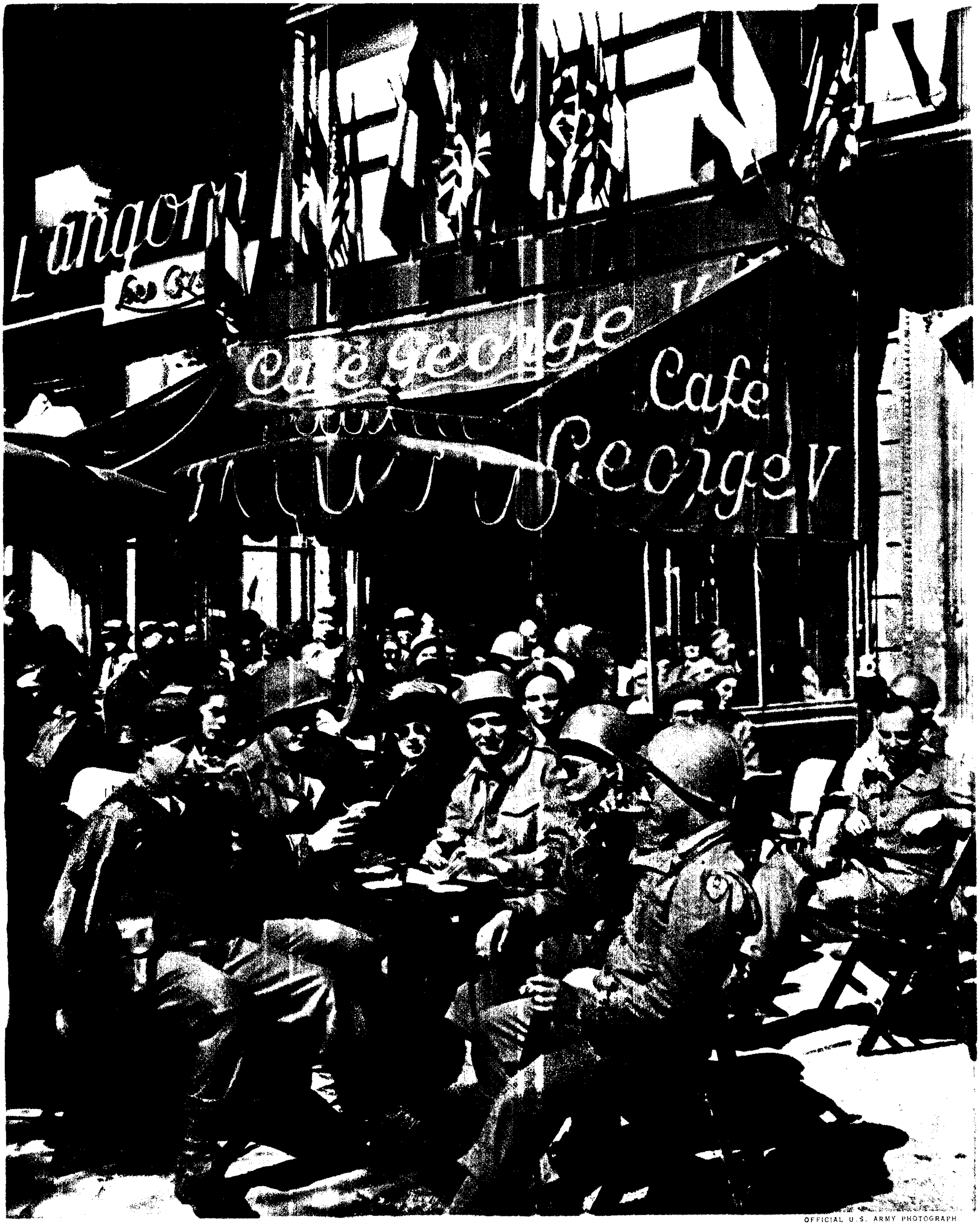

OFFICIAL U. S. ARMY PHOTOGRAPH

The main emotion in Paris is relief, which is not exactly the same thing as happiness. It is the relief of people who for four years have lived in silence with fear and disgust in their hearts. But there must be and there will be emotions greater than relief. That aristocracy which resisted the Germans inside France and those faithful ones who fought as Free French outside their country will have to rebuild a Paris which has remained materially unharmed. Meanwhile people who have never been to Paris before go on saying that Paris is the same as it always was

The WOUNDS of Paris

BY MARTHA GELLHORN

Outwardly Paris was little harmed. The Germans kept their torture chambers in secret places, and the agony of thousands went unheard—but not unanswered. As one dying victim scribbled on the wall: "Vive la liberté"

BY RADIO FROM PARIS

IN PARIS the prisons and torture chambers and cemeteries equal the bombed and gutted houses of London. There was no high explosive here, and we tend to forget that there are things which perhaps are worse than high explosive. For four years the Germans used a secret, creeping, snakelike fear as their weapon against the French. And this weapon failed because there were always more people who were ready to face the prison and the torture chamber and the cemetery. The people who walked this lonely fatal road and those who every day risked the same journey are now the great aristocracy of Europe.

The life of Paris during the occupation went on apparently much as it had in peacetime. Of course, *they* were always there; *they* with their field-gray uniforms and their field-gray faces, as one Parisienne said. And if they kept their brutalities fairly secret and if the men and women who resisted them kept their work secret on pain of death, nevertheless the smell of oppression was everywhere. For two years the Germans tried to be winning and for two years the people of Paris were too stunned by what had happened to their country to have any concerted reaction to the Germans. For the last two years of the occupation everyone—except the traitors and the servants of the German people who can never again be considered as French—knew exactly what they felt. During all this time the Parisians busily pretended that they did not see the Germans. The miracle of this unorganized mass passive resistance is that after four years of German occupation and German propaganda, no one can speak German, no one has read any German books, no one has adopted any German habits of thinking or living; the conquerors have left absolutely no trace of themselves in the minds of the people of Paris.

Paris is intact and beautiful and incredibly puzzling. But in a way Paris never had a war as we know it and it has no war now.

Caverns of the Condemned

The French boys wore mixed uniforms, German boots and overcoats, American khaki trousers, some sort of homemade forage caps, and the FFI tricolored arm bands. They were armed with very new rifles and a tommy gun. Their captain looked tired and needed a shave. We were going to look at the underground passages at Ivry, one of the old fortifications of Paris. The French use this great dank network of tunnels to sto ammunition and explosives, before the war. The Germans, however, invented the subhuman idea of using these tunnels as a prison. They simply locked men and women there in the wet unending dark until they died, or until it was time to torture or shoot them.

The young soldiers of the FFI moved aside huge spindles of barbed wire which blocked the wooden door leading into the tunnels which they had barricaded immediately after driving the Germans out of Ivry, and no one had gone down into the darkness since then. The entries to the tunnels were all guarded. This system of underground galleries runs beneath certain sections of Paris like a river with many tributaries. When Paris was freed, Germans fled into the tunnels, planning to emerge into the air and safety at another exit in another part of the city. The French soldiers said that the Americans had collected some Germans only two days ago, at Denfort Rochereau, which is miles away; the Germans being forced by cold and hunger to climb into the daylight and surrender. It seemed very spectacular to be filing solemnly into a huge, man-made cavern, preceded and followed by armed children.

There were no Germans. There was no human thing. But there was the mark of the Germans, and you who are safe and will never be locked underground to die must force yourself to imagine this horror so that you can understand the bitterness of the people of Europe who have lived for years with the knowledge of such horror.

There was a central tunnel about twenty feet wide with a hard mud floor. In places this floor was under water and everywhere it was wet with the seepage from old stone walls. There was absolutely no light. The ceiling was lost in darkness. From the central tunnel many blind passages led away, to end in more walls. Built off from these passages were walled-up rooms, with only narrow, grilled windows opening into them. It was so cold that within ten minutes one was shivering; in half an hour one's clothes were damp and one was cold to the bone. Men and women were shut in here, without blankets or light, and here they lived as long as their bodies could endure. In angles of the stone walls there remain now the ashes and

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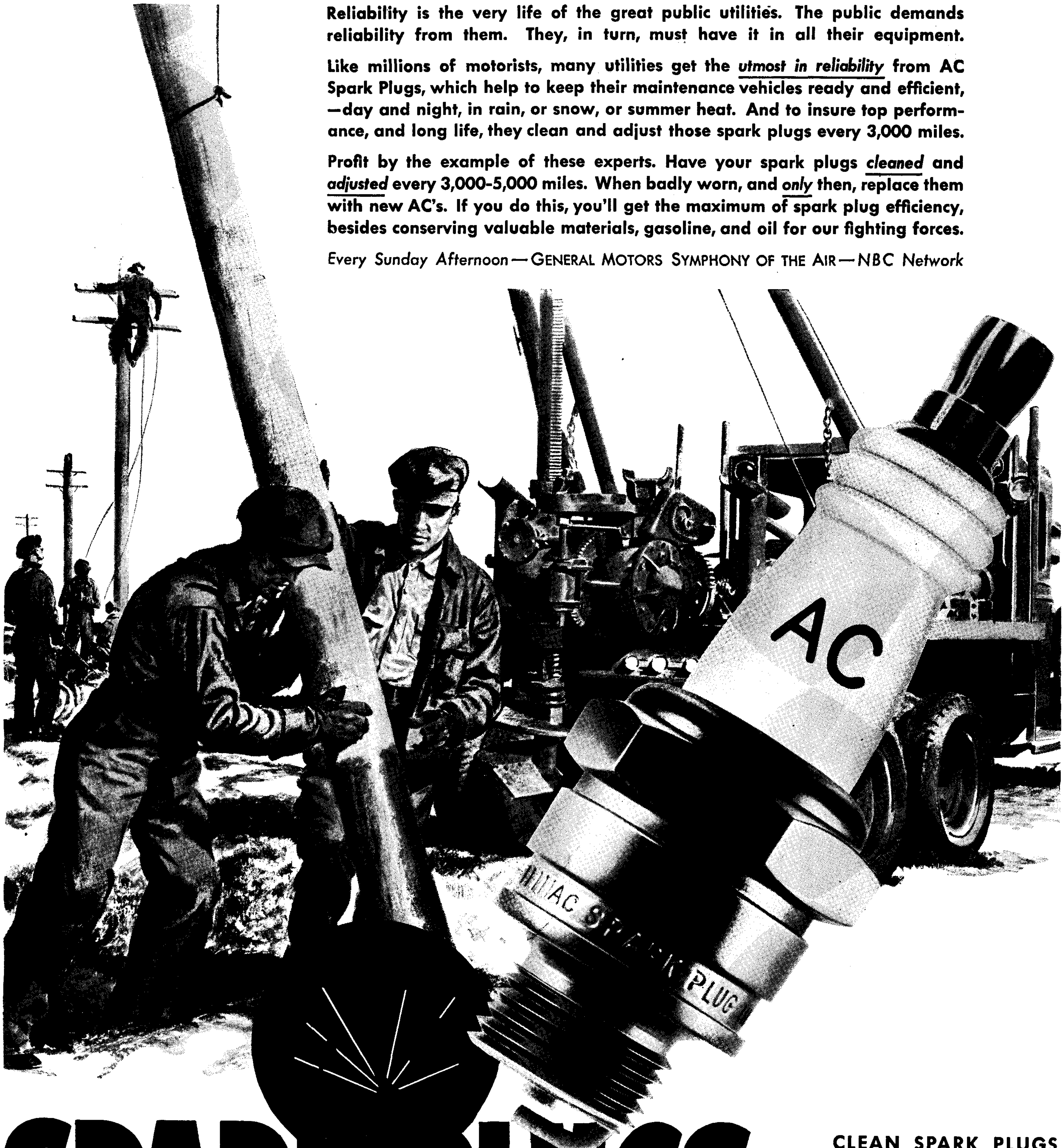

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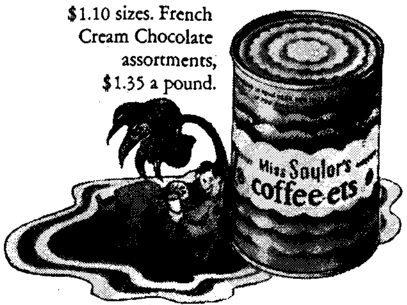

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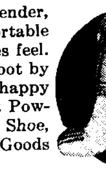


embers of small fires. Who gave these freezing people even those sticks we do not know.

On the walls, written in charcoal, there are names, as if, dying, a man or a woman felt the fierce need of leaving some word or cry in this black silence. It was hard to write with that material on dripping walls, and the names are unclear and in time they will wash away. There is also a long, level, unexplained mountain of dirt, in the central passage, and around it and near it there are a few unmatched shoes, a woman's rotting slipper, a black-laced boot.

This place never had been cleaned, yet there is no refuse which would show that the prisoners had food to eat, no empty cans, no shapeless little heaps of garbage. There is nothing except the tiny burned-out fires which can have warmed no one, the shoes, the badly written names of people now dead. Those tunnels were just a prison; nothing extraordinary, not one of the Germans' best efforts. It was just a prison to die in.

The Field of the Silent

In Ivry there is also a cemetery. It is not an unusual cemetery, and there are many on the outskirts of Paris, as there are around all great cities. In Ivry, however, there are two alleys of graves which are covered with flowers and visited by silent people who are looking for their own. These are the graves of the hostages and the patriots shot by the Germans. The Germans brought the bodies here, in trucks. The caskets were badly made of common wood planking, and the guardian of the cemetery said that one could follow the trucks by the trail of blood which had leaked from the caskets, and furthermore, as there were so many caskets in the trucks and the caskets so badly made, the ones at the bottom were often crushed and therefore broken open.

The Germans forbade names to be marked on any grave; but families who had lost their sons or husbands or fathers came to the guardian and asked for their men, and sometimes—since the guardian had the lists the Germans gave him—they found their men and so knew that a father, a son, a husband had been killed. When he could, the guardian showed the families which mound was theirs and they kept flowers on it, though the Germans forbade any flowers to be put on these graves. The guardian said no graves in the cemetery were so covered with flowers as these nine hundred unmarked tombs.

But even now, one cannot be sure who is buried under each rough heap of soil, and there are five graves in a row with an identical wooden plaque which says: "Here lies one of five students killed by the enemy on December 14, 1943." Then there are five printed names, and after each name there is the age of the boy. The youngest was seventeen and the oldest was twenty.

All day long women in black, leading very quiet children, and bewildered couples of old people walk through these two long alleys of graves and they seem to be searching for something. Most of those buried here were people arrested by the Germans for any reason or for no reason and kept as a reserve of human sacrifice, to be shot whenever the Germans decided more deaths were necessary to terrorize the citizens of Paris.

There is a thin little book of last letters of some of these people, hostages and militants, who were killed. Here is the farewell letter of a boy hostage of twenty-one, who can have been anyone of the boys of twenty-one buried in Ivry. "May 14th. At ten o'clock it will be finished. Before the end I embrace you with all my heart. My dearest little mother, I thank you for all you have done for me. You did everything you could. I thank you very much. Your son who loved you with all his heart. Many kisses from your son, Jean."

And another letter from a boy of eighteen, who could not believe that he was truly going to die like this: "And you, Mama, Maurice told me you had been to the *Kommandantur* (the German police). How tired you must be. Above all, take care of yourself and do not get sick because of me. Really, Mama, all is not yet lost."

And a worker who writes to his wife, speaking of his children: "I would so have wanted to see them grow up, and educate them to be honest citizens. When I think how I used to talk of taking my daughter to a dance, it breaks my heart. As for my clothing, they will send you my valise with my raincoat and overcoat tied on to it. These things are in good condition and will be useful to you." These are the dead of Ivry, and they are only a few hundred out of thousands, and Ivry is only one cemetery near Paris, and there is nothing remarkable about it, either.

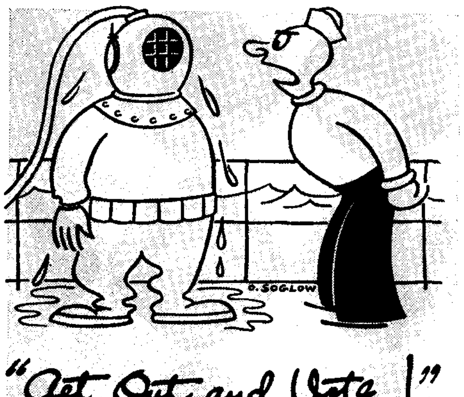
At Romainville, which is another of the fortifications of Paris and was used by the Germans as a barracks, there is a small, badly built brick structure which I think is one of the great horrors of the world. It is nothing much to wonder at; a sort of brick shack with three windowless rooms in it, fenced by barbed wire. Originally the Germans used this building as a place to disinfect clothing and blankets.

One of the rooms has parallel iron bars, on which clean blankets were probably hung to cool. In the other two rooms, there are brick ovens like old-fashioned baker's ovens, five feet high and ten feet wide. A great roaring fire could be built in them. On top of each oven, like huge unwieldy pots, there stood a plain wooden box, again about five feet high and four feet deep, lined with metal and with many hooks let into the ceiling. Blankets and clothing were hung on these hooks, and the extreme heat inside the boxes destroyed the vermin which infested the woolen cloth. It was a crude system but highly practical.

The Germans thought it would be a good idea to put human beings into these boxes and literally burn them alive. It would take quite a while to die in those closed metal-lined boxes. First your feet burned, and when in agony you tried to raise yourself, you reached for red-hot hooks. As you could not stand, you were forced to lean against the side walls of the box, also red hot. And after you had been burned enough you would be brought out, cared for, questioned, and if recalcitrant, put back into the box.

It is impossible to write properly of such monstrous and incredible and bestial cruelty: you will find it impossible to believe such things exist. You will find it impossible to imagine that in a sordid little brick hut, and in cheap and carelessly made cages, human beings could scream with pain and find no other human being who would release them from such torment. And yet there the boxes are, and on the sides of the metal inner walls are dirty brown swatches of blood. But since torture was German daily routine and since there are more torture chambers in and around Paris than you can conveniently visit in a week, this place, too, is probably not remarkable.

These torture chambers existed anywhere, in an average house on any street; or in the shabby back rooms of a ministry where formerly the clerks worked over the endless papers that seem the necessary ballast of all ministries. The rooms themselves, so small, so shoddy, with inexpensive, rather soiled flower or patterned wallpaper, are shocking because, though pain and death were distributed in them, there can have been no dignity allowed to either in such wretched little rooms. There will be a little box of a room with four round steel eyelets cemented into the wall. A man or a woman was tied hand and foot to the wall, the body unbearably stretched. After that came the long, the repeated, the scientific beating.



"Get Out and Vote!"

On the walls of this room, people have left messages written with stubs of pencil. The handwriting is not often educated, and perhaps the hands that wrote were no longer strong. They are terrible, simple messages from people who know they will die but do not know how much longer it will take. I remember one particularly: "Gaston Meaux leaves five children. My God, have pity on them."

There were messages of courage saying: "Comrades, tell nothing, *Vive la France, Vive la liberté.*" Messages which had only a name and the number of times the writer had been beaten. And one message saying: "I shall die here and it is because of my ——" There followed the name of a girl and her address; evidently she had denounced this man. After the name and address were these words, addressed to anyone and everyone: "Revenge me."

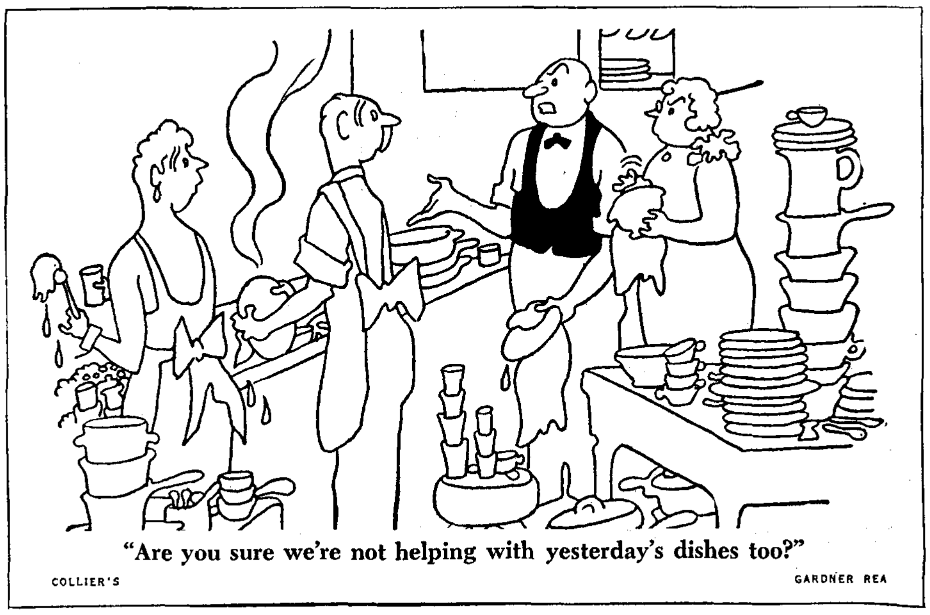
An Economical Fiendishness

There are the rooms where people, tied to a low stake, had a metal cap placed on their heads through which electricity was pumped into their bodies. The metal cap was plugged into the wall as if it were an electric razor or an electric iron because there was nothing spectacular or complicated in these tortures; they were inexpensive and practical.

There are the famous bathtubs which simply look like bathtubs in a fifth-rate hotel, chipped and dirty and a bit too small. In these, in water kept icy cold, people were held head down until their pulse announced they were about to die; after which a German doctor worked on them so that they would live, in order to be almost drowned again. In between all tortures, there was the questioning. Always the questioning while the torturers sought other victims, using the agony of one to give them the names of another on whom they could inflict agony.

It is necessary to know all this, and to try to imagine these places because these are the wounds of Paris.

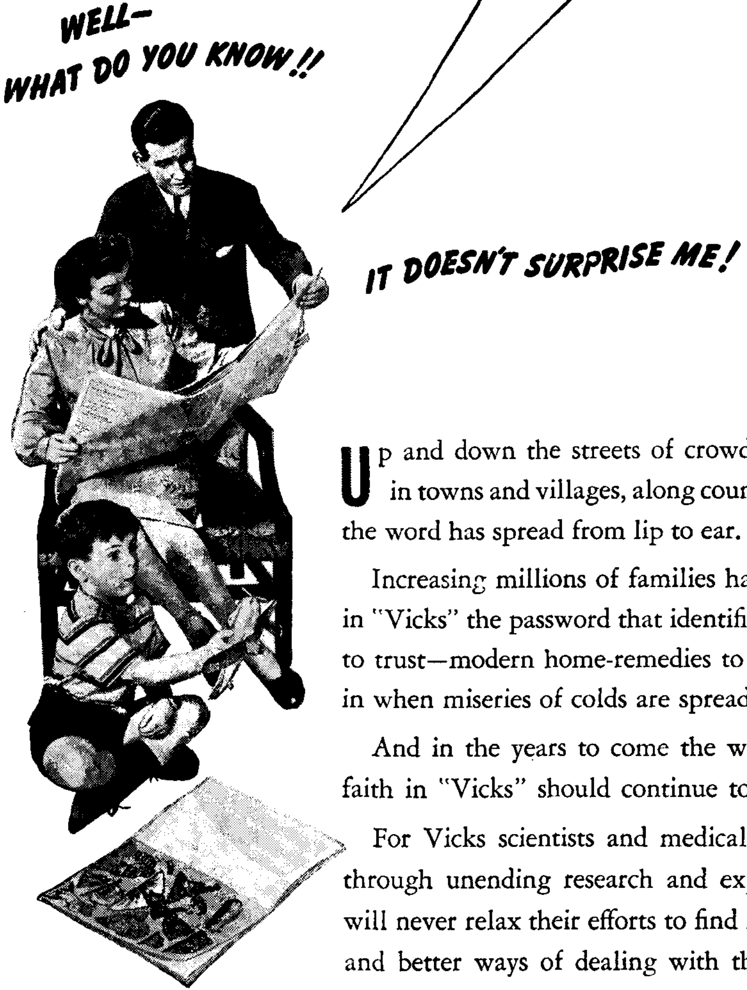
THE END



"Are you sure we're not helping with yesterday's dishes too?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

94 ~~53~~ ~~26~~ ~~17~~
NOW OVER MILLION VICKS PACKAGES USED YEARLY!!


WELL—
WHAT DO YOU KNOW!!
IT DOESN'T SURPRISE ME!

Up and down the streets of crowded cities, in towns and villages, along country roads the word has spread from lip to ear.

Increasing millions of families have found in "Vicks" the password that identifies friends to trust—modern home-remedies to put faith in when miseries of colds are spreading.

And in the years to come the widespread faith in "Vicks" should continue to flourish.

For Vicks scientists and medical advisers, through unending research and experiment, will never relax their efforts to find improved and better ways of dealing with the always bothersome problem of colds.

LET THE EXPERIENCE OF MILLIONS BE YOUR GUIDE

Helps Prevent many colds from developing if used in time. Just a few drops up each nostril at the first sniffle or sneeze or warning sign of a cold. A specialized medication ... use as directed. **VICKS VA-TRO-NOL**

Relieves Misery of developed colds. Rubbed on throat, chest and back, VapoRub's famous double action starts right at once to bring relief. The best-known home remedy for relieving miseries of colds. **VICKS VAPORUB**

Eases Coughs, Huskiness due to colds. Results are so good because this cough drop is medicated with throat-soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub plus other cough-easing medications. **VICKS Medicated COUGH DROPS**

Makes Cold-Stuffed Nose Feel Clearer in seconds. A few whiffs from Vicks Inhaler which is packed with really effective medication bring welcome breathing comfort quickly. Handy. Use as often as needed. **VICKS INHALER**

Screwball ideas on battery care

Prof. Hocus
Plain & Fancy
MAGIC
neatly done

If you believe in black magic and voodoo, you might try the old *electrolyte* gag—the enchanted liquid which puts batteries on the blink fast. Some folks think that a battery can be recharged without essential equipment and skill. Don't believe it . . . it can't be done.

THERE'S ONLY ONE safe, sure, sensible way to keep your battery strong in spite of ration-reduced driving. PERIODIC RECHARGES! Any Exide Dealer will be glad to check over your battery and recharge it, if necessary. Periodic recharges put off the day when you'll need a new battery. When you MUST buy, get a dependable, long-lasting Exide. Buy to Last—Save to Win!

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.
Philadelphia 32
Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto

BUY TO LAST
SAVE TO WIN

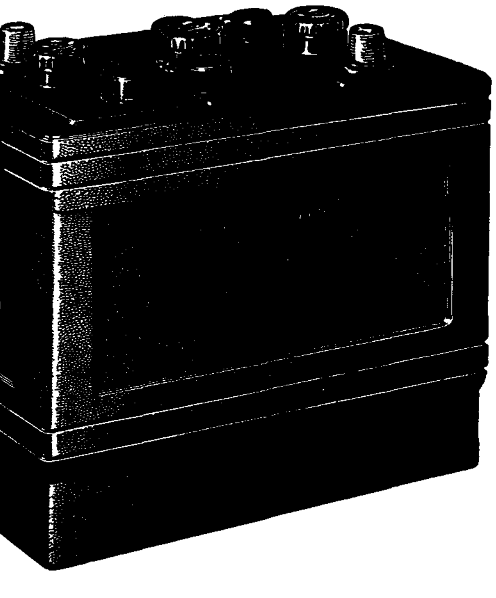
1 Don't buy *anything* you can do without.

2 If you MUST buy, insist on dependable, long-lasting merchandise.

3 Take care of the things you have. *Make them last!*

These conservation rules save materials for war production, help curb inflation, give you more money to invest in War Bonds.

EXIDES ARE USED
IN MORE THAN 100
APPLICATIONS BY
OUR ARMED FORCES



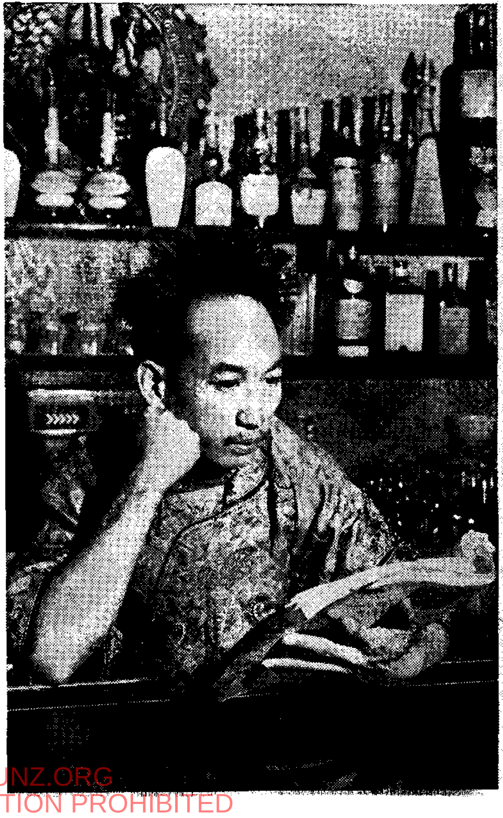
Chinese GOLD RUSH

**When Hollywood produce
want "Jap" extras these day
they call up the nearest Chine
restaurant, and in no time wai
ers are scrambling all over the l**

Beer Salesman Richard Loo raked in fifteen hundred smackers a week as a "Jap" general in The Purple Heart

Harold Fong, bartender, has an agent and spends some of his working time with a movie script in his free hand

INTERNATIONAL



ONE late afternoon following compl
tion of his work on a picture, Jan
Wong Howe, the Hollywood ca
eraman, wandered over to another mo
set and got a shock. It was almost sev
o'clock, and Jimmy took one look arou
and began to holler.

"Hey!" he yelled in agitation. "You try
to ruin me? You keep these guys mu
longer, and I won't be able to open tonigh

As explanation of this, Mr. Howe ru
a Chinese restaurant called Ching How as
side line to his movie work. What he s
now before him was his staff of waite
dressed hideously as Japanese soldiers a
acquiring Hollywood gold at far beyo
union rates.

"Why, listen," says Jimmy, "I go out
the restaurant the other night and I find t
bartender holding a movie script up to t
light with one hand and he's shaking up
drink with the other hand."

It's the new gold rush, and the Chinese h
to be forced into it. When the first rush
anti-Japanese pictures broke out, the scre
directors were up against it. All the We
Coast Japanese were by this time interne
and the Chinese resolutely refused to ta
Japanese parts. It took a lot of persuadi
for Jimmy to get some of his Chinese frien
into the Warner Brothers' production of A
Force, but that broke the ice and produc
what some critics feel is a priceless line.

"Come on," Jimmy exhorted the Chine
playing Japanese roles. "Act dirty and mea
You want people to think you're Chinese

Also, the original honest reluctance h
brought the usual Hollywood result of ra
ing the price, and the Chinese decided it w
all for a good cause and began getting up
their lines.

Harold Fong, the aforementioned ba
tender at Ching How, has grown a mustac
and now has his hair cut short, à la Toky
He has an agent and in one instance at lea
has rated as high as $1,700 a week for wor
ing in a picture. The other afternoon wh
Jimmy tried to reach him on the phon
there was no luck.

"Harold," explained somebody at Chi
How, "is down taking his acting lesson."

The Air Force parts really didn't amu
the Chinese too much. They were extr
then, playing Japanese servants and Jap
nese admirals on a ship that was bein
blasted by an American bomber.

"All we got in that one," they protes
"was blown up. No acting at all"

Since then, they have come into their ow
in pictures like The Purple Heart, Behind th
Rising Sun, Man from Frisco, and Jack Lo
don. Richard Loo, a beer salesman in re
life, got $1,500 a week for playing the Jap
nese general in The Purple Heart. H.
Tshiang, who for years starved his way ge
teelly around the Union Square section
New York selling his own plays in pamphl
form, now rates $800 a week for such par
as the Chinese traitor in the same picture.

It's a great gag with all the Chinese, man
of whom are college-educated people. The
take the movie money but stick to their reg
lar jobs, knowing that the lode will som
day run out. They were kidding one of th
waiters at Ching How the other night abo
his acting career, and he kidded right bac

"No dialogue; no workie," he said, know
ing what his clients wanted in humor.

There will undoubtedly be a great man
Chinese actors after the war who will hav
nothing but their memories (and the mone
they've saved) to remind them of their grea
careers, but they're enjoying the busines
now. Harold Fong, our bartender, lean
over the mahogany the other night with
script in his hand and addressed a custome

"Mr. Blotz," he said, "you're a grea
writer; look at this. How can you imagin
a man writing anything as dumb as tha
line?". . . K. C.

If Your Owl Won't Hoot

Continued from page 26

they won't get out of your way," complained Billie. "I used to put them out when I cleaned, and after a while when they saw me coming, they would grab the leg of a chair or a table and just hang on. It's terribly hard to make them let go, because there's no place on a porcupine you can get hold of to pull. And they used to leave their quills around on the chairs and in the bed. Our guests were picking them out of themselves for months afterward."

Using the garbage-can technique and some padded steel traps, John superintended the cleaning out of the district. Because they are about the only animal an unarmed man lost in the woods can kill, porcupines are valuable in wild country where trappers often spend days following their trap lines. So these porkies were turned loose in the north woods where they would be more appreciated. A few days later, the Hamlets got a hurried call from Roanoke, Virginia, and left on what turned out to be their most remarkable assignment.

The National Fruit Growers Association were having a convention in Roanoke, and had planned to turn the entire ballroom of the Hotel Roanoke into a forest, with live trees, tons of earth, a real stream, hundreds of wild flowers and, as a climax, wild animals wandering free among the trees. Knowing that newly-trapped animals would become hysterical with fear, the committee wanted someone who could tame the animals and act as zoological M.C.

John knew this was a wonderful chance to interest an influential group of men in wildlife conservation. He was determined to exhibit only predatory animals; animals usually hunted by gunners and farmers because they catch game. But these very animals are the fruitgrower's best friends because they keep down rats and mice. John set out to capture and tame foxes, weasels, skunks, snakes, owls and hawks, and teach them to live contentedly together. "It seemed very easy," John explained, "because I had a whole month."

The Washington zoo was interested in the project and agreed to lend John some of its animals with the understanding that they would not be frightened or injured. All the animals were moved out to the Hamlet trailer. Fortunately, the birds were already tame, and the zoo agreed to send them to Roanoke the day before the exhibition opened.

One week before the opening date, a kind of bird grippe broke out at the zoo. The zoo veterinarian decided not to let the birds go out. Meanwhile, at great expense, the ballroom had been turned into a woodland glade with real flowering peach and apple trees. Little paths had been laid out through the bushes, so that the visitors could see the birds flying among the trees. Only there wouldn't be any birds.

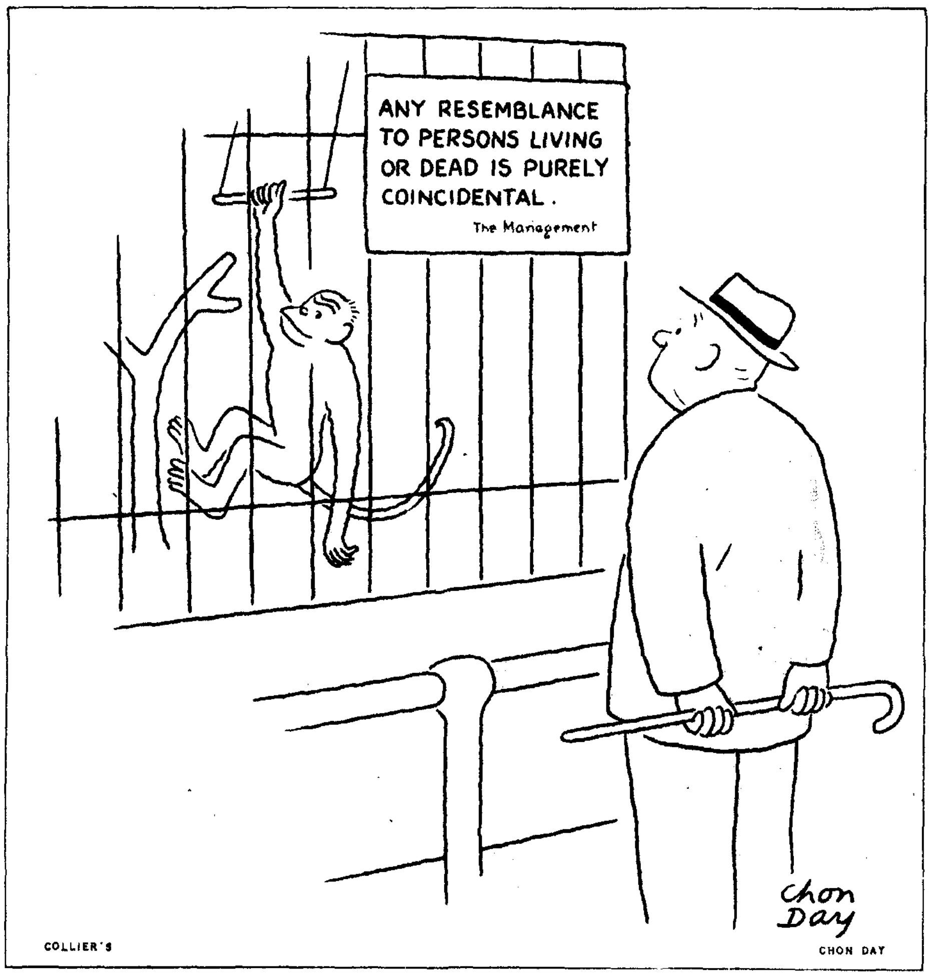
Leaving the frantic Billie in charge of the half-tamed animals, John unhooked the trailer and, taking the car, set off on a trapping trip. Using nets, he trapped day and part of the night for four days and returned bleary-eyed and exhausted with two great horned owls, a pair of barn owls, a little screech owl and three assorted hawks.

"We trained the hawks all day and the owls all night," Billie remembers. "There was never a dull moment." But the exhibition opened on time.

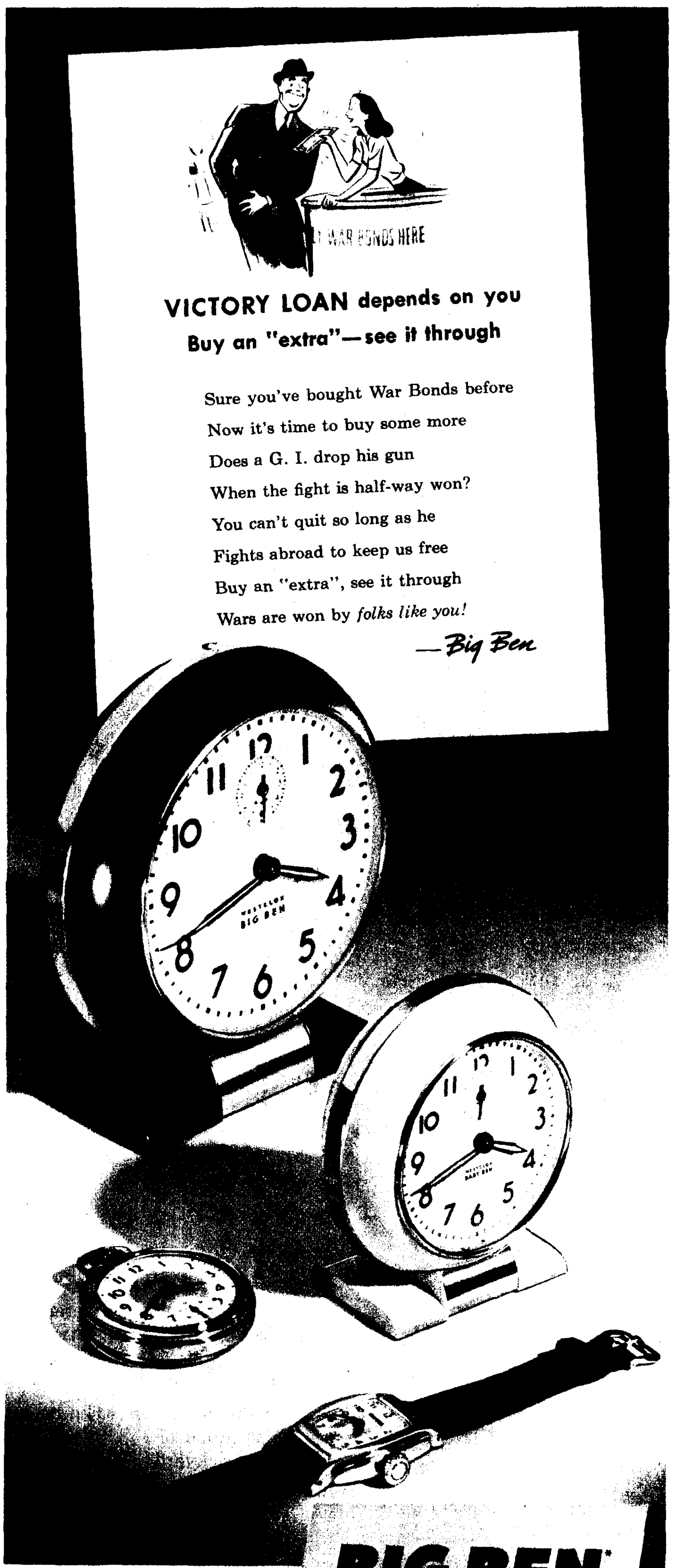
The Birds and the Beasts Were There

For the first few days, things were pretty lively in the artificial forest. There was a slight misunderstanding between the skunk and the great horned owl that nearly closed the hotel, and the weasel escaped and spent several days in the ladies' room before he was located. But the hit of the show was a gray fox that developed a liking for beer. The horticulturists fed him so much that he refused to drink water and moved about in a kind of happy daze, burping gently. Fearful for his health, the Hamlets tried to wean him away from liquor by filling empty beer bottles with soft drinks, but this only made him suspicious of them.

Shortly after the convention, John did his most amazing job of taming a wild animal. One evening while the Hamlets were camping out in North Dakota with their usual trailer full of animals, a district agent dropped in for a visit. He had just come back from Louisiana, where he had been trapping the rare black wolf of the inner swamps. This animal is one of the least known and most savage carnivores in this hemisphere. About as big as a large German shepherd dog, the


ANY RESEMBLANCE TO PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL.
The Management
Chon Day

COLLIER'S CHON DAY



VICTORY LOAN depends on you
Buy an "extra"—see it through

Sure you've bought War Bonds before
Now it's time to buy some more
Does a G. I. drop his gun
When the fight is half-way won?
You can't quit so long as he
Fights abroad to keep us free
Buy an "extra", see it through
Wars are won by *folks like you!*
—Big Ben

WESTCLOX TIME is devoted to war work, so Westclox spring wound and electric clocks, wrist and pocket watches are not available. But they'll be back again, smart and dependable as ever, as soon as permissible. In the meantime, handle your Westclox with care. If they need repairing, put them in the expert hands of your jeweler.

BIG BEN*
Keeps America On Time
WESTCLOX
*Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Dear Sam:
It was great t
We'll have to go hunting again when I get back—

Men of the Marine Corps say letters keep up morale . . . Write that V-Mail letter today.

He's been doing a different kind of hunting overseas. But in between times, when he writes a letter to his loved ones, it's the *little* things he writes about.

The hunting trip, when he got the deer he's still so proud of . . . the grilled steak suppers in the backyard . . . the ship model he was working on before he left.

These are the little things that he looks forward to returning to. For it's the little things—the small familiar pleasures—that to him as to all of us, add up to home.

It happens that to many of us these important little things include the right to enjoy a refreshing glass of beer. Cool, sparkling, friendly, beer is a sigh of satisfaction . . . a firm-set mouth relaxing into a friendly smile.

How good it is . . . as a beverage of moderation after a hard day's work . . . with good friends . . . with a home-cooked meal.

A glass of beer or ale—not of crucial importance, surely . . . yet it is little things like this that help mean home to all of us, that do so much to build morale—ours and his.

Morale is a lot of little things

BREWING INDUSTRY FOUNDATION

swamp wolf is coal-black with yellow, slanting eyes. Although most wolves have been virtually exterminated, this creature lives on, hidden deep in his swamps.

"If there was ever an animal fit to be called a werewolf, this is it," said the agent with feeling. "The local zoo here has an old dog black wolf that is just about the meanest thing I've ever seen. He was captured full grown and he has an insane hatred of humans. I came up here to make a study of him, but even his keeper can't go near the cage."

"Let me have him here, and I'll train him so we can take him rabbit hunting, and you can study his habits," John promised.

"I'll bet you a hundred dollars you can never train that brute," the agent retorted.

The bet was made, and John got the wolf from the zoo. Four men forced the raging, frothing beast into a small, portable cage and put it into the Hamlet trailer. John and Billie drove several miles into the badlands to a little grove of trees that grew around a spring. Here they knew they would be undisturbed.

John gave the hysterical brute a sleeping powder in his water, and the Hamlets moved outside with all their animals, giving the wolf full run of the trailer. When the powder had taken effect, John put a muzzle on Chita, as they named him, from the Spanish word meaning Little One. The next morning when John put his hand on the knob of the door, he heard a crash against the heavy wood, that sounded as though a battering ram had struck it. Chita had smelled him and was eager to tear him to pieces.

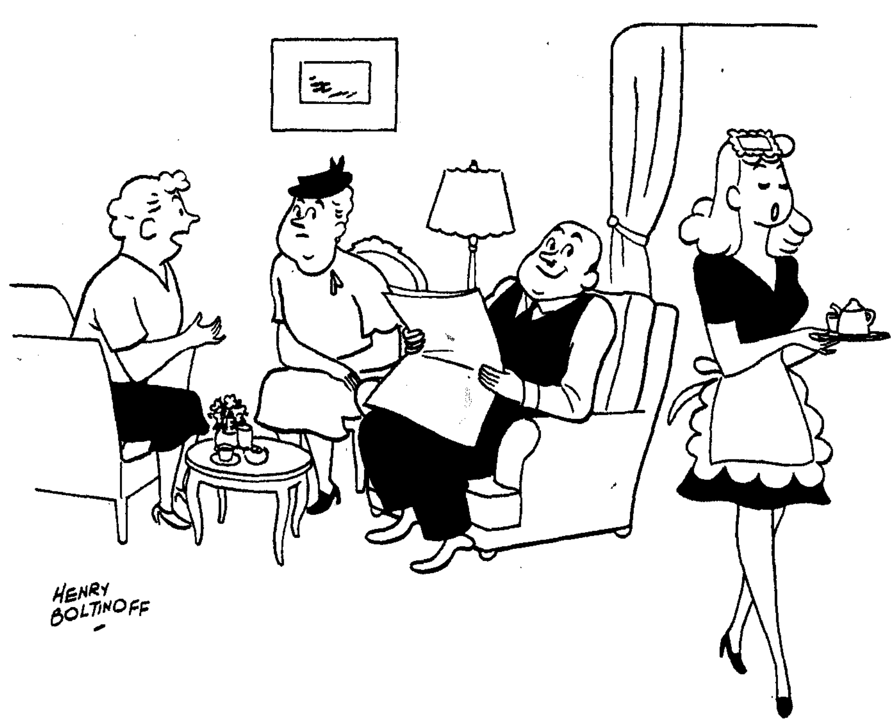
Faint Heart Never Tamed a Vampire

"Darling, if you go in there, I'll never speak to you again," said his terrified wife.

But John went in. "It was dark in the trailer," he recalls. "I could see the wolf crouching in a corner. His slit yellow eyes were gleaming at me, and I could see his long, canine teeth hanging over his lower lip; just the way a vampire's teeth are supposed to protrude. Then he came at me, and for a second I was frightened."

John was knocked down, but he threw the wolf off, and after a few minutes, Chita realized that he was helplessly muzzled. Then for four days and nights, John sat in the trailer with Chita, singing and talking to him. The wolf refused to eat, and John had to blow milk down his throat with a rubber hose. On the fifth day, the wolf suddenly rose and, walking over to John, put his head in the boy's lap.

"The sleeping powder helped," John explained. "Most animals are savage because they are hysterically nervous. The powder helped to quiet Chita down. Then, too, he probably felt queer and dizzy coming out of the drug. Wild animals will put up a terrific fight as long as they feel all right. But when they are sick, they become frightened and want help and sympathy. I suppose humans are the same way."



"Well, it keeps him in nights, but I'm afraid to go out!"

COLLIER'S HENRY BOLTINOFF

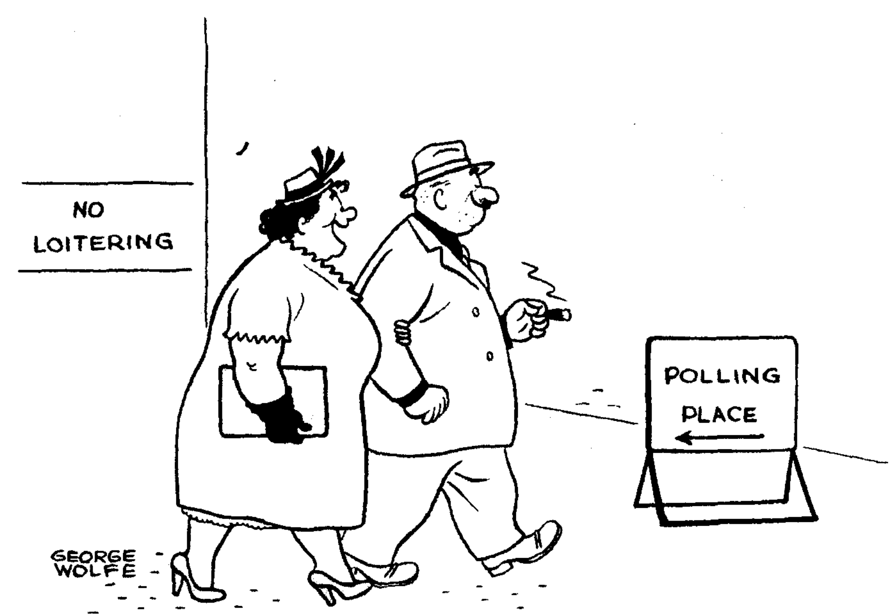
John took off the muzzle, but Chita made no attempt to bite. That night he ate his first full meal since leaving the zoo. Billie and John moved back into the trailer, and the wolf slept with them.

"I never saw so sudden a change in an animal," John recalls. "But for the next few days we were very careful not to frighten Chita in any way. We always made rounded motions. They seem to disturb an animal less than sharp movements."

The agent was leaving the state in a few days, and John was eager to show off his pet wolf. Chita had learned to heel, stop, sit down and retrieve a ball. He had never been off a leash, but John was perfectly confident that Chita wouldn't run away.

The day for the exhibition was set, and a crowd of sportsmen, zoologists and reporters turned up to see the pet black wolf. John had said Chita would obey four signals, and the agent had agreed to pay up if he obeyed one. The crowd was very silent as John led the wolf out and unsnapped the leash. Chita never hesitated. Without a backward glance, he bolted out across the sagebrush and vanished before anyone could speak or move.

"I was so disappointed I really felt sick in my stomach," said Billie. "A hundred dollars meant a lot to us. I should say 'to me' because I was housekeeper. Worse yet, we had lost a valuable specimen and liberated a dangerous animal that could do terrible damage to stock. But the most dreadful thing of all was the disappointed look on John's face. I wanted to run to him and tell him not to worry, that Chita was a horrid, ungrateful old wolf, anyhow, and what could you expect?"



"I wrote in your name for Vice-President!"

COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

Hopelessly, John started off in the direction the wolf had taken. As he was plodding along, something suddenly jumped on his back and bowled him over. It was Chita, trying to play with him. The wolf had doubled back after his first wild race of relief after the long years in a cage.

John put Chita through all his tricks, without a hitch. The agent paid up his debt without another word.

"Chita and I used to go jack-rabbit hunting after that," John explained. "Chita would pick up the jack with his nose and then come toward him slowly. Jacks run in a circle, and as soon as the rabbit started away, Chita would follow at a trot until he saw which way the rabbit was swinging. Then he'd cut across the arc of the circle and nab him."

But Chita never ceased to be a wild animal. He delighted in killing dogs, and John could not break him of the habit.

"Once I decided to whip him," John said sadly. "I beat him with a dog whip until Billie was crying with sympathy. Chita just stood there, and when I was finished, he jumped up, licked my face, and then went over to Billie to have her rub the sore places. I never beat him again. He just didn't seem to understand what I was trying to do."

Unlike a dog, Chita wagged his tail when he was angry and, instead of growling, gave a curious low hiss. One day while the Hamlets were stopping in a small town, they shut Chita in the trailer and went for lunch. A farm hand saw the wolf looking out of the window and asked a gas-station attendant what it was.

"That's a wolf, and you'd better leave him alone," the attendant warned.

"Ah, I ain't afraid. I'll drag him out into the light, so's I can get a good look at him."

Walking Right into Trouble

The man opened the trailer door and went in. A moment later he called out, "Say, this wolf ain't dangerous. He's wagging his tail and sort of purrin'."

A week later, the doctors reported that the farm hand would live. The Hamlets were able to leave town by paying his hospital expenses, but even John had to admit that the wolf was too dangerous to travel about with them. They took him back to his cage in the zoo.

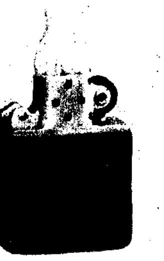
"He trotted right in," said John sadly. "He trusted me and was sure that I wouldn't go away and leave him there. Even when he saw I was leaving, he stood by the bars, grinning at me with his tongue half out as he did when we went rabbit hunting. Billie was crying, and I started running and never looked back. A year later he was dead. I'm glad. He never could have been happy in that cage."

THE END

TATTOOI
TO ORDE
ILE YOU
TOOTS
MAZIE
LULU

"No, Not Just a Passing Flame—
ZIPPO's my Lifetime Sweetheart"

ZIPPO never lets a guy down, it's no fickle flame. When it sparks, it lights —in a tropical storm, or when it's raining down in buckets full. ZIPPO's a real one hand lighter. Just keep it going with a little fluid* and ZIPPO can always be depended upon whenever needed.



No one ever paid a cent to repair a ZIPPO

ZIPPO MFG. CO.
Dept. C
Bradford, Pa.

Always use ZIPPO Fluid and ZIPPO hard FLINTS, your dealer has them.

I'VE GONE TO WAR SO BUY WAR STAMPS INSTEAD

ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER

POOR RICHARD
wrote a good hand!

Benj. Franklin won fame with his Almanac . . . in later life was twice envoy to England, once to France. A clear thinker, he took pride in his clear penmanship. In his Autobiography, he took pains to point out, "I learned to write a good hand."

Our present envoys to England in the AUS—hundreds of thousands of them—may write poorer hands, but have better pens. Many treasure an Inkograph, precision instrument of penmanship. Sturdy, fast-acting, with smooth flow of ink, it is built to write millions of words.

Service men come first, so if your dealer is out of stock—keep trying.

The name Inkograph on the barrel identifies the genuine . . . No mail orders, only dealers can supply you.

INK-O-GRAPH $2
Inkograph Co., Inc., 200 Hudson St., N. Y. C. 13

It is difficult to choose the right perfume, so ladies take no chances. They buy several different brands—one for each mood

Dollars for

BY ELSIE MCCORMICK

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GRAY-O'REILLY

Look what's happened to the perfume business. Ladies of every degree, from riveters to debutantes, are splashing themselves with fancy scents. The whole country reeks with exotic smells

THE biggest thing in the perfume line that ever struck America is the present boom in exotic smells. Perfume has become the No. 1 wartime luxury item. Today, ladies of the receiving and the assembly lines smell exactly alike. Both are exuding the fragrance of "the first nights of summer, with moon-blanched leaves," or smoldering hopefully with something that is "challengingly frank in its emotional appeal."

Before World War II, our great perfume-buying centers were New York, Hollywood, Washington and Chicago. New York, sweetest city in America—believe it or not—used to purchase every third bottle of high-grade perfume sold in the country.

Today, the industry is facing a staggering demand from a completely new public. Perfumes selling at $27.50 and more an ounce have been going like hot waffles in such spots as Las Vegas, Nevada; Nampa, Idaho; Passaic, New Jersey; and Bad Axe, Michigan. With their output curtailed by the shortage of floral oils and fixatives, manufacturers are staring, with slightly wild eyes, at orders from drugstores, groceries and hardware emporiums in towns they never heard of.

"Bottles are gobbled up as fast as they're put on the counters," a harassed perfume manufacturer told me. "If we didn't ration our customers, our entire year's supply would vanish in a month."

At another company, I heard of a drugstore owner from a town in New York State who asked for as many high-priced numbers as they could give him. Though he took away twenty $80 bottles, he was back begging for more inside of a week. Canteens and post exchanges also rank as important perfume outlets.

Perfume manufacturers report that the busiest fragrance markets for servicemen are located around the submarine bases, perhaps because pay is higher for submarine men. But maybe a man who has been shut up for weeks with a *parfum* arising from Diesel engines wants a girl who smells as "wonderful as a promise . . . maddening as a hope . . . rare and precious as mink," or "cool and dewy as a flower in the summer shadows."

With the increased business has come a new type of purchaser. People who used to be satisfied with a little flask from the five-and-ten are buying the costliest fragrances.

Indeed, one of the problems now facing the trade is teaching sales personnel *not* to raise their eyebrows into the shape of croquet wickets when a customer dressed for a hard day at the shipyards edges up to one of these pink satin and rhinestone perfume bars. There's gold in them dungarees and girlish coveralls, and hearts that long for the best. This is shown by the fact that the new buying wave has scarcely touched the very cheap perfumes.

These new customers, by the way, are likely to feel very much hurt if their solvency is doubted. In San Diego, a war worker in overalls walked into a department store, pointed to two bottles of perfume, and said that he'd take them. Hesitating, the clerk told him that they cost twenty dollars each.

"Did I ask you what they cost?" the customer demanded. "I said I wanted 'em; your business is only to wrap 'em up!"

Though women of all groups are falling for perfume in increasing numbers, sales records indicate that it has a special appeal for girls in industrial and war plants. It is no doubt a desire to escape from the unfeminizing effect of navy blue denim and cast-iron veiling that causes them to turn with such enthusiasm to fancy *odeurs*.

Besides, the habit can have a practical value. One girl told me that she used to suffer from an inferiority complex, but that, fortified by a $27.50-an-ounce scent, she found herself able to talk back to the foreman. The girls whose work with smokeless powder makes them smell of ether have discovered that generous whiffs of the more sultry scents can cause the ether to retire cringing.

Too Much of a Good Thing

Several of the more discriminating perfume firms have actually begun to worry about overuse of their products. To make up for having to wear unfeminine clothes, girls sometimes put on the heady liquids with the generosity of a house painter. In Los Angeles, a perfume salesman reported, he saw girl riveters buy some expensive scents in a drugstore, wrench off the glass stoppers, and slosh the alluring fragrance on their coveralls as if putting out a two-alarm blaze.

You may wonder why perfume bounded into the spot of No. 1 wartime luxury. The answer probably lies in those star-dripping advertisements. There is no doubt that their strange, swooning lingo has a powerful hypnotic effect. It bathes a lady in glamor and gives her the idea that a few drops of the right essence can make her as irresistible as Venus rising from the sea.

The slogans do not have to make much sense. A woman reads about a perfume that is "for rubies, for rain; for reconciliation," and rushes out to buy some, even though she isn't mad at anybody and hasn't any rubies. Both housewives and lady welders find it hard to resist a fragrance that is "For the hands of an empress and the feet of a nymph." Then there are Rosadell—"sultry, tropic, mysterious . . . a mood of midnight drama"; Precious Platine, one drop of which "could make a blonde the most ravishing thing in life"; Secret de Suzanne, which is "truly the fragrance of intrigue"; and Tabu, "the headiest perfume in all the world," which you shouldn't wear "unless you can meet its challenge." Small wonder that the girls are left wide-eyed and gasping!

Sometimes, though rarely, the appeal is directed to male buyers. Ciro's Danger, for *instance*, is "a distinctive, arresting fragrance . . . not for the timid." "Be man enough to give it," the advertisement concludes, "and face the consequences." No money-back guarantees are included, however.

Life has certainly moved on since July, 1917, when a perfume called Sweet Pea was advertised in a woman's magazine as "a delicate garden odor of the utmost refinement."

Confused by the large number of perfumes, some women wonder if it wouldn't be wise to choose a scent that expresses their personalities and disregard the rest. Back in Victorian days a girl usually picked out a chaste floral odor, then clung to it for the

(Continued on page 92)

Working for today

By the thousand, Norge men—factory workers and distributors, dealers and dealers' salesmen—have taken "time out" from their normal useful tasks to attend to other duties—grim, dangerous, deadly duties. And Norge plunged into the maelstrom with these men . . . supplying them and others with the sinews of war that increased their proficiency and will hasten the day of their triumphant return.

Planning for tomorrow

Norge dealers of every type—department or furniture store, hardware or home appliance shop—are now planning for that great day when showrooms will again be filled with new Norge washers, electric ranges, home heaters, gas ranges and Rollator refrigerators. Your Norge dealer is confident that when the time comes you will want to visit his store to view the newest Norge *products of experience.* Old customers as well as new ones will find that the Norge dealer has something for them that was well worth waiting for—a line of products which, because of Norge's wartime production experience, are even better designed, better engineered and better built.

NORGE, A BORG-WARNER INDUSTRY

Norge is the trade-mark of Norge Division, Borg-Warner Corporation, Detroit 26, Michigan. In Canada: Addison Industries, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

"for outstanding production of war materials."

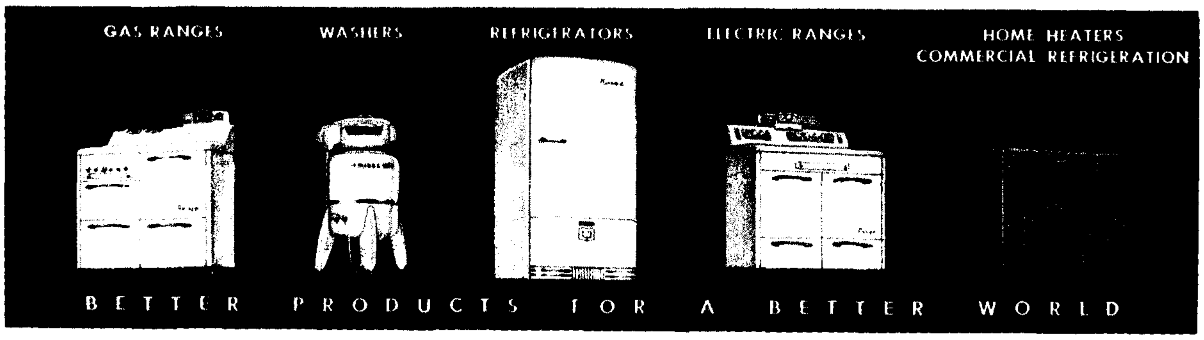
Ready for Today

Without interfering with the steady flow of war material from the Norge factories, a limited quantity of brand-new, full-size, full-quality gas ranges are being produced and are now available for essential users.

SEE NORGE BEFORE YOU BUY

NORGE

HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES



PIPE TYPES . . . . by R. TAYLOR

THE SKEPTIC. Refuses to be convinced about pipe-smoking. Takes a few puffs occasionally and says: "Don't tell me people *enjoy* this?" Wait till he meets up with Briggs. *Then* he'll discover what pipe-smoking really is!

THE DEVOTEE. When he smokes his pipeful of Briggs, he's in Seventh Heaven. The secret: Briggs is aged in oaken casks for YEARS—*extra-aged* for extra mildness and smoothness. Try Briggs—*yourself!*

BRIGGS
PIPE MIXTURE
WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND

15¢

BRIGGS

CASK-MELLOWED

Extra-Long for
Extra Flavor

PRODUCT OF P. LORILLARD CO.

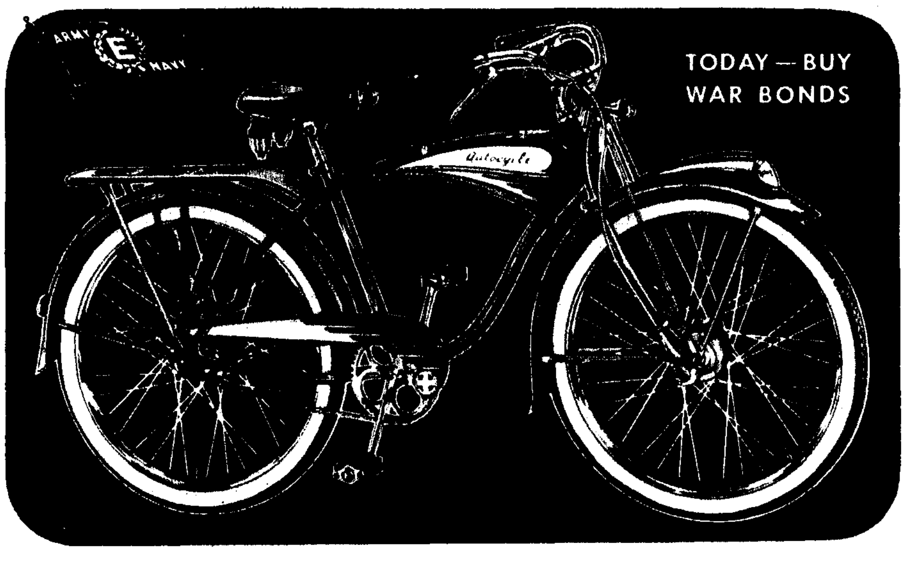
Schwinn-Built Bicycles

GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

Prized by Every Boy and Girl

Boys and girls the nation over, eagerly await the new Schwinn-Built Bicycles that will come with Victory. They'll not be disappointed. Schwinn-Built Bicycles after the war will bristle with new features ... more than ever they'll be *America's Finest*... backed by a Lifetime Guarantee. Now the Schwinn factory is on day and night war production for the Army, Navy and Air Corps.

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & COMPANY, INC.
1758 North Kildare Ave. - Chicago 39, Illinois



Leave It to Jake

Continued from page 20

He only wanted to play, ponderously, clumsily, like a buffalo. Jake wasn't worth his pay. Not any more. Not this year of all years, when the world was fighting, dying; when he, Phillips, was tied to a stiff leg and a medical discharge, fit only for the running of Army raisins. There was no room for Jake. That was what he wanted to say. But he was tricked because he could not directly, deliberately hurt the old man.

"It isn't that, Jake," he repeated lamely, "only . . ."

"Your daddy wouldn't been sore on me," Jake persisted, "not after twenty year."

Phillips was silent. Then he tried another approach: "Twenty years is a long time, Jake." He looked up. "And you weren't so young when you came here. The work will be hard."

Jake's changing expression stopped him. Jake's eyes were round, amused. "You mean," he asked slowly, "you mean you think I'm too old?"

"It isn't that, Jake, exactly."

But Jake wasn't listening. He was holding the steel hook out in front of him for young Phil to see, holding it in both of his great hands. "Looky," he said. He took a little breath, and then the shoulders of his blue shirt began to hump, and the barrel of his great chest swelled hugely, and the muscles stood out in his old arms like roots beneath an oak. The steel hook started to give.

He bent the hook double and put it on the desk. "There," he said. "I ain't much for purty, young Phil. Never was. But I'm still hell for stout. You got a man in your new crew can do that? Or two men?"

Phillips looked at the hook. He shook his head slowly. It was no use. He picked up his pencil again and pulled to him the list of his crew and added Jake's name to the list—Henry Jacobson. Always, before, Jake's name had been first. Now it was last. Phillips thought of that. It was, somehow, indicative.

"It's about time to be astartin', ain't it, young Phil?" Jake asked.

Phillips nodded without looking up.

Jake walked slowly out of the little office onto the platform. He wasn't happy. "He don't seem to want me," he said slowly, wonderingly. And there was the trouble. It wasn't the money. Jake didn't need that. His little house and his seven acres and his truck, these were all his. Money wasn't necessary. Not when he could grow or raise what he ate and sell the remainder for enough to clothe himself. It was something far deeper than that. A man—any man—must be wanted, must be needed, and there was the trouble.

HE STOOD on the platform by the stacks of grape-filled boxes with his great hands deep in his overalls pockets and his hat on the back of his bald head, letting the familiar sounds and the familiar sights of the plant brush the trouble from his mind. He thought of Joe, the cat, who lived in the packing shed and prowled continually among the bins of raisins and dried apricots and dried peaches in search of the mice who were always there. And he thought of the nights when he had stood on the platform in the friendly, mysterious darkness, talking to Joe, and explaining to him carefully the operations of the dehydrator that was his home.

"The trucks come in here, Joe, carrying ten, twelve ton of grapes in boxes like these here on the platform. We pick 'em up a stack at a time, dump the grapes onto the rubber belt there, and then we cut up the big bunches as they go into the dip tank. They come out of the dip tank under fresh-water spray, and then the spreader man who runs the conveyor for the trays with his foot moves it along so's the fruit is spread out on those trays nice and even. At the end of the conveyor there's two men who take the trays and stacks 'em on the little steel cars, one on top of the others until the stack is twenty-seven trays high.

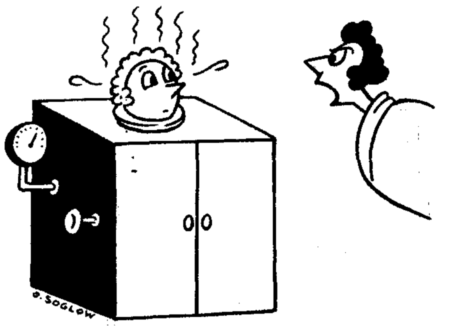
"When the car is loaded, the tunnel man he hooks onto it and pulls it down the main track there and opens up one of the tunnel doors and pushes it inside. It's hot in there, Joe. There's a twenty-foot gas flame aroarin' and asnortin' beneath each one of those tunnels, and up above in the blower loft there's a motor aworkin' along, drivin' a fan to spread the heat all up and down the tunnel an' take the juice right out of the grapes. You can hear the furnaces, Joe. They sound like summer thunder and if you was to listen real close now, you could hear the belts that drive those motors agoin' slap, slap, like a bull fiddle in a band."

IT WAS pleasant to think of Joe and to think of the night, to hear the low thunder of the furnaces and the faint rhythm of the blower belts and to feel that a new season was under way. It was like the first couple of days of spring after the winter rains, and the feeling drove the trouble from his mind.

He sauntered across the platform past the dipper tank to the end of the tray conveyor where the two stackers were loading a new car. His old face was bland and round and innocent as he paused to watch.

Beside the stackers the tunnel man wrestled with the last loaded car, fighting it with his steel hook, tugging it, hauling it, trying to get it started on the main track. His face was red, and temper was plain in his eyes.

Jake said helpfully, "Sort of separates out the men from the boys, that job, don't it?" One of his hands, still deep in his overalls pocket, clutched his little leather purse. Strangers these were, this crew. "Time was," he said encouragingly, "when a tunnel man here had to be some stout." He raised his voice and let it carry to the stackers, to the spreaders, and to the men on the dipping crew, and they turned their heads to watch. He teetered gently back onto his heels and his old cheeks took the shape and color of ripe apples. "Yes, sir," he repeated, "some stout, had to be."



"Get Out and Vote!"

The tunnel man said savagely, "In about a minute, Grandpa, I'm gonna turn around jest twice, an' when I do, you ain't gonna be here no more."

"He ain't right neighborly, is he?" Jake asked the stackers. His hand still clutched the little leather purse in his pocket. He was wondering what the traffic would bear. "When a man don't know his job, it always seems he don't want people standin' around watchin'. Funny, ain't it? It always seems like it works out that way."

Someone laughed. The tunnel man's face went red and then white. He took a deep breath and he set his jaw and let the words come out slowly: "Okay, Grandpa, you spoke your piece. You flapped your mouth real wide. You're jest talkin', ain't you? You don't have nothin' on your mind?"

There was silence. The dipper had stopped. The conveyor was still. Jake teetered slowly on his great feet, and his old eyes seemed very young, and the apples in his cheeks were ripe and round. "Well," he said, "I'll tell you. I ain't much of a man no more, gettin' old, gettin' weak." He paused for a moment. "I was some stout when I was young, though." He said it pathetically.

The tunnel man began to smile. "I've heard that before, Grandpa," he said, "from

IT'S 158,753,389,899 TO 1 THIS WON'T HAPPEN...

According to the calculations of experts, these are the discouraging odds against holding 13 cards of the same suit. To be dealt such a combination and yet have your opponents win the hand is a bitter pill to swallow.

That's what once happened to an opponent of Robert L. Chatkin, in the first World Bridge Olympic. Mr. Chatkin bid seven no trump, and the opposing holder of thirteen spades was unable to take a single trick.

BUT IT'S 2 TO 1 THIS WILL!

If you play cards (and 4 out of 5 Americans do) whenever you play . . . wherever you play . . . the odds are more than 2 to 1 that it's with brands made by The United States Playing Card Company. For that's the percentage of their popularity over all the other brands combined . . . a popularity they have earned as quality favorites . . . top values in every price range.

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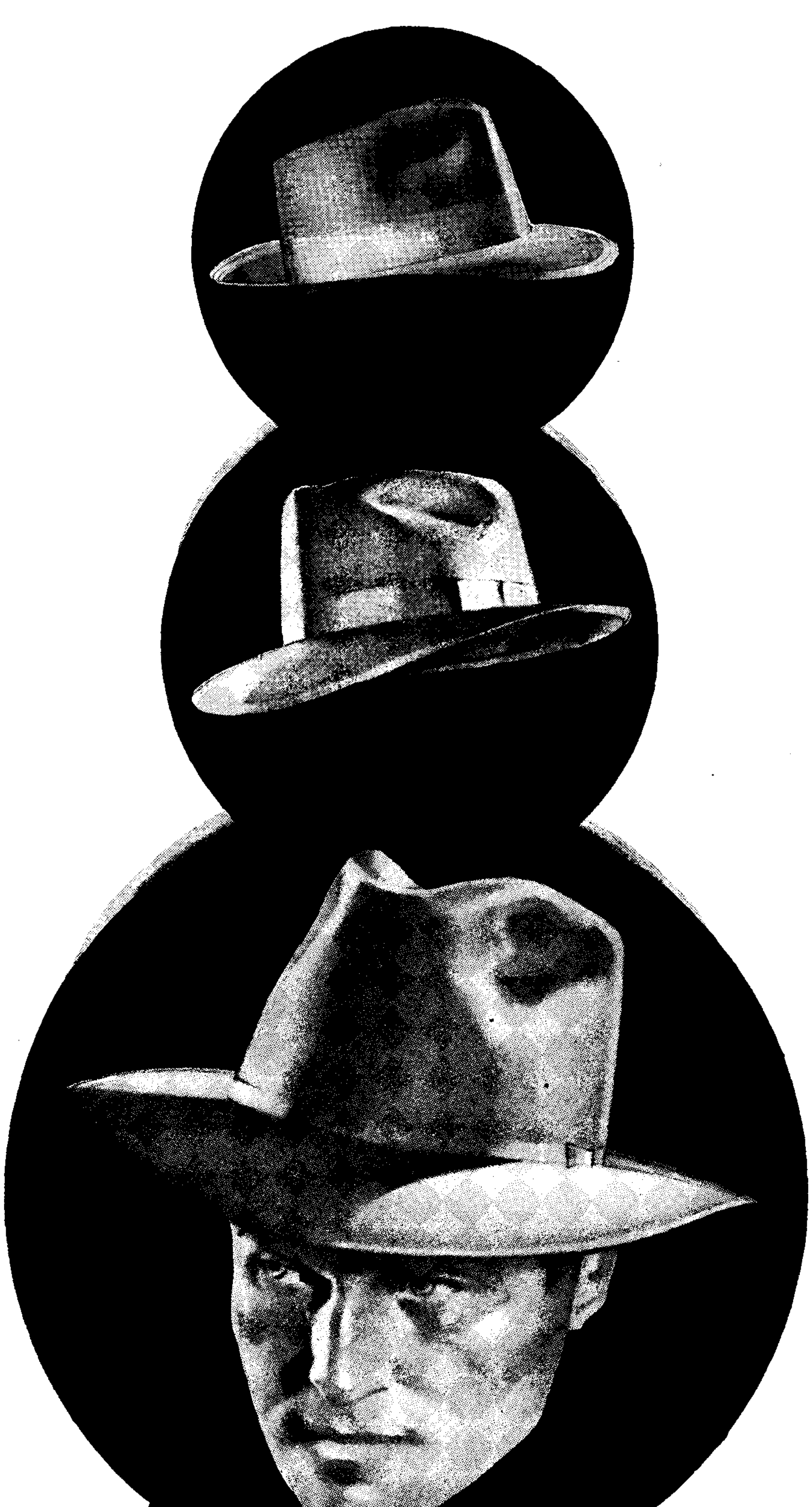


The CHAMP steps out for Fall. ● The nation's greatest hat value! Made to rank with hats that cost much more...Made to hold those smart lines and outwear your longest expectations...Made to suit your face and pep up your personality. ● Feel the felt—note the price and then compare. From every angle...the CHAMP'S *your* hat for Fall.

The three hats pictured above are the COMMANDO...CRUSADER...B17. Your favorite men's store will show you a wide variety of CHAMP Fall models in distinctive grays, browns, greens, blues and covert. Exceptionally priced at $5.00—$6.50—$7.50. CHAMP HATS MADE BY LA SALLE HAT CO., PHILADELPHIA

old windbags who couldn't pick up their own feet."

Jake said, "I ain't much of a man no more, but still I ain't no little kid. I could still pick up two, three the size of you."

The tunnel man computed rapidly. "That'd be about five hundred pounds, Grandpa. You could pick it up with what? You got a crane handy?"

Jake's eyes went round, surprised. In his pocket his right hand fondled the little leather purse. "I guess I could still pick up that much," he repeated doggedly. "It ain't much, but I ain't much of a man like I used to be."

"You got talkin' money, Grandpa?"

"You mean you want to bet?" Jake asked piously. He shook his old head. "I ain't a bettin' man."

The tunnel man's smile began to grow. The crew behind him stirred restlessly.

"But," Jake continued without effort, "sometimes when a man don't believe what I tell him." His great paw came out of his pocket bearing the little leather purse. He worked at its clasp, and his old eyes swept the men who watched. They crowded forward. . . .

IT WAS the silence of the dipper machinery that finally brought Phillips out of his office. The platform was empty. He paused for a moment, puzzled, and then he saw his crew and understood.

They were gathered around the apron in front of the first sulphur house, and in the center of the group above the heads of the crew Phillips could see Jake's old straw hat and Jake's round cheeks. He didn't need to see more; he had seen it before, almost every season.

Hidden from him by the watching men there would be a stack of five one-hundred-pound sulphur bags and around them a double strand of half-inch Manila rope and on either side of the stack there would be a platform made of two more sulphur bags to support Jake's great weight.

Jake's red handkerchief would be beneath the knot of the rope to protect his great hands, and Jake's great legs would be bent and his huge back would be straight and the buffalo hump on the back of his neck would have been transformed magically from a lump of fat into a great hump of muscle.

As Phillips started for the crew, limping quickly, he saw Jake's face begin to redden. He heard Jake's breath whistle out and then he saw the huge shoulders, lumped and knotted with effort, appear above the heads of the crew and even from the distance he was sure that he could see the twinkle in Jake's old eyes.

He reached the crowd and pushed his way in among them. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Jake picking up the two stacks of bills that lay on the ground.

"Break it up," Phillips said sharply, "and get the hell back to your work. This is no kindergarten."

They moved away slowly without words, without laughter, and Phillips stood still, his face and his eyes angry, and watched them go. Only Jake was left, folding the bills carefully and tucking them away in the little purse. His eyes were bright, his cheeks bulged. He bent down for the sulphur bags. "I showed 'em, young Phil. I showed 'em I ain't no little kid."

Phillips said slowly, "I couldn't expect you to understand, Jake." His eyes were cold and his pallid face was strangely set. He took a deep breath. "You can work for me or you can quit. I don't care which. But if you work, you'll work and you won't stand around and show off your muscles and keep everyone else from working." He could have said more. It was in his mind. But he didn't. "Well?" he asked sharply. "Which is it, work or quit?"

Jake straightened up. He held two sulphur sacks in his great hands negligently, as if they were feather pillows. The twinkle had gone from his eyes and the apples from his cheeks. His face looked old and tired, and he was shaking his head slowly.

"Which is it?" Phillips repeated.

"Work, young Phil," Jake said slowly, "like I always done." He paused, hunting ponderously for words. "You're still sore on me, young Phil, 'cause I let your tunnel burn down."

"No," Phillips said truthfully, "that isn't it." He turned and limped stiffly away.

Jake stood for a long minute after he had gone. Then, slowly, he replaced the sulphur bags in the little house and coiled the rope neatly, hanging it on the hook near his coat. He closed the sulphur-house door and waddled across the platform past the dipping crew without a word and his old eyes were tired and his great arms hung loose.

At the bench by which the broken drying trays were stacked, he found shook and a box hatchet and a stripper filled with cement-coated nails. Mechanically he began to repair the broken trays.

"He's sore on me 'cause I burned his tunnel down," he told himself, "but he needs me. He don't know it but he needs me."

The dipper crew worked on, and the furnace flames roared, and the blower belts maintained their steady slap-slap rhythm; the sun disappeared and the light faded quickly into summer darkness.

At nine o'clock the crew knocked off and the dipper flame and the dipper motor were stilled and the conveyor ceased its clatter and the shaker became quiet. The men drifted silently to the street and for a time the sounds of their cars filled the platform, and then they, too, were gone. And there was only the heavy roar of the furnace flames and the steady rhythm of the blower belts, and the night seemed to close in.

Jake loved the darkness, the night. It was strange and mysterious and somehow wicked. The day was for ordinary living, for farming, for work, for sweat; but the night was a special time when the breeze was cool on your cheek, when the sound of a train whistle was mournful and soft and strange, when shadows stretched menacingly and the silence seemed important.

The light burned on in Phillips' office, and Jake eyed it with worry as he worked at his clean-up, remembering the pallor of Phillips' face and the stiffness of Phillips' leg. Down at the tunnel head, the operator sat placidly on an empty box as no operator should when there were thermometers to check and blower motors to oil and blower belts to inspect and a hundred and one things to watch. But Jake worked on.

AT 10:30 the light still burned in Phillips' office. Jake could stand it no longer. He left his broom and waddled across the platform and stood in the doorway.

Phillips was at his desk, his right leg stiffly outthrust and his face pale and tired. He looked up. "You hadn't oughta stay, young Phil," Jake said. "You're tired. You'd oughta go home."

Phillips was silent.

"I'll learn your new operator," Jake persisted. "I'll show him how."

Phillips looked down at the desk top for a long time. Then he looked up at Jake. "Why should I trust you, Jake?"

There was nothing to say to that. Jake opened his mouth and then closed it again. He turned away from the door and waddled slowly out onto the platform into the darkness. By the conveyor he stumbled almost blindly. He found his broom and picked it up and began to sweep aimlessly over ground he had already swept. He worked without thought, without pattern.

He didn't know how long he had worked that way before Joe came. It seemed that all at once Joe materialized, a throaty sound in the shadows, and then a raucous purr, and Joe was against his legs, pressing, rubbing, muttering little yowls of pleasure.

Jake dropped his broom. He hunkered down and rubbed Joe's scarred ears hungrily, and Joe lifted his head so that Jake might rub the soft fur of his throat. He purred with abandon, curling his whiskers and pressing closer.

Jake said, "*You* need me, Joe. You been amousin' in the packing shed and tom-cattin' around an' you're poorly." He felt Joe's ribs. "It's most a year since I come see you."

Joe's purr rose in pitch like the engine of Jake's little truck.

"I got pork meat in my sandwich," Jake said, remembering, "like you always hanker after. We'll git it." He rose to his feet and waddled off into the darkness with Joe cluttering his steps. . . .

It was eleven o'clock when Phillips got up from his desk and went out into the darkness of the platform. It was not yet time for the first pull from the tunnels, and there was nothing to be seen on the platform that he had not seen a thousand times before. He stood quietly in the darkness, hearing the heavy thunder of the furnace flames and the slap, slap of the blower belts and wondering what it was had prompted him to leave his chair. He was tired and his leg ached, but uneasiness held him.

Over in the dim light of the tunnel head, he could see the tunnel man sitting on a box leaning back against a post. He looked down the platform. Jake was not there. He stood for a long time listening and hearing nothing that was amiss and then uneasily he walked across to the tunnel head.

The tunnel man sat up at the sound of Phillips' steps, and his eyes searched vacantly for a moment.

"You've been asleep," Phillips said, the uneasiness in his mind growing stronger.

"No."

"Your temperatures?" Phillips asked, and he picked up the log book that hung from the wall between tunnels three and four.

The tunnel man said shortly, "I just checked them. They're okay."

Phillips studied the log book. The 8 o'clock check, the 8:30 check, the 9 o'clock check, the 9:30 check, and that was the last. And then, quite suddenly, the uneasiness turned into realization. He dropped the log book. He could hear it now, plainly, and as he moved, he blamed himself for not having heard it before.

The thunder of the furnace flames was there, full, complete, but the rhythm of the blower belts was broken. Five of the belts still drove. The sixth one was silent. He moved quickly from one tunnel to the next, checking the thermometers set into the doors. Numbers one and two showed a safe 135 degrees; number three was all right. He reached number four. The thin silver line crowded the end of the thermometer.

He unlatched the heavy steel door and threw it open. The blast, like the blast of a blow torch, drove him back. He could taste the heat, the tortured wooden trays and the charred ash of the blackened raisins that filled the tunnel. At the far end of the tunnel he saw briefly a small flicker of flame.

He grabbed the hook from the tunnel man's hand and he seized the bottom edge of the first loaded car. He pulled it out of the tunnel onto the turntable and spun it, pushing it onto the track between the scraping bins. He said no word, as if his mind unconsciously had already discarded the tunnel man as useless, but when he limped quickly back into the tunnel toward the second car, the tunnel man was beside him.

Phillips caught his hook to the bottom of the car. The tunnel man lunged with his hook and caught one side. Phillips pulled and the tunnel man jerked and the loaded car swung ponderously and moved off its tracks. The tunnel man jerked again on his hook, almost hysterically, and the car tilted as the trays began to shift. It swung and leaned and, in the narrowness of the tunnel, its shifting mass was inescapable. It struck Phillips' shoulder spinning him and pushing him inexorably against the wall.

He tried to struggle, to force himself free, but the mass of trays was unyielding. He felt the blast of the furnace flame ramming between the sides of the row of cars and the smooth wall of the tunnel, and its heat drove the breath from his lungs. He heard the tunnel man panting, almost sobbing, as he clawed ineffectually with his hook, but the loaded car was firm, defying his strength.

Phillips felt a fear rising in him, a panic. He struggled again, and then he heard his voice shouting, swearing at the mass of trays that held him. He was pouring his heart and mind into his struggle, but the top three trays slid loose and banged against his head, smashing him against the wall. For a moment he was stunned. And once again he heard his own voice, no longer shouting, now, no longer swearing, but pleading.

"Jake!" he said. "Get Jake!"

And then he saw Jake's great body fill the entrance of the tunnel. He saw Jake's great arm sweep the tunnel man aside as if he were straw. He saw the hook in Jake's hand and felt its force as it caught beneath the edge of the car.

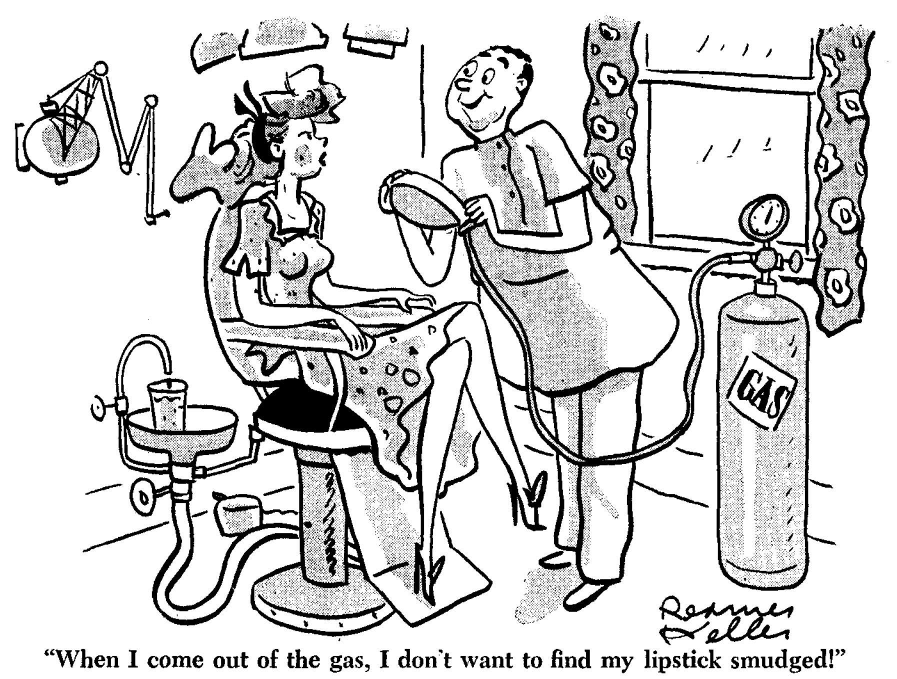
"Relax, young Phil," Jake said. He set his great legs and straightened his huge back and heaved, grunting prodigiously. Slowly the car began to stir, and then Phillips was free. Jake caught him by the arm, dragging him clear and out to the tunnel head. Phillips struggled to get up and get back into the tunnel, but Jake held him with one hand.

"Joe and me," he said soothingly, "we heard that the blower had stopped." He smiled sheepishly, like a small boy at the cookie jar. "Joe and me we heard it afore. Two year ago." He waved one great paw. "I turned off the gas and opened the end door. It's all right now, young Phil. Jest relax."

JAKE sat on the end of the conveyor, in his beloved darkness. Joe clawed contentedly at his leg. Overhead the stars were white and brilliant, and the night air was cool; across town a train whistled low for the crossing. The roar of the furnace flames and the beat of the blower belts were comforting, important.

Jake said softly: "Ain't much for purty, Joe. Never was. But I'm still hell for stout." Joe, his stomach bulging with pork, purred raucously. "An' young Phil," Jake said, "he jest forgot for a spell. He knows he needs me." He looked down at Joe in the darkness. "Told me so, hisself. You heard him, Joe."

THE END



"When I come out of the gas, I don't want to find my lipstick smudged!"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

How do you compare with Nagel... Moore... Borge?

ARE YOU LIKE NAGEL? Conrad is a man of many interests. He swims, golfs, rides... plays a smooth game of tennis... dotes on boating... gets enthusiastic about Regents. "They're better tasting and milder," he says.

OR MOORE? Constance, singing star of Republic's "Atlantic City," enjoys making doll dresses for her little daughter Mary. The fastidious type, she likes the smartness of Regent's crushproof box. "It's just like a custom-made cigarette case!" she exclaims.

OR BORGE? Victor, a pianist of concert quality, adds a sense of humor and an engaging Danish accent to his virtuosity on the keyboard. He believes in giving audiences the most for their money—and in getting the most for his. "Regents mean more value," he says, "because they're 20% longer."

ALL THREE AGREE that Regents are milder, better tasting. The reason? Multiple Blending, an exclusive process that makes Regents always smooth and gentle to your throat. Next time, try Regents. *They cost no more than other leading brands.*

Quality tobaccos...Multiple Blended make **REGENT**

The milder, better tasting cigarette!

Siesta on the High Seas

Continued from page 12

ecstasy of smells like nothing this side of heaven.

Juan brought in the soup. Turtle soup, green and thick and smooth, made from a giant turtle he himself had brought aboard. Have you ever eaten green turtle soup at sea? Just the thing after a morning on deck, a morning of deep winds and sun that warms your insides and specks of salt water that fly up over the bow and cut into your face. We each had three plates of soup, and plenty of thick-crusted bread that Juan had baked. We were about full, and ready for the afternoon's work, when Juan brought in the *arroz con pollo.*

"Can't eat any more," said the skipper, starting to rise. But then he caught a whiff of the smoothly seasoned rice, pimiento baked into it with tomatoes and garlic and herbs, and pieces of chicken floating at random.

"Well," he said, sitting down again, "maybe a spoonful or two."

There wasn't much talking for a while. The skipper and the chief engineer and I, before we knew it, finished a huge platterful of Juan's *arroz con pollo.* The men at the other table were doing all right, too. Juan silently removed the dishes and brought in iced melon, with guava paste and cheese and crackers on the side. And a pot of wonderful black coffee, so rich and perfect that it stood alone, without sugar or cream. We sat about for a time, then, sipping coffee and pulling at cigars and feeling too contented and wondering if we could walk back to deck now, we were that full.

Juan Bimbo came in quietly, and stood before the captain.

"Excuse, please, *señor capitán,*" he said. "This dinner, she is not much, no? Juan he is new here. Tomorrow, Juan makes more better the dinner. Tomorrow, *el señor capitán* he will eat well."

THE skipper gripped the side of the table, hoisted himself to his feet and wavered toward the companionway. "Tomorrow we'll eat even more! Mate, where did you find him?"

I sat back and enjoyed the tribute. The men at the other table were looking at me appreciatively, as though to say, "Our first mate, he knows how to take care of us." The buttons on my jacket would have burst with pride, only they were bursting already with good chow. I smiled at Juan, and went on deck.

I had the bridge watch from noon until eight bells that afternoon. I was trying hard to keep awake, what with the warm sun and Juan's dinner and the general boredom of sailing an easy nine knots in convoy. I think I would have fallen asleep entirely except for that commotion at maybe a little after three bells—half-past one, that would be.

It was up by the fo'c'sle, and I thought all hell was breaking loose. I could hear loud voices, and once in a while I'd hear someone explode in English or Spanish. A half dozen of the crew were gathered around Juan, and it looked as though murder was about to be done, the way they were carrying on. I turned over the watch to my relief, and ran for'ard.

I could catch some of Juan's better phrases as I drew close.

"Santa Maria santissima!" he shouted. *"Que mueran sus padres en fuego!* It is too much, this."

Juan was swinging a heavy line at the boys, but they ducked in time. Johnnie Ehrens dropped a swab and bucket he was carrying, and made a pass at Juan. I dragged them apart.

"Okay," I said. "So what's it all about?"

"Señor first mate," said Juan, drawing himself up to his full five feet, "the siesta, she is spoiled, finish. She is no good. That pig with the water, he make finish the siesta. Curses on his mother and his mother's child, that he should—"

"I was trying to swab down the deck," said Ehrens. "That's all. This rice-happy imitation of a cook here was in the way, so—"

"So he make with the water, direct in the face of Juan Bimbo," the cook explained. "In the middle of the siesta."

"Look, Juan," I said, "we're in the Pacific Ocean, and there's a war on, and no one can sleep topside in the middle of the day, until we're in port again. It isn't safe. And the deck must be swabbed."

"Juan Bimbo, he have siesta every day after dinner," said Juan, as final as though it was a law or something like that. "Every day since Juan was little small boy, he have siesta."

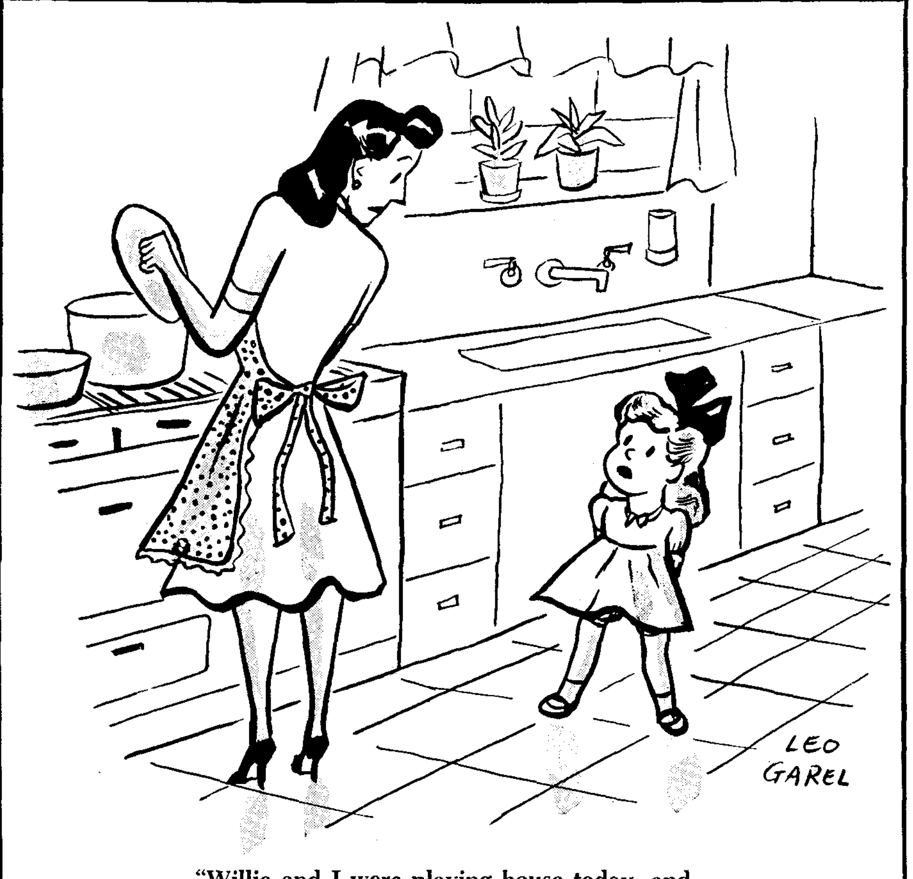
"Couldn't you have your siesta in your sack?" I asked.

"Sack? What is this sack?"

"Your bunk. Your bed. Down below, where you sleep."

"But no!" Juan exploded. "Señor, the siesta, she is in the shade under the sun. Always she is so. Since little boy, Juan he make siesta each day in his pueblo, under tree or beside house, where there is shade."

"Juan," I said as judiciously as I could, "aboard ship in time of war, there can be no siesta when there is work to do. You must sleep at night and work by day."



"Willie and I were playing house today, and, honestly, I don't see how you stand Daddy"

COLLIER'S LEO GAREL

"So," said Juan sadly, "it is like this? For this Juan give up San Fernando? For this?"

"For this," I said, glad to get over the crisis so easily. "We must have rules aboard ship. No sleeping topside when there is work to do."

"Señor first mate," said Juan, "this makes Juan Bimbo *muy, muy* sad man. Juan Bimbo he cannot cook fine things for to eat when he is sad."

He walked off, head as high as he could get it, shoulders back. The boys went to work.

I knew what Juan meant that night, at supper. You wouldn't think a cook could turn out a meal that bad. Cold canned meat, hard biscuits, the kind they put in lifeboats for emergency rations. Dehydrated potatoes, plain boiled, and you know what they're like. Coffee that tasted like flat hot water with a dash of coloring. It was miserable.

"WHAT about this?" the skipper asked me. "How about this good cook of yours? What happened?"

"He did not get his siesta today," I said, trying to look nonchalant.

"What?" said the skipper.

"His siesta, Captain," I repeated. "It was sort of interfered with. The boys were swabbing the deck."

"Why can't he sleep below, like the rest of them when they're off watch?"

"Because," I said, "since he was a little boy, he has had his siesta under the sun . . . in the shade."

"You're crazy," said the skipper. "And if you can't straighten this out, there'll be a new assistant fireman in the black gang."

The skipper stomped out, and I went to my cabin to think. It wasn't until the third drink of Scotch that I saw the light. I sent for Juan, and he stood politely before me while I talked.

"You shall have your siesta, Juan," I told him. "Each day after dinner, I will pitch a tarp for you on the fantail, where hardly no one ever goes. You shall have shade. In the sun."

"Ah, she is wonderful!" said Juan, beaming. "She is good. Now Juan is happy. Now Juan he can cook good."

And next day Juan showed us that he could cook. Breakfast and dinner melted the hardest hearts in the ship's company. Supper was something to write home about, only no one back home would have believed how wonderful Juan's chow could be. Juan became something of a hero, and the skipper even smiled at me, once.

That afternoon we pitched a tarp for Juan, on the fantail. The Navy had mounted a 37-millimeter gun there, so we had to rig the tarp over the gun, with one end secured to the deck and the other fastened on the boom next to No. 4 hold. It was strictly all right, and Juan fell asleep with no trouble at all, curled up like a kitten around the 37.

You know, a little tub like the Esmeralda doesn't rate many guns, because she always travels in convoy, and the Navy's cans and cruisers are close by to protect her. Outside of cleaning the guns every other day, we never pay them much attention. So I was surprised good and proper that day, about a half hour after Juan had started his siesta, when Sparks came running out of his radio cabin all excited. He handed the skipper a message. The old man blew up.

"Dammit, mate!" he yelled. "What now? It's the commander of the convoy. He wants to know what we're doing with a tarp covering that fantail gun so it couldn't be unwrapped in half an hour, if we needed it. What's the idea?"

"It's for the siesta," I said.

"Huh?"

"For the siesta. So Juan can sleep. I thought it would put him out of the way."

"Get that damned cook out of there, and the tarp, too!" the skipper roared. "And tell that brown-skinned ape he's got to stop trying to run this ship for his own convenience, or I'll—"

"Yessir," I said, taking off on the double. "Yessir."

I nudged Juan lightly, between the 37 and his third rib, and his eyes blinked open. He must have been dreaming Spanish curses, the way they rolled off his tongue even before he woke up. In a second he was wide awake.

"Ladrón!" he shouted. *"Diablo de diablos! Puerco de hombre!"* And a lot more that I could not follow.

"Take it easy, Juan," I coaxed. "Can't have siesta here, I'm sorry. Skipper says no."

"Sorry? Hah!" said Juan. "So is no more siesta, yes? So Juan is no happy."

"Tough," I said. "But it can't be helped. Maybe tomorrow I can fix you up better."

Well, that's the way it went. Supper and breakfast so bad we couldn't eat them, none of us. I began to get desperate. The skipper and crew were getting mean, and a first mate can't run a ship if he doesn't have co-operation

IT TOOK me a full week before I had the thing figured out. Then I called the deck gang together and gave them the word.

"First of all," I said, "we change the routine around here. You'll swab down the for'ard decks before noon chow. They'll be dry by early afternoon, and Juan can have that area around the fifty-caliber gun at the bow. It's his, remember, all his, from three bells until six bells every afternoon. There is some shade between the ammunition boxes. That ought to do him."

I always said it took brains to be a first mate. You have to know how to handle men, how to solve problems and keep your crew happy. Do you blame me if I felt sort of proud that day, when we got the new system working? Juan got a full hour and a half of siesta, and came back to his galley beaming spectacularly.

When the officers and crew came out of the mess after supper, they were beaming, too. You could almost feel the Esmeralda pulse happily under your feet, things were so smooth. We had trouble keeping her down to nine knots so we wouldn't fall out of convoy formation.

No millionaire could have eaten any better than we did for two weeks. One day Juan brought forth some kind of sautéed veal that would have knocked your eye out; it was done up with little red peppers, and fresh green salad, with a kind of lemon sauce of his own. We were three weeks out of port and right in the middle of the war zone, and Juan was turning out chow that you couldn't buy back in the States with a bookful of ration tickets.

Then one afternoon, I was lolling up on the bridge, sort of thinking how fine it was to be seagoing on such a wonderful day, eating fine and sleeping fine and not having a single care. We had the gun watches mounted, of course, as we always did when we got anywhere near Jap-held islands, but there wasn't anything to worry about. We were in the middle of the convoy, with destroyers around us and a few of our patrol planes, from a near-by island we'd captured, taking it easy overhead.

And then I noticed them changing the flags on the lead ship. I got out the glasses and took a look.

"Skipper!" I yelled. "Black flag going up yonder."

"Set condition one!" the old man shouted down to the deck. "Battle flag up! General quarters!"

The men ran to their gun stations, ripped the canvas off their pieces, slid belts of ammunition into the receivers and shouted to their ammunition men to stand by. It took only a few seconds, and we were all set. Sparks ran out of his cabin and picked up a blinker signal from the convoy commander's ship.

"Twelve Jap planes headed this way," he

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Bayonne, N. J., Lawler Brothers Sales Corp.
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Bethlehem, Pa., Eastern Light Company
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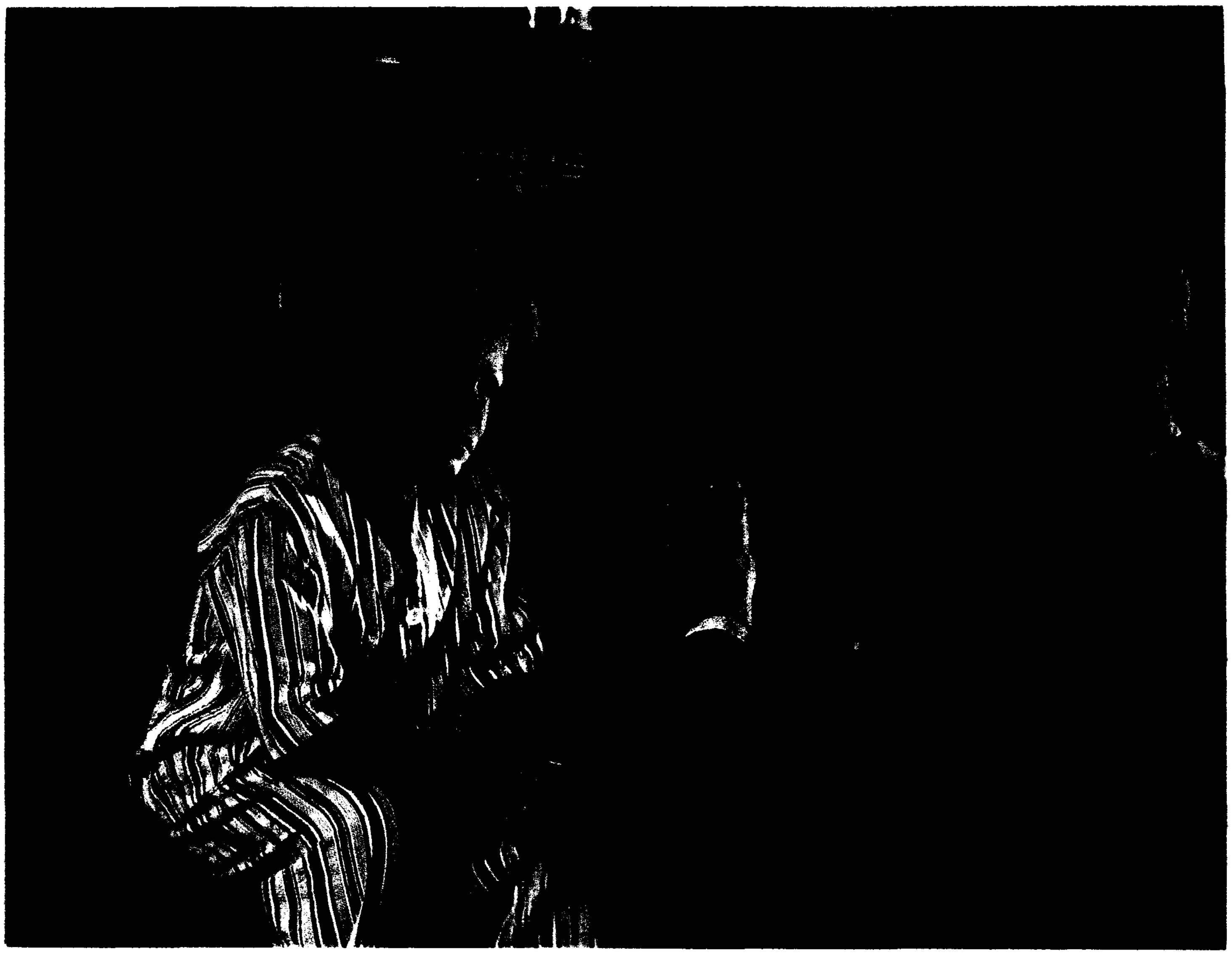

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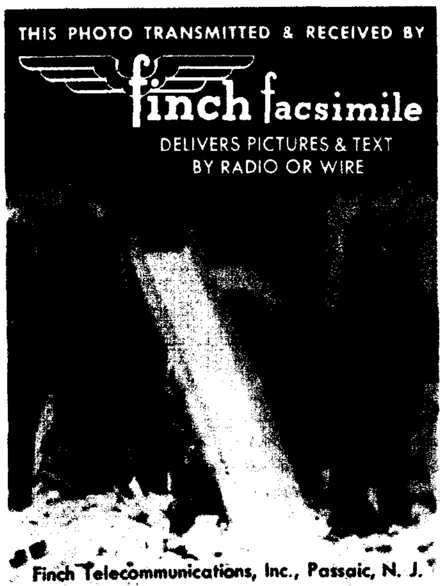
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told the skipper. "Picked them up thirty miles off, about due west."

We looked up at our patrol planes, which were winging out in battle formation now. The cans were coming in somewhat nearer, so their crossfire could cover us freighters in the middle. By that time, the Japs were there.

Our few patrol planes couldn't hold them all off, naturally. They got two or three of the Japs, but the rest of them came in. About six light bombers, I guess, and the rest fighters. They flew straight into our ack-ack, and it was hell up there, but those Japs still poured it onto our convoy.

The Esmeralda's guns kept quiet, though. It wasn't our job to fight, not with a cargo of aviation gasoline and ammunition aboard. We were supposed to use our stuff only for self-defense, to keep the Japs from getting too close to us. One bomb in our for'ard holds, where the gas was, and we'd go sky-high. I kept thinking of those five hundred sacks of mail, and how sore the Marines would be if we didn't get it to them.

One of the Japs let go a five-hundred pounder off our starboard bow; but it wasn't close enough to do us any harm. You'd have thought it would have snapped Juan Bimbo up to attention, but no. There he was, sound asleep near the bow, taking his siesta. I got a quick look at him, for a couple of seconds, and then the Jap came in.

That Jap plane peeled off from the rest of them at maybe five thousand feet, and came straight for us. Not a bomber, just a fighter that we could see was going to strafe us. The skipper kicked the rudder hard, and the Esmeralda swung a bit while the Jap dove in. He came hard across our bow, his machine guns barking. Johnnie Ehrens was working the twin .50-caliber job on the bow, and he let the Jap have it. But it didn't do any good; the Zero got away and gained altitude.

JOHNNIE caught a slug, though. It ripped him back from the gun and tossed him on the deck. Johnnie's ammunition man grabbed the gun just as Juan Bimbo jumped to his feet, wide awake as he always seemed to be when someone broke him out of a siesta.

"Santa Madre!" Juan shouted. *"Por amor de los angeles!* So Juan Bimbo, he cannot make siesta today, yes? So Juan he will kill this unholy son of an ugly mother who makes him to wake up!"

And then, for the first time, Juan saw what was happening all around us, and he really got mad.

"So, it is this cursed pig of a Japanese aviator who makes Juan to miss the siesta," he yelled, grabbing the machine-gun handle from the other fellow. "Make with the airplane again, you son of many cowards! Come back!"

That Jap flier almost seemed to have heard Juan, the way he winged over and came diving back in. Straight across our bow again, but this time Juan was back of that machine gun, pouring out all the lead that wheezy gun could cough up.

The Jap met Juan's burst straight on. We could see the flier double up in his cockpit, and the gas tank burst into flame. By the time he reached the other side of our ship, he was dissolving into smoke, the way those light Jap planes do. He fell into the deep, and Juan turned the machine gun around to take a few more pot shots at him.

"So, Señor Jap!" Juan yelled at him, although there was nothing left to yell at, "so you will wake up Juan from the siesta, yes?" And Juan turned to see how badly hurt Johnnie Ehrens was.

All at once we saw the Japs that were left turn tail and take off. In a minute we knew why: A squadron of our fighters from the near-by island was winging in, and the Japs must have seen them before we did. The skipper called off general quarters, ran down the black flag, and turned on the happiest kind of smile I'd ever seen him wear.

"Great guy, that Bimbo," he said. "Glad I signed him aboard ship. Shows I know how to pick men."

"Yes, sir," I said. "Looks like a blinker signal for us over there."

Sparks took down the message and passed it on to the skipper.

"Congratulate your bow gunner for me," the commander's message said. "Good job! I saw him get that Jap."

ANSWERS TO MEET THE METERS
(Page 36)

1. Millimeter	.03937 inches
2. Micrometer	Minute distances
3. Galvanometer	Electric current
4. Barometer	Atmospheric pressure
5. Centimeter	.3937 inches
6. Taximeter	Carfare
7. Optometer	Vision
8. Audiometer	Hearing
9. Kilometer	3,280.8 feet
10. Radiometer	Solar rays
11. Perimeter	Plane surfaces
12. Stereometer	Specific gravity
13. Pyrometer	Heat
14. Chronometer	Time
15. Gasometer	Reservoirs
16. Cyclometer	Revolutions
17. Lactometer	Milk
18. Thermometer	Temperature
19. Altimeter	Heights
20. Anemometer	Wind

The skipper beamed and told me to call the crew together, all who weren't on watch. Juan came up with them, kind of sleepy, and took a place in the circle.

"Bimbo," said the skipper, "I didn't know you could handle a machine gun."

"But *sí, Señor Capitán,"* Juan replied, yawning. "One time in my country is revolution. The generalissimo he come to Juan Bimbo and he say, 'Juan, *amigo mio,* why you do not join my army for to make revolution? For you I have fine job, for cook in headquarters. We win the revolution, and *pronto* Juan Bimbo he shall become a minister in the cabinet of the province. Will you join us, Juan Bimbo?'

"So, *Señor Capitán,* Juan Bimbo join the revolution, and while in the generalissimo's army one learn to make with the machine gun, no? Juan Bimbo learn, and he fight and cook for the cause. But, unhappy day, we lose the revolution, and Juan Bimbo he is force to leave. So Juan he go to California."

"You are a very good cook, Juan Bimbo," said the skipper, "and not bad with a machine gun. Now go back to the bow and go to sleep. You may sleep as long as you want, provided you wake up in an hour to make a good supper for us tonight."

Juan shuffled off for the rest of his siesta, then, and the boys went about their business. I was in my cabin, cleaning up a bit, when the skipper sent for me. I found him on the bridge.

"I've been thinking, Mate," the old man said. "Juan must have his siesta every day from now on, without fail. You will rig a tarp over the deck on the port side of the bridge, back as far as you can get it. You will paint a big circle around that area, and it shall be the private siesta place of Juan Bimbo for as long as he sails with the Esmeralda. And I am hereby making it a criminal offense for anyone aboard ship ever to wake Juan Bimbo up from his siesta. Get it?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Good!" the skipper replied. "Now go find Bimbo and tell him about these new arrangements. Tell him I did it for him."

WELL, it was about fifteen, twenty minutes ago, I guess, that the skipper told me to find Juan. I found him asleep up here by the fo'c'sle. Sound asleep, and I mustn't wake him up. The skipper said so, see?

So here I stand, boiling in the sun, waiting for Juan Bimbo to wake up, so I can tell him that he can sleep all he wants to. It's hot here, and I'm dog tired. I wish he'd wake up soon.

THE END

Children of the Underground

Continued from page 13

Gestapo investigations uncovered evidence of a "Churchill Club" in one of the schools. The headmaster was taken away. He did not return. Then three teachers and fifteen students were arrested. In their "clubhouse" were found guns and ammunition and a quantity of hand grenades stolen from the Nazi supplies.

It must be remembered that from the German point of view, Denmark was receiving the treatment of a "favored nation." Hitler had planned to make it his model subject country, with the government and civil authority remaining under Danish control. German authority might conduct investigations and demand the arrest of Danes, but Danish police were to make the arrests, Danish judges would hear the cases, and confinement must be in Danish prisons. It was the violation of this agreement that led to the open revolt against the Nazis.

Despite the Danish authorities, the Aalborg boys lost their case by their refusal to ask clemency on the grounds of youth. The three leaders were sentenced to five years in prison and, pending an appeal to the Supreme Court, they were confined in the Aalborg jail.

Presently a new wave of sabotage, oddly resembling the first, swept the city. Ammunition trucks were blown up by bombs made in the same crude fashion and of the same stock of hand grenades. Nazi agents pretending to be Danish sympathizers visited the three boys in jail. The youngsters shared the same cell and had a workbench on which they made the toy models of airplanes they were permitted to fly each morning, for exercise, in the prison yard. The boys parried all questions.

One night all the telephone cables connecting the Gestapo headquarters with Germany were mysteriously severed. The explosions came closer upon one another. During an air raid one night, a patrol squad found two boys crouching in a doorway. They were recognized by Gestapo agents as the boys from the jail. In their cell cots were found dummies made from material left over from the toy planes.

A schoolmate had smuggled a hacksaw in, and the boys had sawed through their cell bars. Every night they had left the jail, met with their former confederates and carried out further sabotage. In their hide-out in a church steeple was found a store of hand grenades they planned to drop on the next Nazi parade. This time the Gestapo demanded the death sentence.

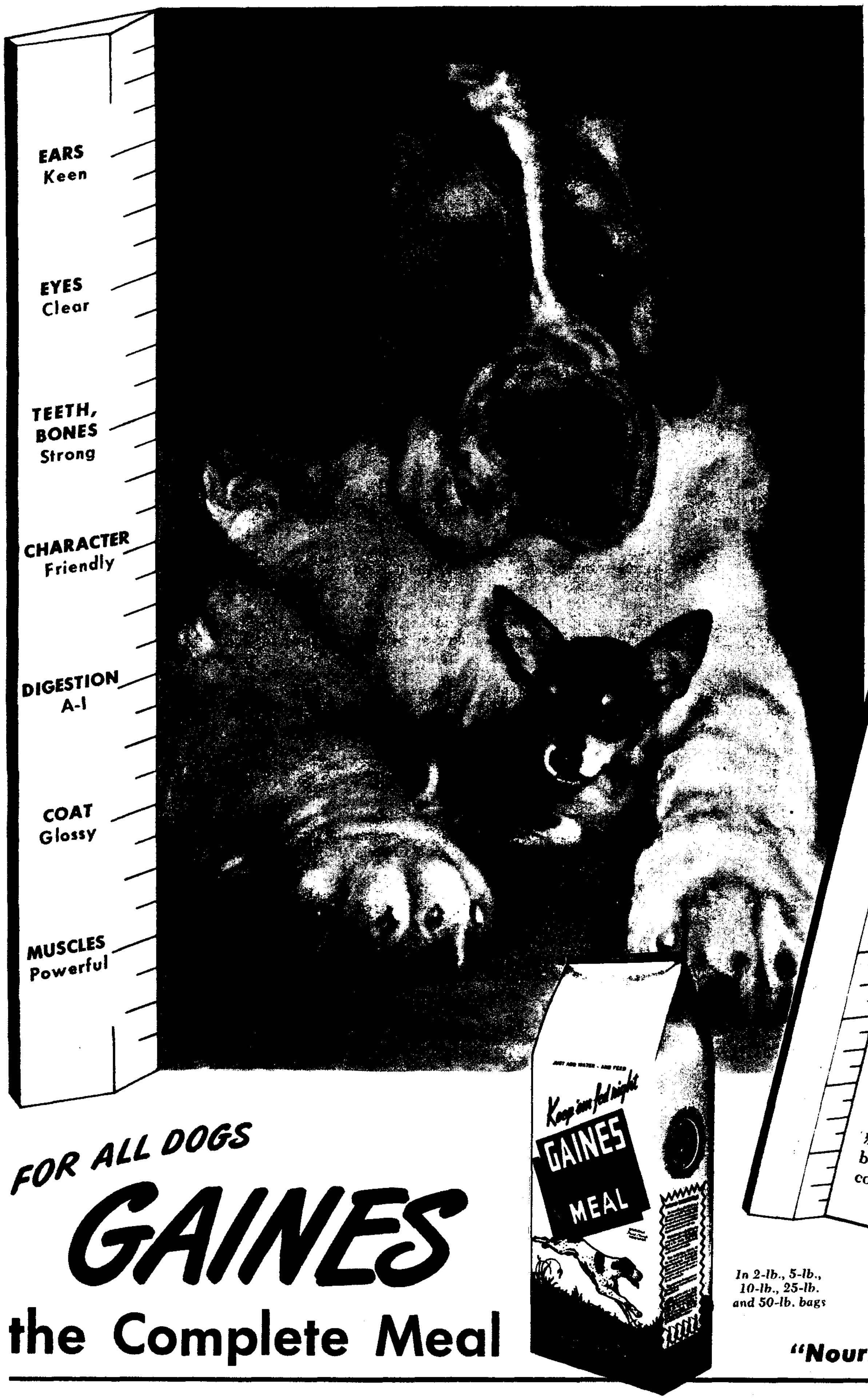
Still the Danish judge refused. He gave them terms of ten to fifteen years, knowing that the sentences of all patriots will end the day the Germans are driven out.

In Denmark the Germans arrested the youngest saboteur on record when they captured a five-year-old boy who was attempting to derail an ammunitions train. Little Erik belonged to a tiny tots' underground in the village of Birkeröd, their headquarters a railroad culvert. Erik was piling his "ammunition" of sticks and stones on the track when he was discovered. He was lucky. The Gestapo returned him late that evening to his family.

A six-year-old saboteur was recently arrested in the town of Fredericia and held in the German jail. When his father protested, he and the mother were seized. Nothing more has been heard of them.

In a single day, two hundred and twenty German soldiers stationed in the small town of Vejle in Denmark reported to their commanding officer the ruin of their uniforms. That day children of the underground had

BIG DOGS — LITTLE DOGS — all are better dogs when *EVERY INCH* is nourished by GAINES!



● Dogs of all sizes, dogs of all breeds—at feeding time they all act alike, when you fill up their bowls with GAINES. Quick as a wink their keen noses get a whiff of the MEAT MEAL in it. And down goes GAINES with the eagerness and appetite you *love* to see in your dog! Yes, they all act alike and all of them thrive when they're nourished by GAINES DOG MEAL. For in GAINES your dog gets *meat meal*, cereals, vegetables, milk nutrients, minerals, vitamins —every type of nourishment that dogs are known to need!

This is the dog food—GAINES DOG MEAL—that for over 15 years has been the stand-by of kennels whose *business* is dogs—of prize-dog breeders whose *hobby* is dogs—and of veterinarians whose whole lifetime is spent in keeping dogs happy and well.

And now GAINES DOG MEAL is available for *your* dog. A meal that supplies complete nourishment—a meal that dogs love—a meal surprisingly cheap to feed—prepared in less than a minute. Largest-selling dog food in the U.S.A.

How EVERY INCH of your dog is nourished by Gaines!

Expressed in terms of everyday foods, here are the equivalent food values your dog receives in EVERY POUND of this balanced meal:

The body and strength-building *proteins* in 1¼ lbs. fresh raw beef

The energy-producing *carbohydrates* in 2 qts. cooked oatmeal

For sleek appearance and glossy coat—the *fats* in 1 oz. butter

For strong bones and teeth—the *minerals* in 1¾ lbs. cheese

For red-blooded vitality—the *iron* in ¾ lb. beef liver

VITAMINS: The *vitamin A* in 5 eggs; the *thiamin* (B_1) in 1 lb. whole-wheat bread; the *riboflavin* (B_2) in 1 qt. milk; the *niacin* in ¾ lb. fresh mackerel . . . and all other members of the B-complex which normally accompany thiamin, riboflavin and niacin.

FOR ALL DOGS

GAINES

the Complete Meal

In 2-lb., 5-lb., 10-lb., 25-lb. and 50-lb. bags

"Nourishes Every Inch of Your Dog"

Copyright 1944 by Gaines Food Co., Inc., Sherburne, N. Y.

★ ★ 500 miles from the 50-yard line ★ ★

And only a Few Hours to Go

1 **YOU HAVE SEATS ON THE 50-YARD LINE.** You're 500 miles from the stadium. It's breakfast time on game-day. But you're not in the least worried about getting there before the kick off.

2 **THE CHEER LEADERS** will, in fact, arrive after you do. Because (we're talking about postwar, of course) you'll go in your Cessna which makes 500 miles just an easy morning's cruise.

3 **"GOSH, I WISH IT WASN'T SO FAR."** You've said that hundreds of times, haven't you? Well, when you have your own Cessna, it *won't* be so far. Even 1,000 miles—and that takes in almost every place you'll ever want to go—is an easy day's ride from your home.

And wherever you go . . . football stadium, business district, trout stream . . . you're likely to find an air park (landing strip, as in the picture) close by, for most wide-awake communities are already planning them.

Of course, we will need a while to reconvert our plant after the war ends, but we'll get into production as soon as possible. Your new Cessna will be a worthy successor to the famous Cessna Airmaster, three times judged the "World's Most Efficient Airplane." And it will set this new standard for planes—*"Cessna-Engineered for Safety."*

Priority Delivery by Buying War Bonds Now . . .

Be one of the first to own a Cessna after the war. Orders are certain to exceed production, but you can get a preferred listing for early postwar delivery. Costs you nothing. No obligation to buy. Write today for the simple Priority Plan. *Remember to buy War Bonds and keep them to pay for your Cessna.* CESSNA AIRCRAFT COMPANY, Box 1616-C, Wichita, Kansas.

Cessna

ARMY E NAVY

SYMBOL OF AIRCRAFTSMANSHIP FOR THIRTY-THREE YEARS

wandered in pairs through the streets armed with water pistols loaded with corrosive chemicals stolen from school laboratories. When the unsuspecting soldier's back was turned, a boy "fired" on his coat. The acid ate into the wool. The soldier felt nothing, but that night when he removed his coat, it fell apart in his hands.

The Gestapo had learned the futility in such cases of hunting suspects "interested in chemistry." Ever since the invasion, the chemistry classes have been swarming, as young and old showed a sudden passion for the subject. To round up suspects on such grounds would be to sweep in the entire population. The Germans were reduced to ordering the confiscation of water pistols all over Denmark.

"Bicycle commandos" serve as advance battalions in the Danish children's underground army. Groups of child cyclists, faces scrubbed and expressions innocent, pedal through the streets, carrying packages that apparently contain lunch. In one street a German soldier is waiting for a streetcar. The wheels spin down on him, he is surely going to be hit! His burly form scrambles for safety, and the wheels swerve at the last inch, leaving him red-faced and shouting. He has made a fool of himself. But what can he do? Even the Herrenvolk cannot order the wholesale arrest of youngsters enjoying their bicycles.

The cyclists speed on past a restaurant or store that is known to cater to Nazi trade. As they pass its windows, they hurl their "lunches" through the glass—lunches which are commando bombs, bricks wrapped in paper. In no time, the bicycle commandos are on the other side of the city.

They halt on another street. The boys start a near-riot, shouting, "Down with Hitler," and "Drive out the German swine." But again, by the time the Gestapo arrive, the boys are a dozen blocks away.

Tricked by a Double Play

In Norway, among the favorite activities is the potato trick. For this form of sabotage, they use as decoys pretty, blond Norwegian girls in their teens. Such a girl will be idling with younger children, many of them only nine or ten years old, around a group of German cars. She does not stare at the soldiers as if they were dirt, as other Norwegian girls do. She even looks as if she might be interested. They try talking with her. She does not get angry, she even smiles. They are too enchanted to note how two of her small companions are hovering over an exhaust pipe. One has a pocketful of small potatoes, another a stick. After a few minutes, they drift away, and the girl follows.

The next day a Norwegian mechanic chuckles over the German cars. "Bless our children! Last week it was sugar in the gasoline tanks, and now it is potatoes in the exhaust pipes!"

Not until Swedish railway lines had been blocked with sabotaged Nazi trains did the Germans remember that Norwegian children were often sauntering along the tracks on the Norwegian border where the German troop trains detoured. Children are always curious. No one paid any attention if a small boy hung fascinated over the mechanism of an idling locomotive—with time enough to pour sand into the lubricator.

Many hazardous secret acts have been carried out by Norwegian and Danish boys in their teens dressed in German uniforms. They attract no suspicion, as there are many German boys of sixteen and seventeen in the Nazi ranks. It is not pleasant to conjecture how the Norwegian and Danish lads acquired these uniforms. Many a Nazi has returned in shame to his commanding officer clad only in his shorts; many German soldiers have mysteriously vanished, never to appear again.

Norwegian children carried out a large-scale nonsense campaign against the signature of the traitor Quisling that appears on so many of the Nazi proclamations and announcements. Block out the "Q" and the "i" and you have the Norwegian word "Usling," impossible to translate but meaning something much lower than a skunk.

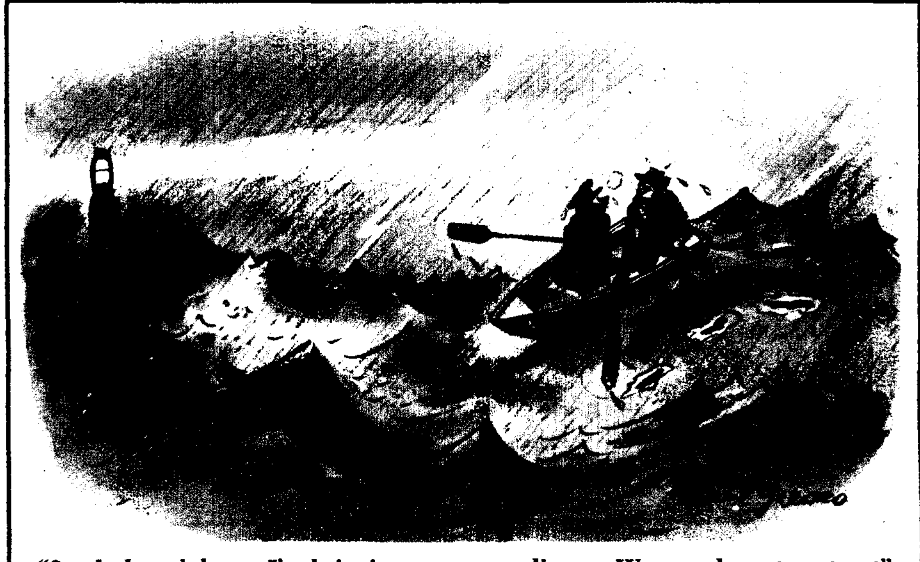
Even the children's fairy tales have offered inspiration for resistance. In Norwegian mythology, the gnome people, nisse, are puckish little folk who play annoying pranks against people they do not like. The nisse are distinguished by their stocking caps with red tassels, and are motifs for Christmas decorations.

Soon after the invasion, the Nazis noticed that every Norwegian child was wearing a red-tasseled nisse cap, and with an air of relish. Forbidden by their parents to stick out their tongues at the invaders, the children had adapted the tassel as a sign of disrespect. It symbolized an outthrust tongue. The Germans sensed that the red cap was a sign of underground solidarity and issued an order forbidding the wearing of all red headgear. The children then dyed their nisse caps. All caps with tassels were prohibited. That Christmas the Germans banned in Norway all window displays, cards and decorations featuring the nisse people. This was like banishing Santa Claus.

The children's underground found a new means of identification. Children everywhere began wearing paper clips prominently displayed. The meaning: "We stick together." Admiring adults, too, began wearing the paper clips. The harried Germans issued another order. The sale of paper clips was forbidden in Norway. Forbidden paper clips, the children blossomed out with small pins bearing the letters "S.S.U." It took the Germans some time to discover the initials stood for: *"Smid Svinene ud."* (Throw out the swine.)

In Denmark, the Germans protested to the government, which was obliged to ask the children to stop wearing the pins. In Norway, the Germans were tougher. They discovered the name of the jeweler who was manufacturing them. He has not been heard from since.

In place of the banned pins, the boys began wearing tiny red, white and blue emblems in their lapels. German soldiers stopped the children and ripped off the emblems. New emblems appeared; under them were concealed razor blades. An epidemic of



"Sarah doesn't know I'm bringing anyone to dinner. We may have to eat out"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

bandaged fingers swept through the Nazi forces.

The youth of the two countries carried their textbooks home for their parents to examine for Nazi lies. Their teachers kept watch with them, weighing every word of the slick propaganda of the enemy.

In a countermove, the Gestapo tried to force thousands of Norwegian teachers to spread the Nazi doctrines. The teachers refused and were arrested by thousands. Six hundred and forty of them were deported to the Arctic. There under brutalizing conditions they were forced to blast rock and build roads. One teacher who escaped told me later that his decision to oppose the Gestapo order was inspired in part by the children of his class.

"I had watched them develop their own underground," he said. "I could not let them down, regardless of the terrible consequences to my family and to me."

The Germans staged propaganda exhibits in Oslo. The children refused to attend. The Germans promised to discharge any teacher whose pupils stayed away. To save their teachers, the pupils marched to the exhibition hall. Before going in, each child took out a pair of dark glasses and perched them defiantly on his nose.

Children are used in adult underground work only when it is absolutely necessary. Too many seventeen-year-olds have already been lost under German rule. Underground circles estimate that only five per cent of the active sabotage has involved the services of minors.

The children's greatest service has been in behalf of the underground press. Twenty underground newspapers with large circulation are published in Norway, as well as two hundred smaller papers. The Danish underground publishes thirty-five newspapers, several magazines, and even books. It is the children's work to distribute these papers, strew the streets with throwaways, paste up stickers and posters, and listen to everything that is going on, for the benefit of the editors who work underground.

Children cluster, staring, around the German soldiers. The flattered supermen make overtures. The children ask innocent questions. Sometimes they get the right answers. They run errands for the Germans; the wide, wise young eyes miss nothing. Troop movements, reports of treachery, arrests made by the Gestapo, details of the construction of coastal fortifications, all have been observed and remembered by these questioning and staring children who seem to be everywhere.

As news venders they are protected by their youth. Danish children make possible the underground paper *De Frie Danske's* most irritating move against the Germans. Hundreds of these children appeared, with their bicycles, one morning in Copenhagen. They carried large wrapped bundles on their handle bars. They stopped at corners, tore off the wrappings of the papers, shouted "Extra! Extra!" When every copy had been distributed, they vanished. Within two hours, they had distributed 93,000 copies.

In one Norwegian city, the Germans began to suspect that school children were distributing some 30,000 copies of the underground paper. On the day the next issue was due, German agents were posted all around the schools. The children arrived carrying wrapped bundles. They were stopped by hundreds, and the bundles were searched, but they carried nothing more sinister than school books and papers. The underground press had been warned, and the children were prepared with fake bundles. Several days later, still under the watch of the baffled Gestapo, the children made the deliveries.

It must not be inferred that this dangerous living has hardened the Nordic children and made them monsters of destruction and rebellion. Many reports came in of their unselfishness and their loyalties. When word comes that a patriot has been shot, children flock to the house to see what can be done to help his family. They collect food and clothing for the widow and children, and go through the neighborhood asking contributions of money. They band together to harvest the crops of women whose farmer husbands are in concentration camps or fighting with the Allies.

A Funeral March of Youth

A group of youthful patriots were executed in Aarhus, Denmark, and that day no stores opened, no streetcars ran, the operators remained away from their switchboard. That morning, a procession of children began marching in the streets. They did not speak or sing. They only marched. The procession grew until a thousand children were marching in silence. The bewildered Germans could do nothing.

How will all this hatred, this disrespect for authority and this will to act for oneself affect the child? Will he grow up determined to do as little work as possible, as his parents do today in their patriotic attempt to sabotage German progress?

Many mothers must face this problem alone. The father may be held prisoner in a German concentration camp; he may be an exile in Sweden; he may be among the thousands of Danes and Norwegians who have continued to sail the ships of their merchant marine; he may be fighting with the Allies; or he may have died defending his country's freedom.

The family clergyman, facing the problem of the child, is likewise troubled. The children are well aware that the Nordic clergy, individually and in groups, have defied Nazi authority. They know how moral teachings conflict with practice in a world at war. One minister, teaching his kindergarten class "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," was interrupted by a chorus of firm pipings: "All except Germans."

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

disconnected from power, of course, while they worked. As they handled heavy cases and racks of bottles, climbed in and out of trucks, walked to and from the back stoops, they test-hopped the equipment more thoroughly than a gunner in a bomber ever could.

Mr. Spooner was particularly concerned about the circuits at various points in the clothing because in actual use the failure of the electrical installation in the suit in the high cold air would have very serious results for the wearer. These circuits were checked weekly and, aside from bringing to light the need for some minor modifications, they survived the vigorous life of the milkmen, and Mr. Spooner was satisfied that he had a rugged outfit.

But he didn't confine his application of electrical heating to flying clothing. Without looking up to see if anyone was going to give him the Army and Navy "E," he and his associates developed a special heater for oxygen masks because it had been discovered in the cold room that they would choke up with ice and become useless in short order. The inside of goggles worn in extremely low temperatures frosted, too, so they were heated electrically. Then they designed an electrically heated cover for the bomb sight, as substratosphere temperature affected its accuracy. Electrically heated camera covers and camera-filter heaters came along next, followed by covers for the automatic pilot.

Mr. Spooner has a personal interest in all these safety devices, for his only son is in the Army Air Forces. Born in Philadelphia, Mr. Spooner entered the University of Pennsylvania as an engineering student, but the first World War interrupted, and he went overseas with the field artillery, ending up as a captain. On his return from Europe, he resumed his studies and won his degree in electrical engineering in 1919. He joined General Electric immediately and has been there ever since. They call him the "Flying Heat Man."

THE END

"I'm counting up to 5"

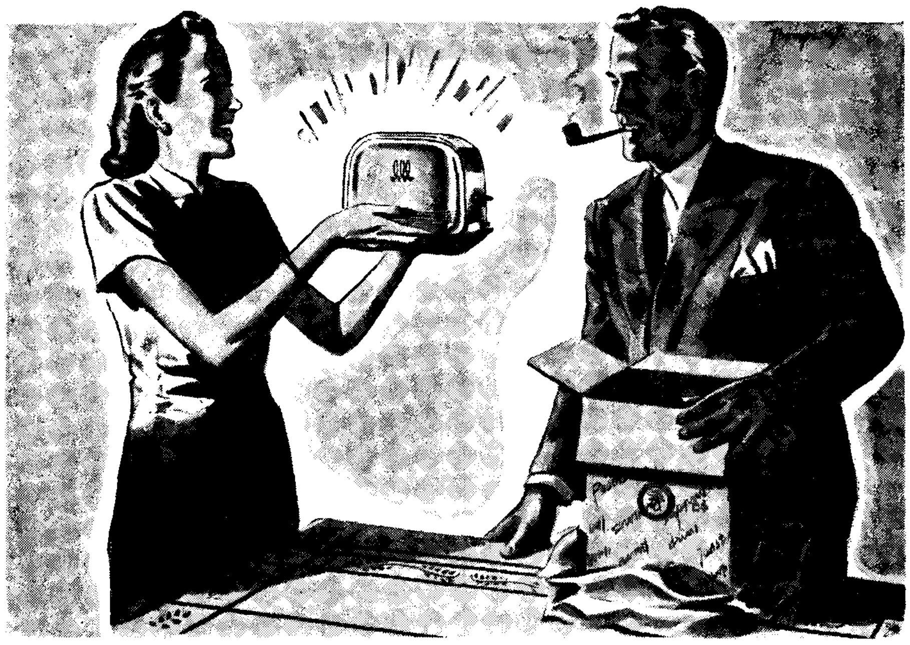
1 "I've saved every driblet of kitchen fat... and I'm not quitting.

2 "I've turned in waste paper and tin cans... and I'm still at it.

3 "I've had two Victory Gardens already... and I'll plant another in '45.

4 "I've bought War Bonds right along... And I'm keeping that up, too.

"So... seems to me I'm entitled to count on *this*, not too long after V-Day."



5 A *Toastmaster* toaster! Bright and beautiful... magically efficient. Popping up perfect toast every time, with no watching, turning, or burning. Easing the tension of eat-and-run breakfasts... with one and all taking time for delicious, nourishing *Toastmaster* toast. It's no wonder that millions of homemakers are looking forward to owning the toaster that everyone *thinks of first!*

We can't name the day. But the time is coming when our war-busy workers will again be peace-busy builders of *Toastmaster** products. And what they build then will be the finest... as always.

TOASTMASTER *Toasters*
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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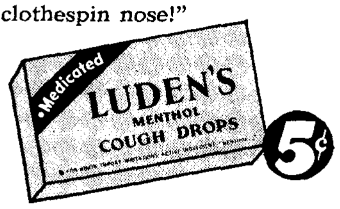
MEDICATED FOR
CLOTHESPIN NOSE

Sensational *extra* help for colds—with Luden's!
These famous cough drops not only help soothe throat, but release a menthol vapor—which, with every breath, helps penetrate clogged nasal passages, helps relieve "clothespin nose!"



NEW LUDEN'S HONEY-LICORICE COUGH DROPS!
Here's a new flavor in cough relief by the makers of Luden's Menthol Cough Drops. Both are medicated. Both 5¢.

WEAREVER
Refill Leads
5¢ at all stationery counters
DAVID KAHN Inc., North Bergen, N.J.
FIT ANY MECHANICAL PENCIL

"WEAREVER" LEADS

FIXES NICKS FAST!
Dents and nicks can be filled in quickly with PLASTIC WOOD! Handles like putty; hardens into wood. At Paint, Hardware, and 10¢ Stores.
PLASTIC WOOD

PLASTIC WOOD

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN
Of Tired Kidneys
If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.
The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.
If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.
Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Dollars for Scents

Continued from page 80

rest of her career because of its reminiscent value. Every time her admirer smelled mignonette on a wet night, it was supposed to make him think of Maisie and influence him to be truer to her in the future.

That was before the trade realized how lovely a lady who owns a whole battery of perfumes looks on a balance sheet. Today most manufacturers recoil like a man picking up a telephone in a bathtub at the idea of a woman choosing just one scent. They *say she should have perfumes to match her* moods, her men and her various costumes.

Picking a scent to suit one's moods and personality is difficult, but choosing a scent to fit the temperament of one's men is even harder. Many a matron has stood before a perfume bar, staring uncertainly at "Suzy's Golden Laughter—for the man who's easygoing, lighthearted, not too dependable, but fun to be with"; and at "Ecarlate de Suzy—for the man who's direct, decisive, sometimes difficult, always interesting." It is hard for her to decide which would suit Mike, who is a good hand at the rolling mill and likes to drop off to sleep after supper with his mouth open.

Also, a girl might start out equipped for a man who is lighthearted and not too dependable; then, in the course of the evening, find herself stuck with somebody who is *direct, decisive and sometimes difficult.* As she can't very well rush home and change perfumes, this leaves her on quite a spot.

It used to be that a woman might worry herself into a decline trying to choose a perfume that fitted her dress, complexion and hair-do. But some of the big New York stores and designers are preparing, for the first time, to take this onerous task off her shoulders by introducing fashions specially designed with a specific perfume as the theme. Bonwit Teller of Fifth Avenue recently held a show of hats, built around a perfume called "Fabulous," and B. Altman & Co. held another to introduce "Devastating" fashions, a group of clothes and accessories specially designed to be sprinkled with "Devastating" perfume.

Most women, however, will never even get within smelling distance of these new styles, and *will* keep on choosing their own perfumes; but authorities agree that there are some mistakes they ought to avoid. High-school girls and women with silvery hair often use the smoldering, get-your-man numbers when they should be exuding light floral scents.

Hints for Wearing Perfume

Using heavy aromas on a close, sultry day gives the effect of Easter lilies shut up in a Turkish bath. Few customers know that if a person with a very oily skin uses a perfume containing a good deal of musk, the result is likely to be an odor that the musk deer's own grandmother wouldn't recognize.

One of the worst errors is to pick out a perfume merely on the strength of the advertising, regardless of its personal appeal. *If you don't really like it, it certainly won't* give you any psychological Benzedrene. Another mistake, according to the experts, is to choose a perfume without first trying it out on the skin. It is not enough to sniff ecstatically while the salesgirl waves an open bottle beneath one's proboscis. If a person's skin happens to be rather acid, it might change the fragrance to something far less bewitching.

One thing about which the perfume experts don't agree is where a person should put her perfume. The behind-the-ears school is criticized by the spray-it-on-the-hair-with-an-atomizer cult. The atomizer adherents are scorned by the apply-it-to-cotton-and-fasten-to-the-brassière fanatics. The put-it-on-the-handkerchief party is jeered at by practically everybody else. Is a lady going to have her handkerchief waving around all the time?

Some of the experts mention with approval various perfume customs from abroad. Many Frenchwomen, they say, apply fragrant liquids to the concave spots around the base of the throat or to the bends of their elbows. Cancan dancers put them in the hollows back of their knees. Some European women perfume the hems of their skirts, the idea being that the scent will rise and envelop them as they walk.

How, you might ask, are perfumes born? Do technicians think them out in advance, or are they accidental discoveries? Well, both. In all the large companies, there are white-coated men in back rooms trying to make new fragrances out of floral oils, coal-tar products, oak moss and musk, besides such unlikely things as ambergris, essence of civet cat, and the chemical we notice in *rancid butter.*

Modern perfumes are not, as many people think, mere stepchildren of the coal-tar dyes; only the cheapest ones are one hundred per cent synthetic. The animal products serve chiefly as fixatives, necessary to keep the oils from evaporating too quickly. Some of them help lend the heavy appeal that is supposed to drive susceptible males out of their wits.

A Product to Fit the Name

Usually the manufacturer discovers a good name first and then goes about developing an appropriate perfume. It took seven years, according to J. S. Wiedhopf of Parfums Ciro, to work up a fragrance devastating enough to be called "Danger." Sometimes the perfume results from the grim pursuit of a remembered smell.

J. C. Stein, an executive of Lucien Lelong, had thought nostalgically for years of the scent found in the coffee, tea and spice market of Chicago. Then one day he caught this aroma in his company's laboratory. As there were at least three hundred different odors prowling around the place at the time, isolating the one he wanted required several weeks. It was finally found, analyzed and made the basis of a successful perfume.

Every now and then somebody bobs up with a suggestion that a perfume be made that smells like beefsteak, popcorn, chicken and dumplings, or something else suggestive of good food. Perfumers have considered the matter, but the difficulty remains that a food fragrance is not at all alluring to a person who has just had a six-course meal.

The perfume trade finds a touch of sad irony in the fact that, faced by a hundred-piece-brass-band boom, they have been deprived by the war of a number of their basic materials. A large proportion of the floral oils used to be furnished by the vast heliotrope, jasmine, carnation, mignonette and tuberose farms around Grasse, in southern France. It is rumored that the Grasse residents, having a natural bias in favor of eating, are now growing potatoes and cabbages instead of posies. Another rumor says that the flower-raising has been going on as usual, but that the Nazis have carried all the floral oils to the Fatherland. Meanwhile, American manufacturers are turning down orders, with tears in their eyes, and hoping that their stock piles hold out until trade with France can be resumed, or the new South American and West Indian farms reach adequate production.

Other perfume ingredients now on the short side are ilang-ilang flowers from the Malay Peninsula, vetiver and lemon grass from the Dutch East Indies, oak moss from Yugoslavia and geranium from the Bourbon Islands. One of the hardest problems has been getting the proper animal materials. Local muskrats have been serving as understudies for the Tibetan musk deer. American skunks are being used to a slight extent as stand-ins for the Ethiopian civet cats, which, surprisingly enough, make an important contribution to perfume. The hardy subjects of Haile Selassie used to collect this reverse-English fragrance by running the civet cats through a narrow gate and giving them a rear smack with a paddle as they went through. There is no great enthusiasm for this method here.

Materials are beginning to come through in small amounts as trade lanes are reopened. Meanwhile, American perfumers are using their ingenuity in finding new sources of supply and making the most of what is available.

THE END

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AN ENTIRELY NEW BOOK

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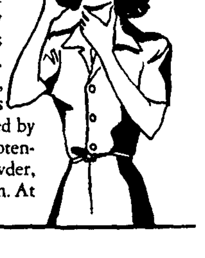
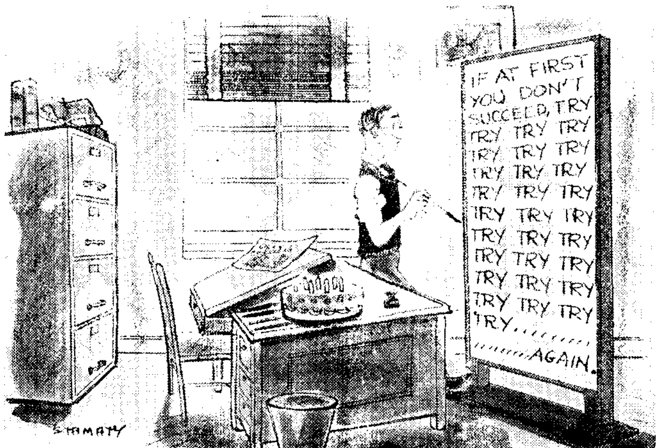


The Week's Work

For 6½ years, Stanley Stamaty (left) offered his cartoons to Collier's without success—and then . . . ah!



STAMATY

IN HIS childhood, Cartoonist Stanley Stamaty read the heroic legend of Robert Bruce and the Spider, and was impressed. Bruce, the story went, wanted to drive the English out of Scotland and make good his own claim to the throne. He battled the English and suffered defeat. He tried again, failed again, and kept on trying until his failures totaled six. Exhausted and disheartened, he rested one day in a cabin. As he gazed up at the rafters, he noticed a spider trying to spin a web from beam to beam. The first web broke loose. The spider tried again and failed. Fascinated, Bruce watched the spider fail six times.

You are like me, he thought, a warrior in a hopeless cause. Will you try again? I wonder?

The spider did try again, and the seventh web held. Bruce, of course, organized a seventh offensive and won.

Neither Bruce nor the spider has anything on Stanley Stamaty in the way of persistence. One day almost seven years ago, Stamaty, who lived in Dayton, Ohio, submitted a drawing by mail to Gurney Williams, Collier's cartoon editor. Williams rejected it. On the anniversary of that day came a cake, a small birthday cake, to Gurney, with a card which read: "Greetings. This celebrates the first anniversary of my not selling a cartoon to Collier's. Faithfully yours. Stanley Stamaty." From that year to this, Stamaty continued to submit caroons. Williams continued to reject them, and punctually on each anniversary, the cake arrived, growing bigger and fancier as time rolled on.

Then, in this, the seventh year of the happy Stamaty-Collier's relationship, Williams broke with tradition and bought not one but several Stamaty cartoons (see page 28).

"It's too bad in a way," said Williams. "We won't be getting any more cake."

But we did get one more cake, an elegant one, crowned with six and one half candles and bearing the sugary message: "A Final Anniversary 6½ years."

Stamaty writes us that his Collier's success dates from his marriage last April to an artist named Clara Gee Kastner. The bride sends us the following Stamaty biography: "Born in 1916 and named Stamaty Stamaty by well-meaning parents. Renamed Stanley by well-meaning schoolteacher. Decided at age fifteen to be a cartoonist. At sixteen, jerked sodas across the street from Cincinnati's burlesque theater. Sketched backstage scenes when he delivered sandwiches to burlesque queens. Put in four and a half years at the Cincinnati Art Academy, working at night and going to school by daylight. Sold his first cartoon at the age of twenty to a weekly magazine—not Collier's—and has been selling them ever since. The war brought Stan here to Dayton to work at the headquarters of Air Technical Service Command. He draws cartoons for technical publications of the AAF eight hours a day and works eight hours a night for the Stamaty Cartoonery.

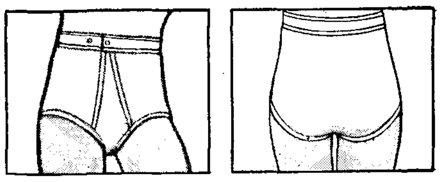
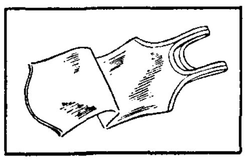
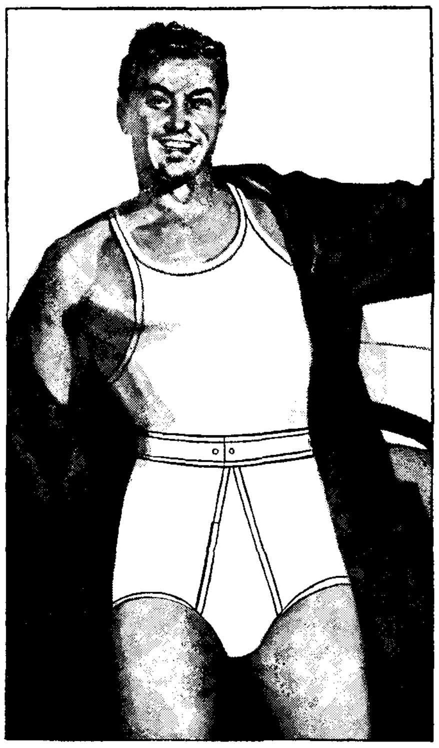
"Stan's chief asset is an imagination which he created for himself by closing his eyes and visualizing things. In the days when we were dating, we'd sit dreamily listening to soft music. Stan with his eyes closed would murmur, 'D'you know what I see, honey? . . . A mule jitterbugging with a polka-dot kangaroo under a banana tree to the tune of Get Outa Town Before It's Too Late, My Love.' "

ROYAL ARCH GUNNISON, most recent addition to Collier's writing staff, will help to keep readers informed about events in the theater of war which soon will claim bigger headlines—the Far East.

Gunnison, a native of Juneau, Alaska, is a talented newspaperman, lecturer and broadcaster. As a correspondent for the North American Newspaper Alliance, he traveled widely in China and Japan, and both he and his wife, Marjorie, also a correspondent, were prisoners of the Japanese in Manila and Shanghai. Of all the horrifying war scenes stored in his memory, Gunnison says he recalls most vividly the little ceremony in Manila when the Japanese hauled down the American flag and ran up Japan's Rising Sun banner. "The American flag lay in the dirt, unnoticed, trampled upon."

Gunnison hopes to witness many such scenes in reverse, in the course of his Collier's assignment in the Far East. . . . A. P.

Royal Arch Gunnison

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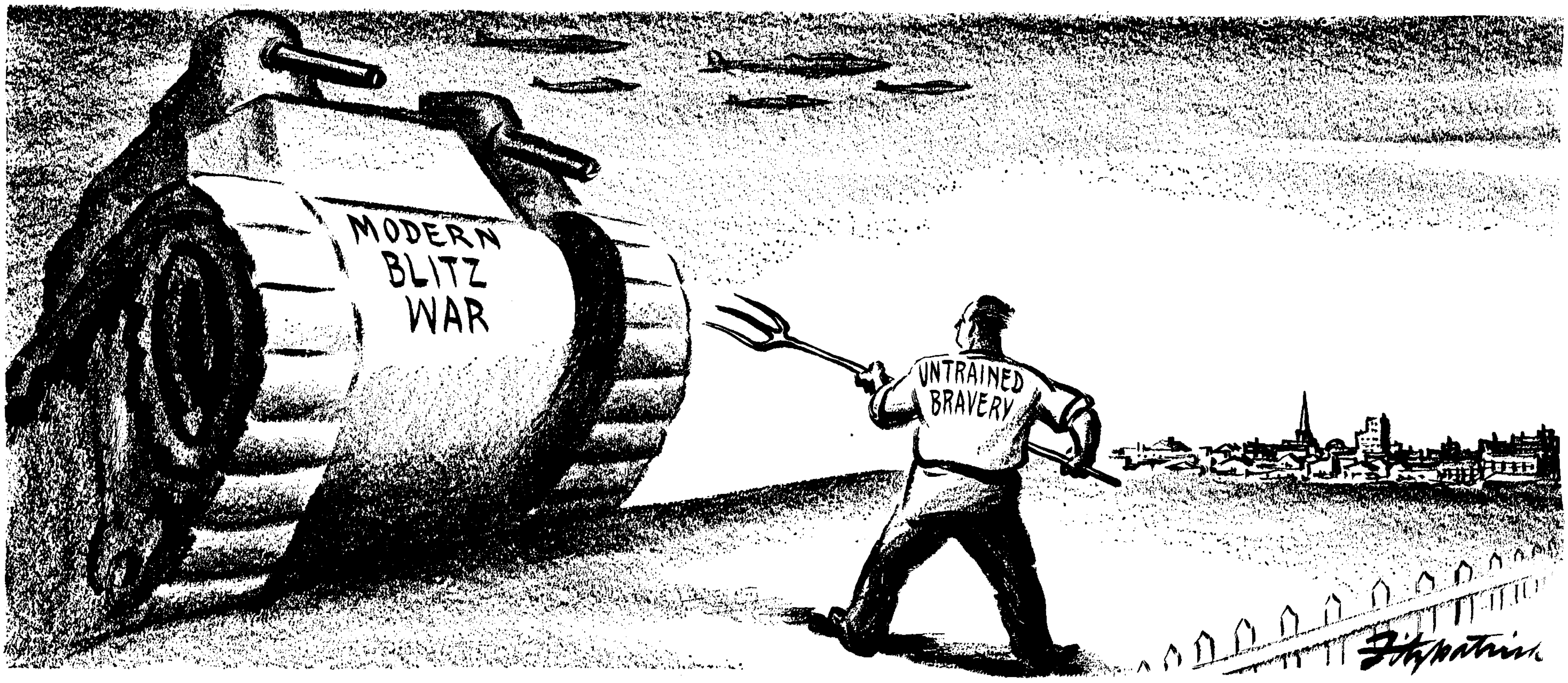

Marshall on Military Training

IN a recent clear and illuminating statement, Chief of Staff George C. Marshall took apart one major dread of those who oppose universal compulsory military training for this country after this war. The dread is that such a program will mean creation of a huge standing Army and an American military caste. General Marshall's answer is that it will and should mean no such thing.

What is wanted is a skeleton Army of expert officers and noncoms to train the yearly levies of young men in the essentials of modern war. The great bulk of these men after a hitch of, say, one year, would go back to civilian life as members of the reserves for a specified number of years. The American temperament is opposed to militarism; and militarism is not essential to preparedness.

Real military training is essential to preparedness. If we will make up our minds, take a deep breath, and simply adopt universal training for the postwar years, we can in short order get ourselves so geared for self-defense that any aggressor nation or combination of nations will think long before attacking us.

Representative John M. Costello (Dem., Cal.), of the House Military Affairs Committee, is authority for the statement that by calling up every able-bodied American male for training when he reaches eighteen, we can keep 1,000,000 men in training all the time. On a basis of one year's training per man, this would give us a reserve of 5,000,000 trained men in five years' time; and this figure would remain constant, and the reservists would be young and vigorous as long as we continued to keep the reserves supplied with yearly increments of newly trained men.

In which connection, we'll retell a story recently made public by C. C. Grey, ex-editor of the British magazine Aeroplane, about the big German blitz against England in 1940-41. Never, as Mr. Churchill said, have so many owed so much to so few, as the British people owed to the Royal Air Force for standing off Goering's bombers in that perilous time. It now turns out, however, that the R.A.F.'s few were not so few as many people have long supposed.

According to Mr. Grey, the R.A.F.'s fighter-plane reserves were almost intact when the Battle of Britain ended in victory for the British. Three fighter squadrons were involved. Of these, one was 100 per cent active, the other two less so. Not only that, but when Goering at last decided to call it a day, the British had fighter units in reserve from the bottom to the top of the tight little isle, ready to take on more Luftwaffe bombers.

This story in no way detracts from the R.A.F.'s historic and mighty achievement. It does, however, illustrate again the ancient fact that there is no substitute for reasonable preparedness when the tigers of war are on the prowl. You can have all the courage there is, and can be more righteous and high-minded than the enemy ever will be; but if you haven't the trained men and adequate weapons, your chances are very slim.

It is encouraging to see that many Americans—for one notable group, the American Legion—have grasped this fact and are acting on it. We all hope this is the last big war, but we have no guarantee that it is. The thing to do is to put a universal compulsory military training program on the books now, to go into operation soon after this war ends, and to stay in operation until it is certain that the lion and the lamb have lain down together with no lingering intention in the lion's bosom to get up again and do a job on the lamb.

PLAYGROUNDS VS. RIOTS

THE city of New York the other day opened up in Harlem, its famous colored district, a 6½-acre playground which had been rushed into usable condition regardless of the war. At the moment we can't think of any more worth-while nonmilitary use of materials and manpower.

The incident is in line with what Walter Davenport was saying in his recent Collier's article, Harlem—Dense and Dangerous: that an ounce of playgrounds, gyms, young people's clubs, and so on, is worth a ton of foreboding editorials and civic-group hand-wringing in a city which has a race problem.

New York's example in this instance seems to us a fine one for other cities bedeviled by race problems to follow. We can exacerbate the war-stimulated Negro problem by keeping colored people penned in high-rent, bad-housing parts of our cities, with school and recreation facilities below par. Or we can recognize that the Negroes have rights and legitimate aspirations, and act accordingly.

By not recognizing the Negroes' human needs, we'll invite more and more race trouble. But why preserve an abscess of resentment and discontent in the body politic? Why not take the obvious steps needed to help the Negroes win to standards of comfort, health and enjoyment of life equal to the average white standards? And why not do it—North, South, East and West?

USE YOUR WEAKNESSES

COLLIER'S recently published what we thought was a delightful short article, along with several handsome color photos, about a lady named Mrs. Betty Fehr Gribbel of Whitemarsh, Pennsylvania, who bought some lambs with the intention of growing her own eating mutton.

What she might have foreseen duly took place. She and her family became so attached to the animals that they could no more think of slaughtering and eating them than of carving up the family cat, if they have a cat. So the Gribbels let the animals live and began to study the cultivation and processing of wool. They now have a little home-weaving industry, and are experts in this line.

In case you're shopping for morals, there's one in this story. It is: Make your weaknesses and your mistakes work for you instead of against you. Don't let them get you down. Strive in every case to make them go to work for you by boosting you a little higher up.

You can do it, oftener than not; and persistent practice steadily raises the batting average. This principle of always trying to make your weaknesses and mistakes work in your favor is practiced by most successful persons, consciously or unconsciously. The question of success aside, there are few things more soul-satisfying than to bring off the trick of turning some dirty dig of Fate into a lift for yourself.

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Above: Brown "TRIUMPH" *Lifetime* pen, with clip, $12.50; pencil to match, $5.00; Jade Green *Lifetime* pen was the style leader in the twenties.

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